24 POST

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST NOVEMBER 28 · 1964 25c

A searching report:

MOMENTOUS CHANGES SWEEP THE CATHOLIC CHURCH IN AMERICA

Benedictine monk celebrates mass in St. Louis priory

Churchill at 90 by Quentin Reynolds / "If at first you don't s… …ss

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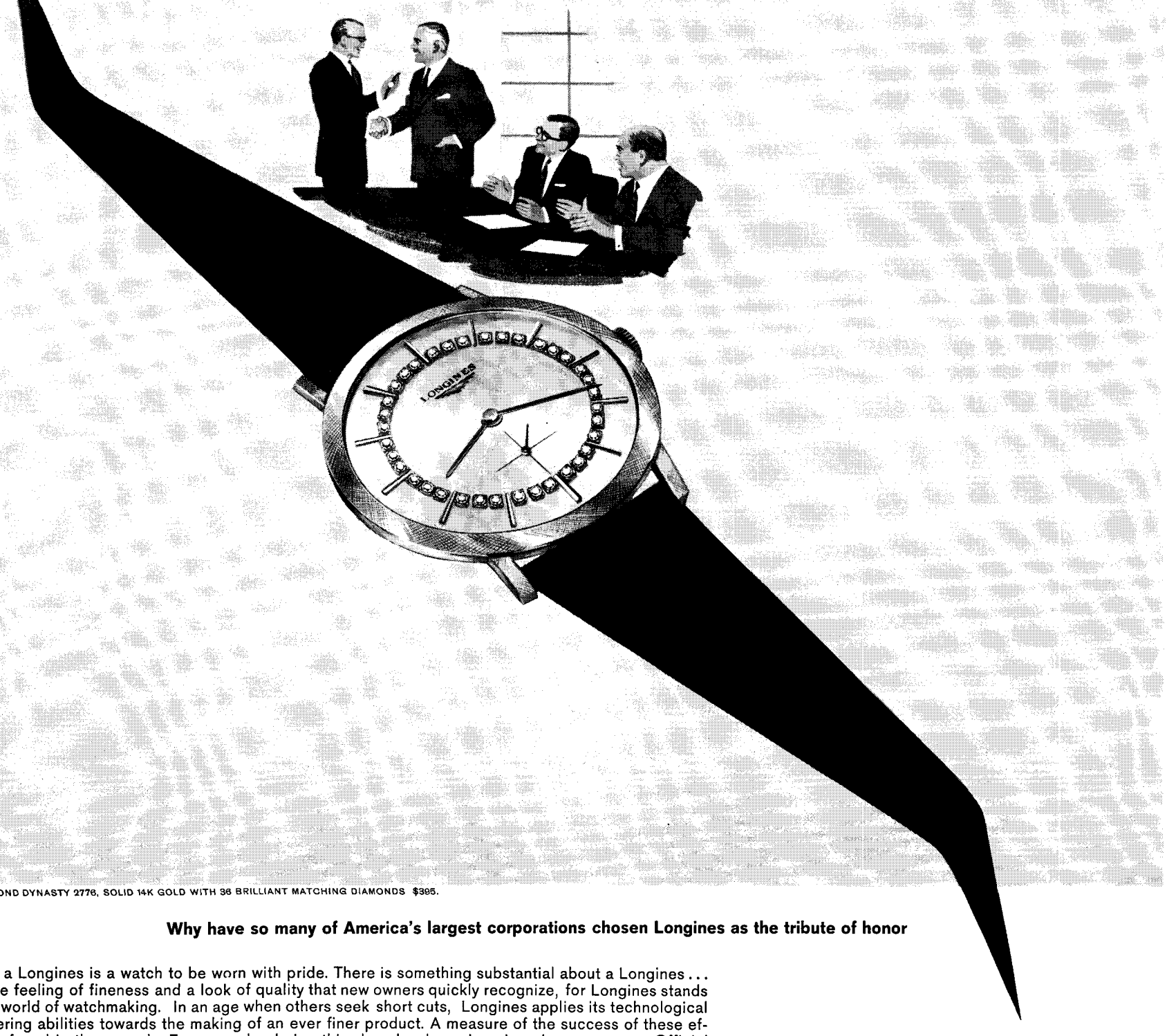

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ABOUT THIS ISSUE

Since the Second Vatican Council opened two years ago, momentous changes have taken place in the Roman Catholic Church. As the third session of the Council approaches its conclusion, *The Post* presents a major study of how this time of self-searching is affecting the Catholic Church in America. **Edward R. F. Sheehan** spent nearly four months touring the U.S. to talk with leading Catholic authorities. He then spent six more months reducing his mountainous collection of notes into one long article. Sheehan, who attended Roman Catholic schools, is a graduate of Boston College, a Jesuit university. He is a former foreign correspondent and a former press officer for American embassies in Cairo and Beirut. His novel, *Kingdom of Illusion*, was recently published by Random House. . . . **Quentin Reynolds**, who recounts some of his personal recollections of Sir Winston Churchill, was a war correspondent in London during World War II. . . . After doctors solved the mystery of his wife's "illness," **Theodore Taylor** discovered that six out of 10 vials of prescriptions in his medicine cabinet were mislabeled. He now demands that all prescription labels include the prescription number, doctor's name, contents of the vial and directions for administering the drug. . . . **William Barry Furlong**, who writes about Notre Dame's return to power, is a former sports editor of *Newsweek* and a sports columnist for the Chicago *Daily News*./**Cover** by **Burt Glinn.**

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Letters

Khrushchev

The beautiful, touching article on THE EARLY LIFE OF NIKITA KHRUSHCHEV by Harold H. Martin [November 7] should give both Americans and Russians hope for the future. When people get to know each other as well as *The Post* allowed us to know the people of Khrushchev's boyhood, hate is impossible. And when hate disappears, there is hope for peace.

RICK LANNING
Hobbs, N. Mex.

• Harold H. Martin might well be congratulated as your writer of the year. His portrayal of the butcher of the Ukraine as a kindly, baby-kissing grandfather is true artistic mastery.

DAVID LUTZWEILER
Ridgefield, N.J.

• Good old Grandpa Nikita! No more will he beat his little straw shoe on his U.N. desk. No longer will he play hide-and-seek with his missiles in Cuba. To be sure, "he changed the lives and thinking of 223 million people"—in the 1930's alone he changed 10 million Ukrainians into bloody dead men who will never think again. Are you trying to get a retirement pension for him from American taxpayers? What are we coming to when such a testimonial is given to a sworn enemy of our way of life?

MRS. A. W. BEHREND
Madison, S. Dak.

• To many of us who reached our maturity during the '30's, Nikita Khrushchev's early life was not too different from our own, only it was a degree worse. I have never cared for the man or for his ideology, but this puts a new light on the subject. I believe we should not condemn a person until we know what made him that way.

GLYNDON T. JENNE
Montpelier, Vt.

An uncommon man

Your short editorial, HERBERT HOOVER (1874–1964): AN UNCOMMON MAN [November 7], was beautiful; that is, Mr. Hoover's words were beautiful. How sad that the American electorate literally crushed an uncommon man who would not "sell tomorrow for cheers today."

MRS. CAROLYN HOWARD
Lancaster, Pa.

America's strength

While Robert S. McNamara's article WHY WE ARE STRONGER THAN RUSSIA [November 7] surely should dispel any fears Americans have regarding our defenses during an all-out war, it failed to mention how this country will function in the many small-scale wars being fought today. Russia knows the folly of total attack upon our country, and so goes about her ultimate goal of world domination by stealing a piece of the world, here and there, while we hide behind our false peace.

Our strength should be measured not in I.C.B.M.'s but rather in success in stemming Communist aggression. I fear we need to bolster this, and quickly.

JOHN O. ROY
Wallingford, Conn.

Waiting game

Lyndon Cunctator—oh, brother! [VIETNAM: THE WAITING GAME by Stewart Alsop, October 31]. You state that "almost unnoticed, the President has made a major policy decision—to play the waiting game in Vietnam." I'm sure this divine policy meets with knee-bending gratitude from the families of wounded and killed Americans. While we are waiting for "these people that are trying to take Vietnam's freedom away to decide it's not worth the price," let's forget about the stinking situation that our fellow Americans are in.

ROSAMOND REPASS
San Diego, Calif.

Flying high

Your article on the National Air Races, HELL'S ANGELS FLY AGAIN by Joseph N. Bell [November 7], was great but far too short. The photographs by Lawrence J. Schiller were outstanding, thrilling to see. One minor correction: Pilot of # 6 midget racer, Bob Downing, is from Whittier, not Los Angeles.

LEO CETNAR
Santa Ana, Calif.

• In your notes on authors in the November 7 *Post* you describe "California free-lance writer Joseph N. Bell" as a "flight instructor for the Army Air Forces during World War II." This is no way to write about Mr. Bell, who was a flight instructor in the *Navy* Air Corps.

JOSEPH N. BELL
Corona del Mar, Calif.

Delight

As a fan of the world that's "second star to the right and straight on 'til morning," I was delighted to read about P. L. Travers's acquaintance with Mary Poppins [WHERE DID SHE COME FROM? WHY DID SHE GO?, November 7]. I hope your article has won over some new recruits, although delight today is looked upon as an indulgence rather than a saving grace and wonder has been pretty much squelched.

PHYLLIS SALTS
Buffalo, N.Y.

• It is a happy thought indeed when one realizes that there still is one man who believes people need to be entertained rather than made sick to their stomachs; so many of today's motion-picture producers seem to feel that a film should be made as vulgar and vile as it can be.

Long live THE FANTASTIC WALT DISNEY [by Bill Davidson, November 7].

LINDA DILL
Baird, Tex.

On the move

If ever I have read a piece I would call *incisive*, it was NEGROES ARE NOT MOVING TOO FAST by Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. [November 7]. After all, it is humanely impossible to move *fast enough* in pursuit of justice.

WILLIAM T. ATWATER
Providence, R.I.

• My feeling is not that the Negroes are moving too fast, but that they are moving in the wrong direction. Instead of mass demonstrations, the Negro should focus his energy on getting the vote. No sheriff or chief of police will level brutal tactics against people with votes to get him out of office; no judge will dismiss criminal cases if he can be unseated by the injured parties.

MRS. LEOLA HARDIN
Joplin, Mo.

• The Negro leader is all too ready to lay the blame on bigotry and hatred by the whites. If the whites are against the Negroes, as they claim, why don't they operate their own industries and hire their unemployed? The Black Muslim movement, as militant as it is, builds character and produces a superior race of Negroes who ask only to be left alone.

G. A. SIMMONS
Independence, Mo.

Press-corps princess

The article about Nancy Dickerson, TELEVISION'S PRINCESS OF THE PRESS CORPS by Barry Gottehrer [October 31], revealed a talented woman who is definitely part of the Washington élite.

Mrs. Dickerson does not want a dull life. Most people do not. She was once a schoolteacher. She needs to visit a modern school to reevaluate the importance of the teaching profession, or she needs a public-relations man to prevent such statements as ". . . when I'm old and nobody wants me anymore, I can always go back to teaching."

What makes this lady think that, when nobody wants her, any educational system would? The youth of America deserve more than a has-been—especially one too old to keep pace with the sharp, talented and intelligent youth of today.

DONALD D. KOENIG
Worthington, Minn.

Crime in America

Bill Davidson should be duly commended for his keen and clarifying articles on crime in America—HOW THE MOB CONTROLS CHICAGO, November 9, 1963; HOW MAFIA KILLERS GOT THEIR MAN, October 31, 1964. I hope these singularly significant reports will be published in book form, for they cut deep into a matter which is being studiously ignored, buried, glossed over or covered up by the "free and responsible" press of the United States.

HENRY F. WINSLOW SR.
Baltimore, Md.

Tay-Sachs disease

We read with interest your detailed and informative article about Tay-Sachs disease, DOOMED TO AN EARLY DEATH by James Atwater [October 31]. My interest in this child killer is personal, for several of our friends have had children afflicted with this and several others of the 15 allied neurodegenerative diseases. It was six years ago that we decided to actively fight these assassins. We established a group in Chicago, and since then research has been initiated at the University of Illinois under the direction of Dr. Leo Abood and at Hines Hospital under Dr. Joseph Bernsohn. Parents, relatives and friends of afflicted children have since banded together in Philadelphia, Boston, Cleveland and Los Angeles.

Your article enabled us to broadcast our message for support and publicity. Thank you.

IRWIN B. MIRSKY
President, Chicago Chapter of the National Tay-Sachs Association, Inc.
Chicago, Ill.

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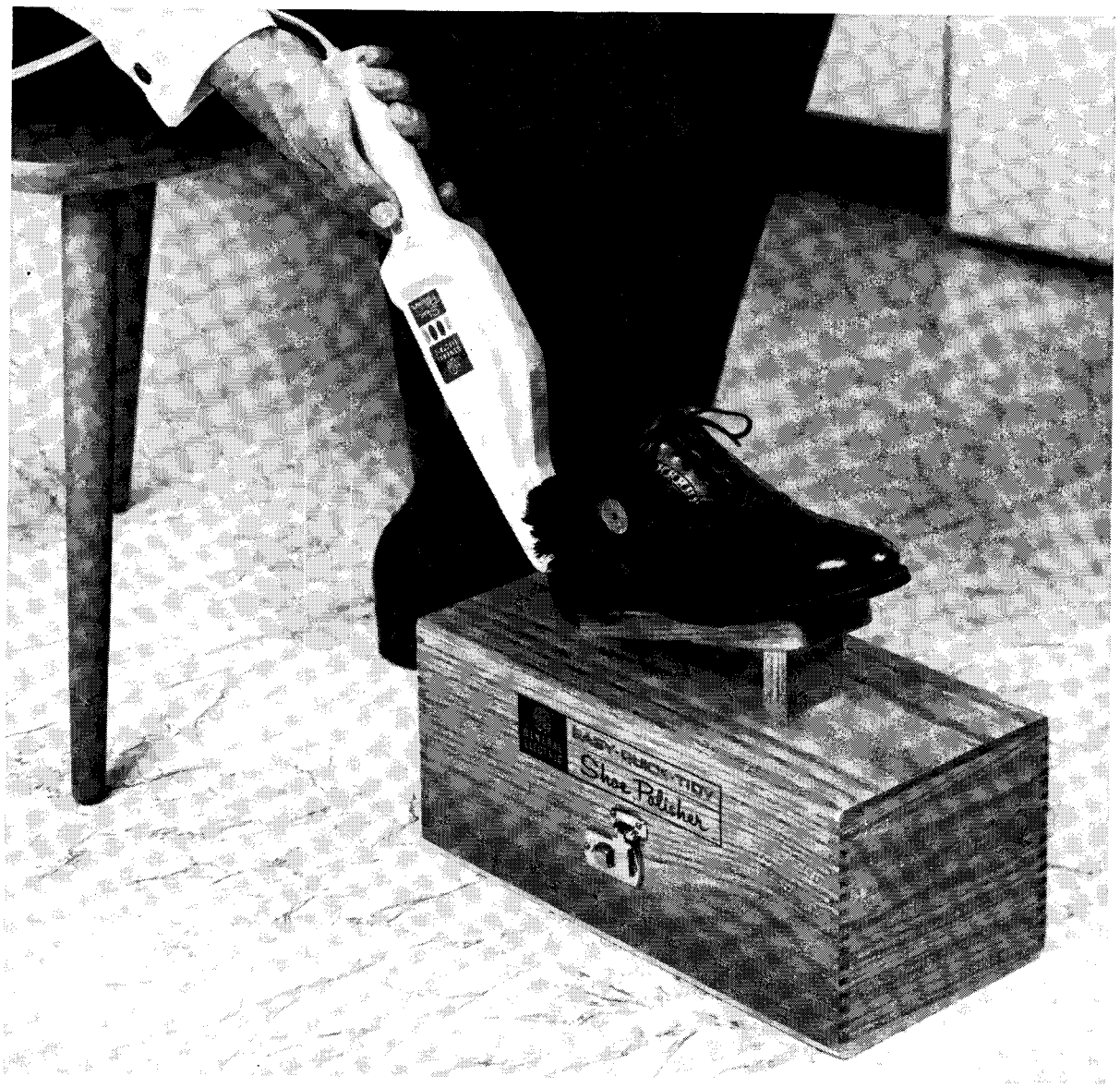

Long easy-grip power handle easily reaches any part of your shoe.

Handle automatically picks up and releases all attachments. De Luxe model has 3 polishing-buffing brushes, 3 applicators, a special mud and suede brush and 3 cans of polish, too.

Tidy polish applicator eliminates stained fingers. Hands never touch polish applicators or brushes.

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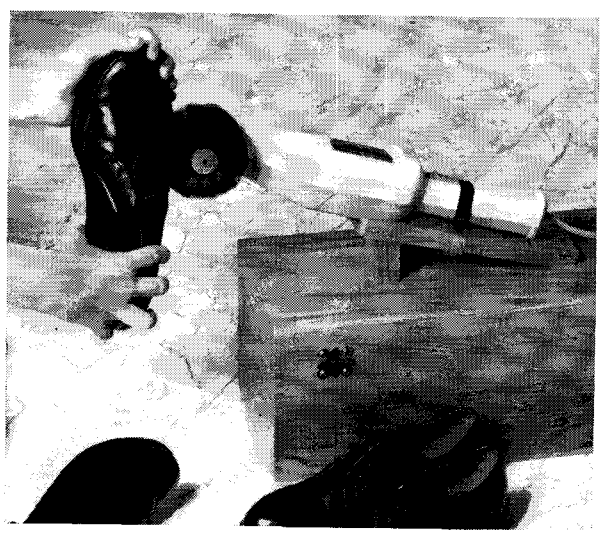

De Luxe model shines the whole family's shoes, too—shoemaker style.

Buffing-wheel action both polishes and buffs to a bright, even shine.

Or choose the regular model, which has 2 polishing-buffing brushes, 2 applicators, 2 cans of polish—in handsome storage case.

General Electric Company, Housewares Division, Bridgeport, Connecticut

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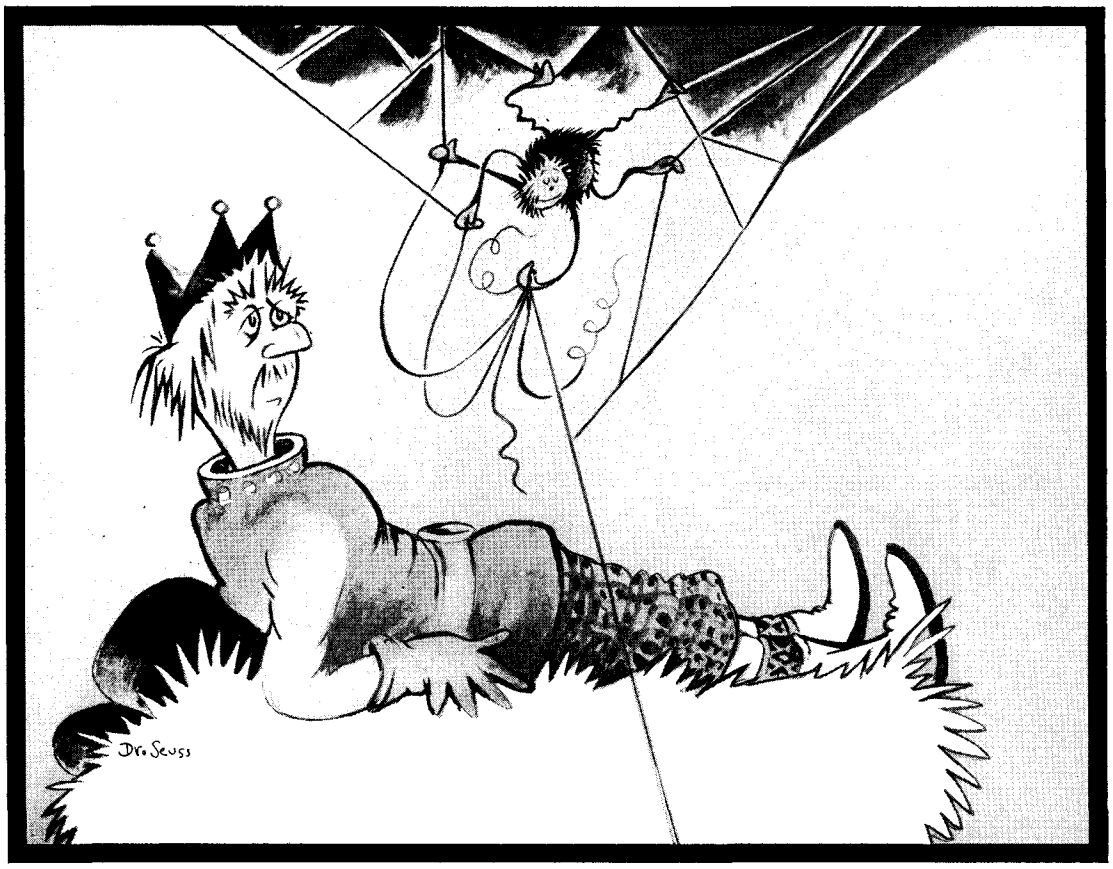

IF AT FIRST YOU DON'T SUCCEED-QUIT!

A sort of psychotic Scottish king and a stick-to-it spider started it all. The latter convinced the former that the way to succeed was to keep trying. But why do we have to follow the advice of a spider?

by Dr. Seuss

Theodor Seuss Geisel, famed as Dr. Seuss, author of children's books, has worked in teaching, advertising, art, journalism, movie-making (he won an Academy Award) and publishing. Of this article he says: "It's the first time I've written for adults in thirty years."

Once upon a time . . . (approximately in the year of 1314) . . . a Scottish king named Bruce became sort of psychotic. After a long series of failures in leading his troops against the English, his morale was all shot and he went into deep depression.

The king was unable to consult with a psychiatrist because no psychiatrist, as yet, had set up a couch in that vicinity. So King Bruce of Scotland consulted with a spider.

And what happened that day on an ancient, dampish Scottish hillside eventually wrecked the lives of millions of modern Americans.

Here is what transpired: The dejected king threw himself down prostrate in the dripping heather before the spider. He began to bemoan his fate.

"What an awful flop I am, mon!" he said over and over again.

The spider paid him no attention.

Finally the king took a long look at the spider, and he noticed that the spider was having problems of his own. He was trying to build a web.

Evidently he was using inferior materials because the stuff kept breaking. And the spider kept taking pratfall after pratfall.

King Bruce, despite himself, got more and more fascinated. That plucky little spider refused to give up. Every time he fell, he merely brushed off his pants, gritted his teeth, girded his loins and went back to take another crack at building his web.

After 350,000 attempts, his stick-to-itiveness paid off. He produced a perfect web! Then he looked at King Bruce and he said: "*If at first you don't succeed, try, try, again.*"

Whereupon King Bruce said to the spider, "Mon, you sure know how to put a message over."

Completely cured of his psychosis, the king leaped to his feet, waved his battle-ax and chased the English army all the way back to London.

Somehow or other that Scottish spider's gag line has come down through the centuries and crossed the Atlantic Ocean. In our country we've taken this Caledonian Spider Talk and built it into The Great American Gospel: "All you have to do to succeed is keep on trying." And today, at least one member of every family I know has made a botch of his life because of a spider's shoddy wisecrack.

King Bruce's victory to the contrary notwithstanding, the Creed of Stick-to-itiveness is a mighty dangerous and misleading philosophy. I know this from personal experience. Once, when I was terribly discouraged, I, too, watched a spider for inspiration.

But this particular spider wasn't trying to spin a web. This fool spider was trying to make a lemon-meringue pie.

He tried and he tried. He tried and he tried.

After 33 million heartrending attempts he got nowhere at all, and his kitchen was a mess.

From this spider I learned a lesson that proves that old King Bruce's spider was talking through his hat. My spider looked at me through haggard eyes.

Then he shrugged his weary shoulders and said, "*There are some things that some animals just never can accomplish.*"

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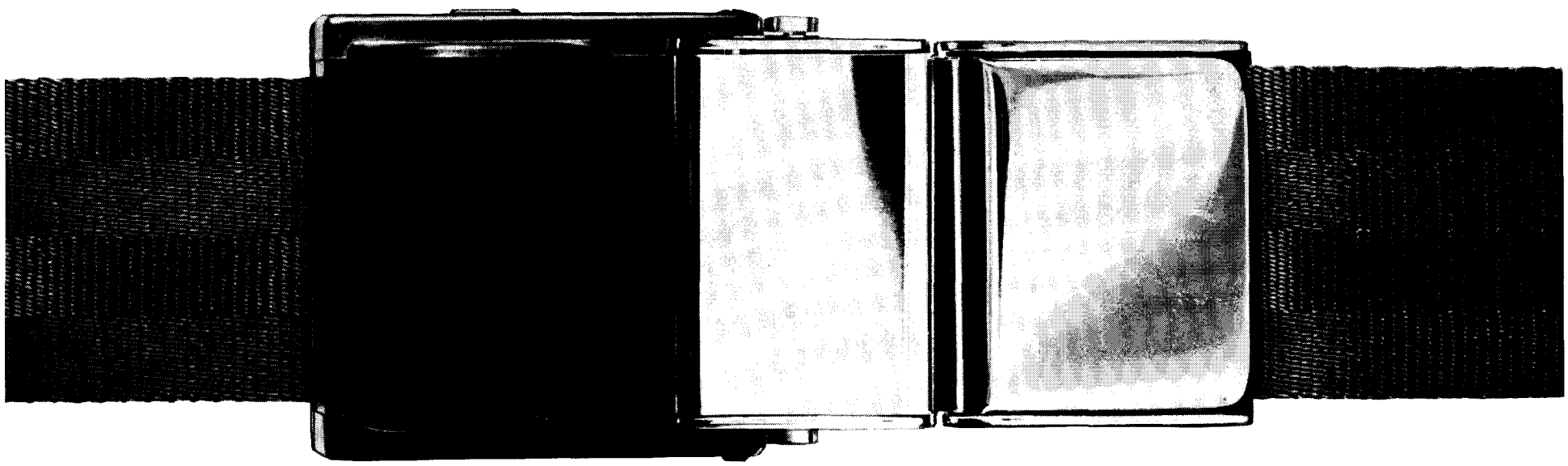

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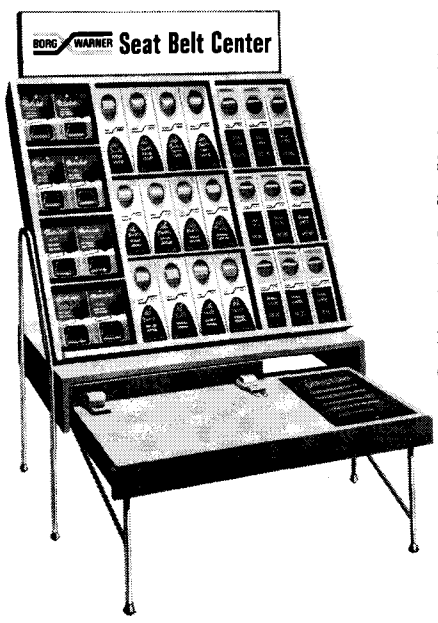
Spring Division, Borg-Warner Corp., Bellwood, Ill.



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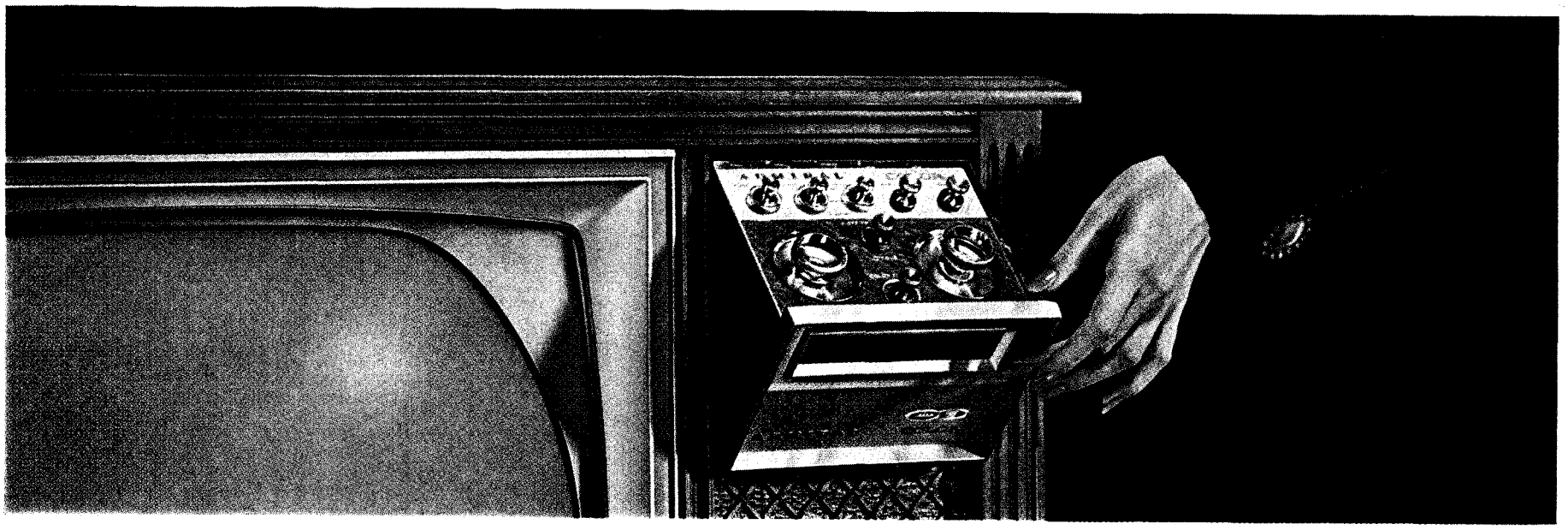

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As a result of this advice I quit my job (which, by odd coincidence was *also* making lemon-meringue pies, a profession for which I had no talents whatever).

This is the first time I had ever become a Quitter. And I quickly learned that this nation despises any Quitter. People looked the other way when I passed them on the street. I could hear them whispering, "He failed to see things through. Didn't keep his nose to the grindstone. He let his associates at the Lemon-Meringue-Pie Factory down."

Quitting is un-American. It's not in the Tom Swift-Rover Boy tradition which we have built up out of the mouthings of a spider.

In our family circles we instruct our trusting young that "Perseverance will conquer anything, no matter what the odds.

"Always keep at it, lad. Never say die! When your team is trailing by thirteen touchdowns and there is only one half a second left to play, for goodness' sake don't ever get the silly notion you've been beaten. You may fracture your thorax doing it, *but you can win that game!*"

We keep this belief burning brightly in the souls of our children. And that's why so many American thoraxes get fractured.

That's also why this country is full of so many unhappy knockwurst salesmen. Many is the inept knockwurst salesman who will never succeed in selling one ounce of knockwurst, no matter how many doorbells he may ring.

But he dares not quit his job because of King Bruce's spider. He's got to show the folks that he has what it takes . . . good old gutsy stick-to-itiveness.

Most of these miserable knockwurst salesmen could easily turn themselves into topflight manufacturers of ballet-shoe polish or even become phenomenally outstanding keyhole inspectors. But that long-deceased spider with a Scottish burr makes it impossible for them to say, "I've had it."

The same sad thing was true about my poor Aunt Gretchen. Once she started on any project, she never gave up. She spent 22 years trying and trying again to become a member of the Daughters of the American Revolution. She wore out a thousand gross of expensive pencils filling out one application blank after another.

The D.A.R. rejected them, every one, because my aunt was born in Kleinschwartzenbach, Bavaria, and the only group of daughters for which she was eligible was the Daughters of the Kleinschwartzenbach Bavarian Revolution. Just think of what that spider did to *her* life!

Her son, incidentally, was another tragic case. But I won't go into that one. There are plenty of tragic cases you can find in your own family.

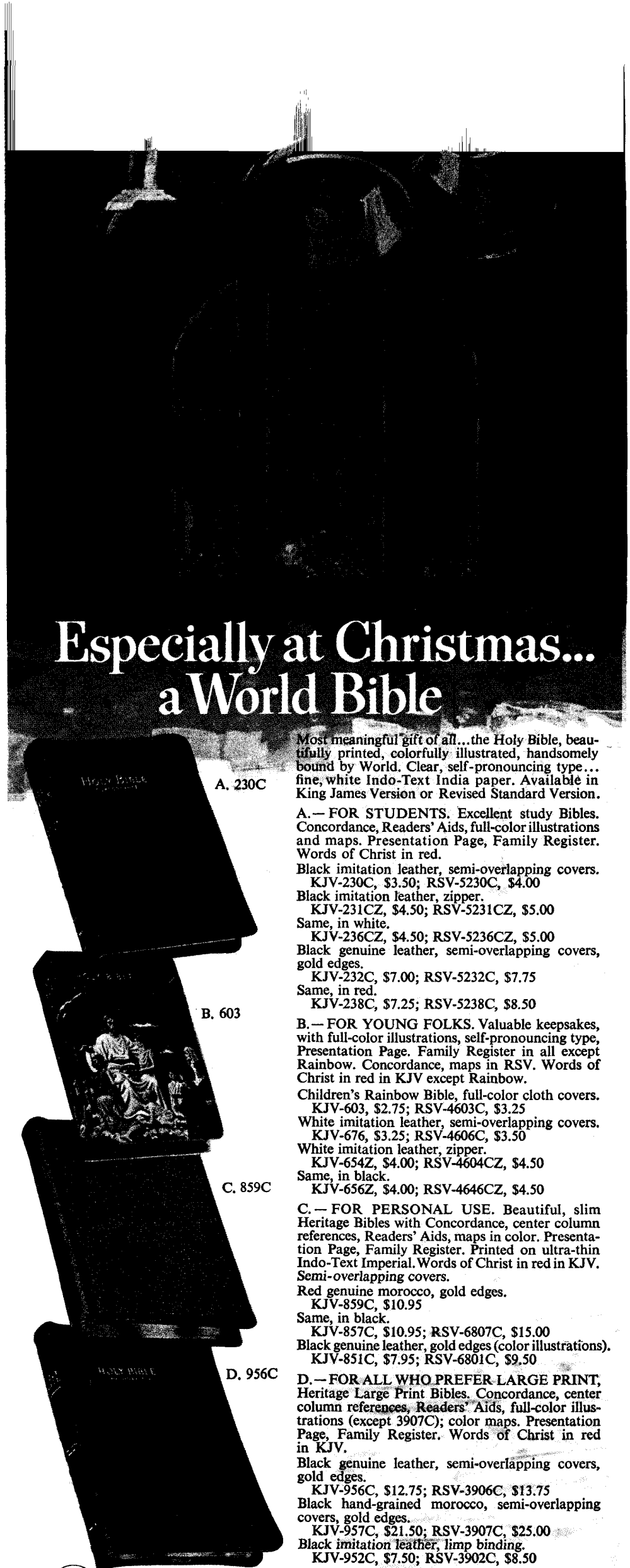
Once you start looking, you'll be appalled by the number of horrible instances you discover . . . hopelessly struggling painters who shouldn't even be trying . . . impossibly untalented poets who should quit and take up phrenology . . . hopelessly bad phrenologists who should quit and become poets.

Make a quick survey, and after you've made it, I have the following suggestion to offer:

Let's all get all of our families all together and tell them that stick-to-itiveness from here on in is out. Let's imbue them with the new American Credo that a Quitter, sometimes, is a very brilliant guy.

After that, let's all go down cellar and shoot spiders.

Dr. Seuss



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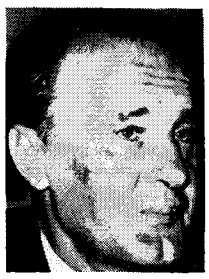
The new Communism



Kadar

Gheorghiu-Dej

BUCHAREST: Something very important, very hard to define, and very little understood by Americans, has been happening in this part of the world. The nations of eastern Europe are becoming nations again, and the people of eastern Europe are becoming Europeans again.

Everybody knows by now that the standard of living in the eastern European countries has improved, that there is more personal security than before, and that the eastern Communist regimes have achieved some measure of independence from Moscow. But I had no notion of how deep and real the change was until I came from Moscow to Budapest and this city, to see with my own eyes. The change between 1959, when I first visited eastern Europe, and 1964 seemed to me downright amazing.

The reason the change is difficult to define is that the political system in these countries remains what it has been since the war—Communism. These are still police states, by our standards, and there is still poverty and discontent. But even so, the change is so striking that it is now possible to say that a new kind of Communism, quite different from the Communism of 15 or 10 or even five years ago, is emerging.

There are three ways in which the system has changed. In the first place, the people are beginning to live like people; when I first visited Bucharest and Budapest, the whole manner of life was forced, artificial, grimly Slavic. Bucharest especially might have been a little Moscow. The sense of glumness, dreariness and oppression was omnipresent.

In either of these eastern European capitals today, however, you have to look hard to discover you are in a Communist city at all. The red-on-white Communist propaganda signs, copied in every detail from Soviet propaganda signs, have come down, and so have the prominently displayed portraits of Soviet leaders.

As they jostle noisily through the streets (silence used to be the mark of any Communist city) or sedately sip their Turkish coffee in one of the elegant coffeehouses, the people of eastern Europe might be the people of any European country. The traffic on the streets, the presentable suits on the men, the teased hair and tweed skirts of the women, all reflect a standard of living still low by our standards but better than it has ever been before.

But the change goes deeper than that. The second way in which the system has altered is that, within certain limits, people are permitted to think their own thoughts, and even to express them to foreigners. To cite one example, on my first trip to Romania in 1959, I saw a good deal of a certain Romanian journalist. He was an amiable fellow, but it was totally impossible to have a sensible political conversation with him, because his side of the conversation consisted entirely of long paraphrases of *Pravda*.

This time I got in touch with him again. He remains what he was—a Communist. But at least it was possible to make some human contact with him, to talk sensibly and even interestingly about things as they are, rather than as they are supposed to be in the Communist holy books.

Nobody in Romania is going to denounce the regime's No. 1 man, State Council President Gheorghe Gheorghiu-Dej, and nobody in Hungary is going to denounce Premier Janos Kadar. The Communist system does not permit true political freedom in our sense, and never will, but the change is a real one, all the same. The system does now permit people to pursue their private pleasures, and even to express their private thoughts, without fear of arbitrary arrest.

The third change is suggested by the "De-Russification Campaign" that has been under way in Romania for many months. When Khrushchev last year ordered Gheorghiu-Dej to make Romania a raw-material supplier to the Communist bloc, the Romanian leader flatly refused. Khrushchev tried to purge him and failed. Instead of sending tanks or assassins, as Stalin would have done, Khrushchev remarked that "sometimes children get too big to spank."

The unspanked Gheorghiu-Dej thereafter went about removing all symbols of Romania's satellite status. Russian street names were replaced. The jamming of western broadcasts ceased, while trade with the West shot upward. Soviet "cultural" institutions, like the Maxim Gorky language institute and the official Russian bookstore, disappeared. Soviet members of the secret police were sent packing. Perhaps the most significant of these signs of change is a Romanian political periodical called *Lumea*.

Until a few months ago, the most widely read political periodical in Bucharest was *New Times*, a Soviet propaganda magazine written in Moscow and translated into Romanian. *Lumea*, a sort of global digest of political writing, has replaced it. *Pravda* is, of course, duly represented. But the writings of James Reston, Walter Lippmann and dozens of other western commentators (including this one) are also reprinted. This sort of thing would have been absolutely inconceivable even five years ago.

The plain fact is that, although eastern Europe is still run by Communists, the tightly controlled Soviet empire of Joseph Stalin has disintegrated to an extent very few Americans recognize. The new men in the Kremlin can no more control the trade and internal economic policies of a Gheorghiu-Dej or a Kadar than President Johnson can control de Gaulle's.

The three ways in which eastern Communism has changed—a higher standard of living, much greater individual security, increasing independence from Moscow—are all closely interrelated. Without exception, the Communist regimes in eastern Europe were installed and maintained by the power of the Red army. But the eastern-European regimes cannot have the cake of Red-army support while also eating the cake of independence from Moscow. They therefore have no choice but to rest their power on the consent, however unenthusiastic, of the people. To obtain that consent they must give the people some measure of individual security, and a tolerable human existence. They have done both, and in so doing, they have changed the Communist system as we used to know it. The change presents President Lyndon Johnson, as leader of the West, with a great opportunity.

It is not an opportunity to achieve a cheap "victory" over Communism. Communism in some form is here to stay. But at least in Europe, Communism is changing, becoming more national and more rational, and the opportunity therefore exists to achieve an accommodation between East and West, based on the realities of national interest. Such an accommodation could help avert a war which might destroy us all.

Stewart Alsop

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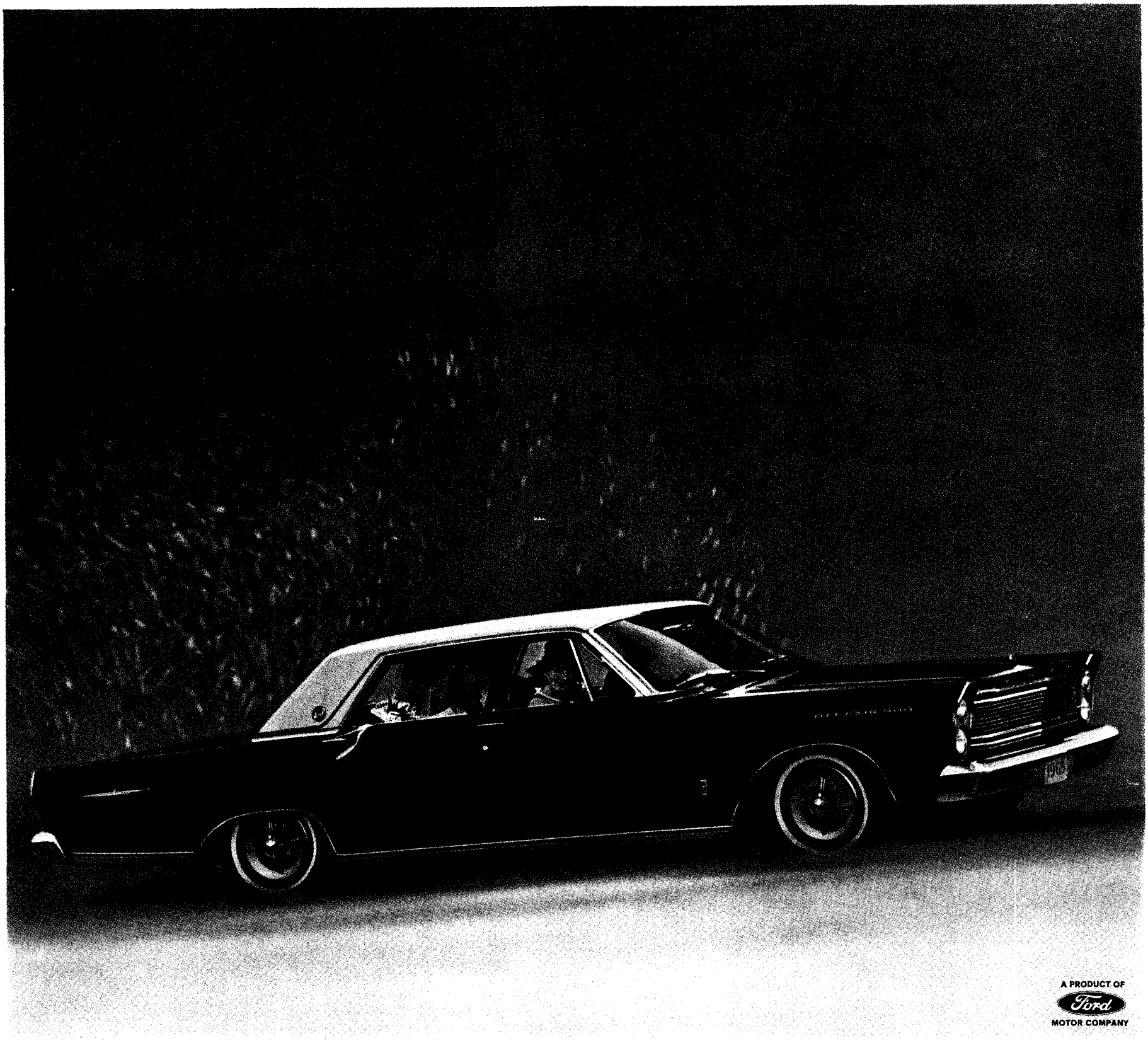

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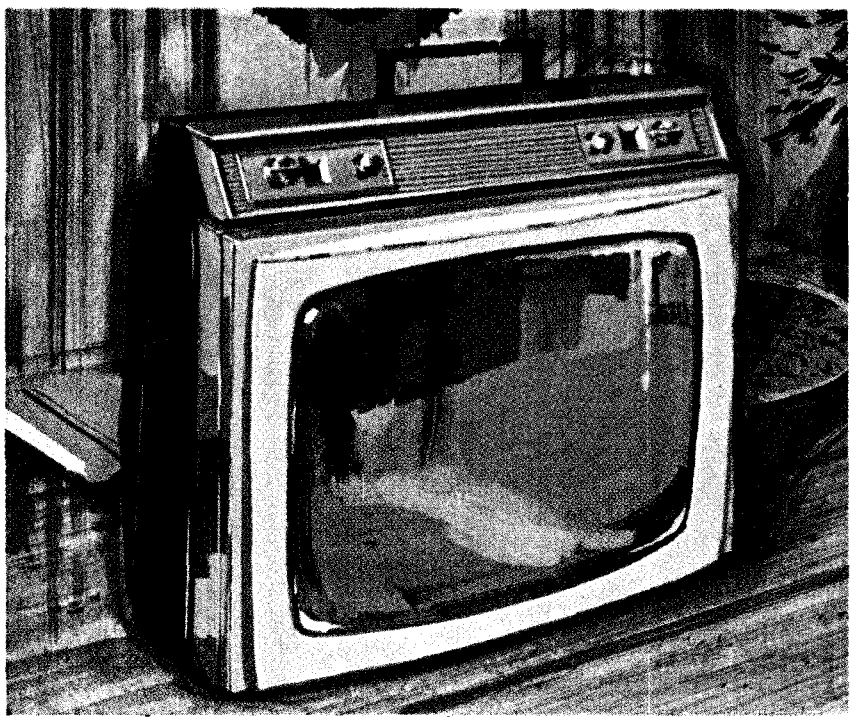

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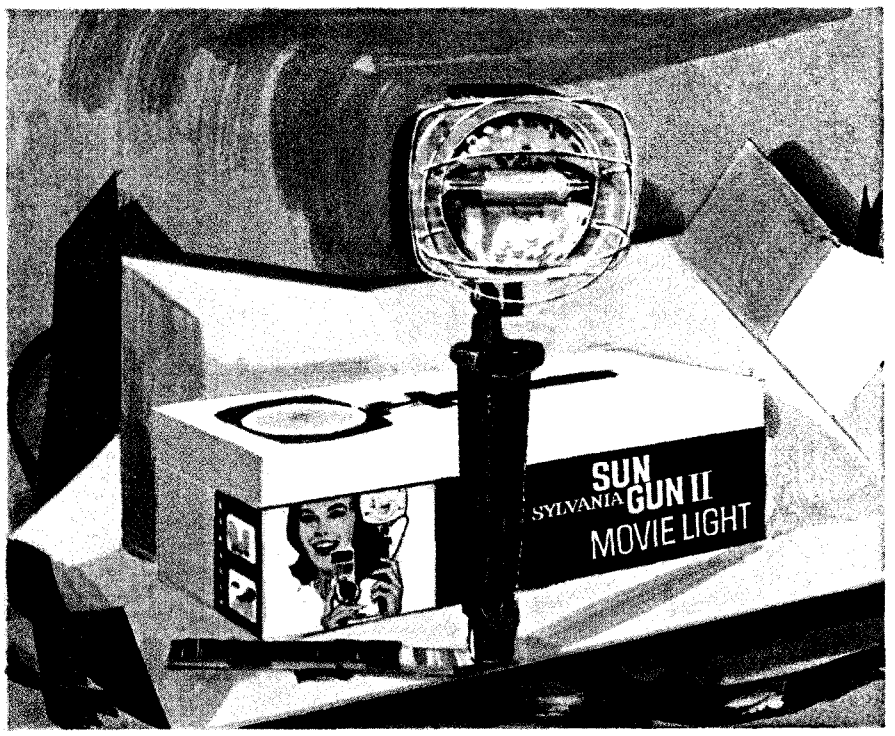

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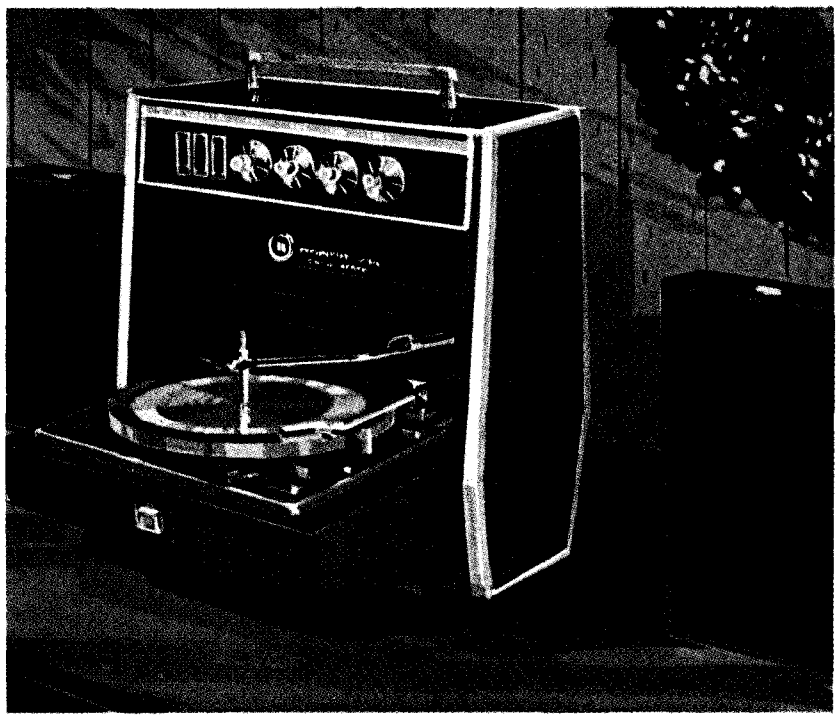
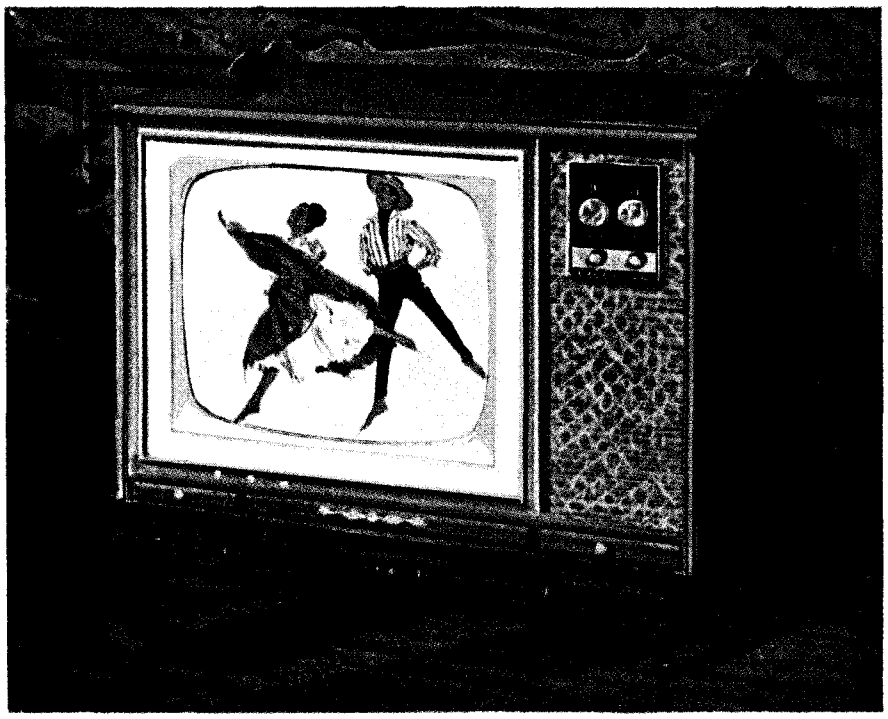


EYEFUL



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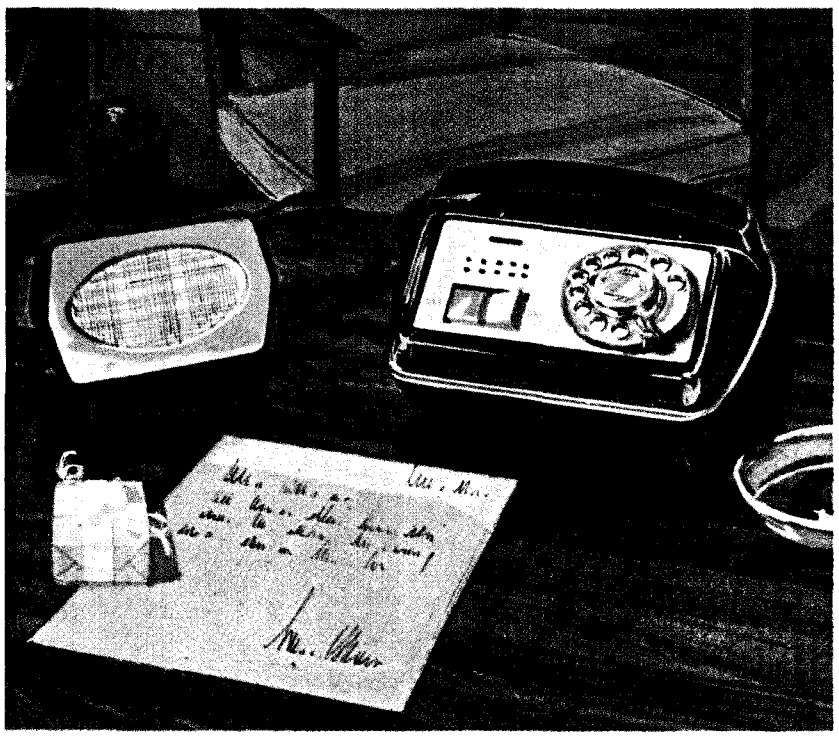

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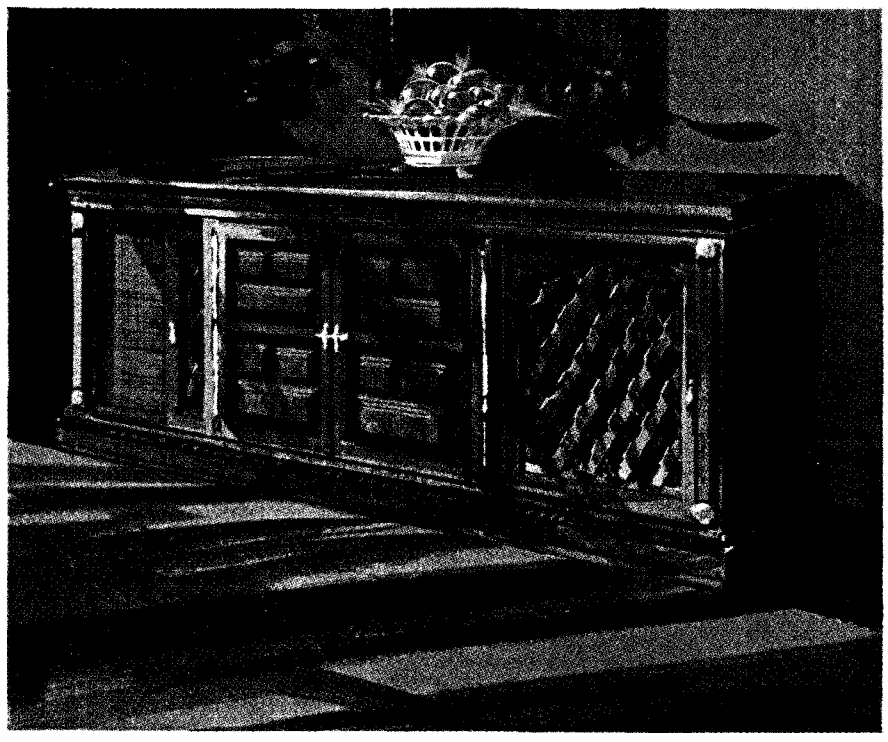

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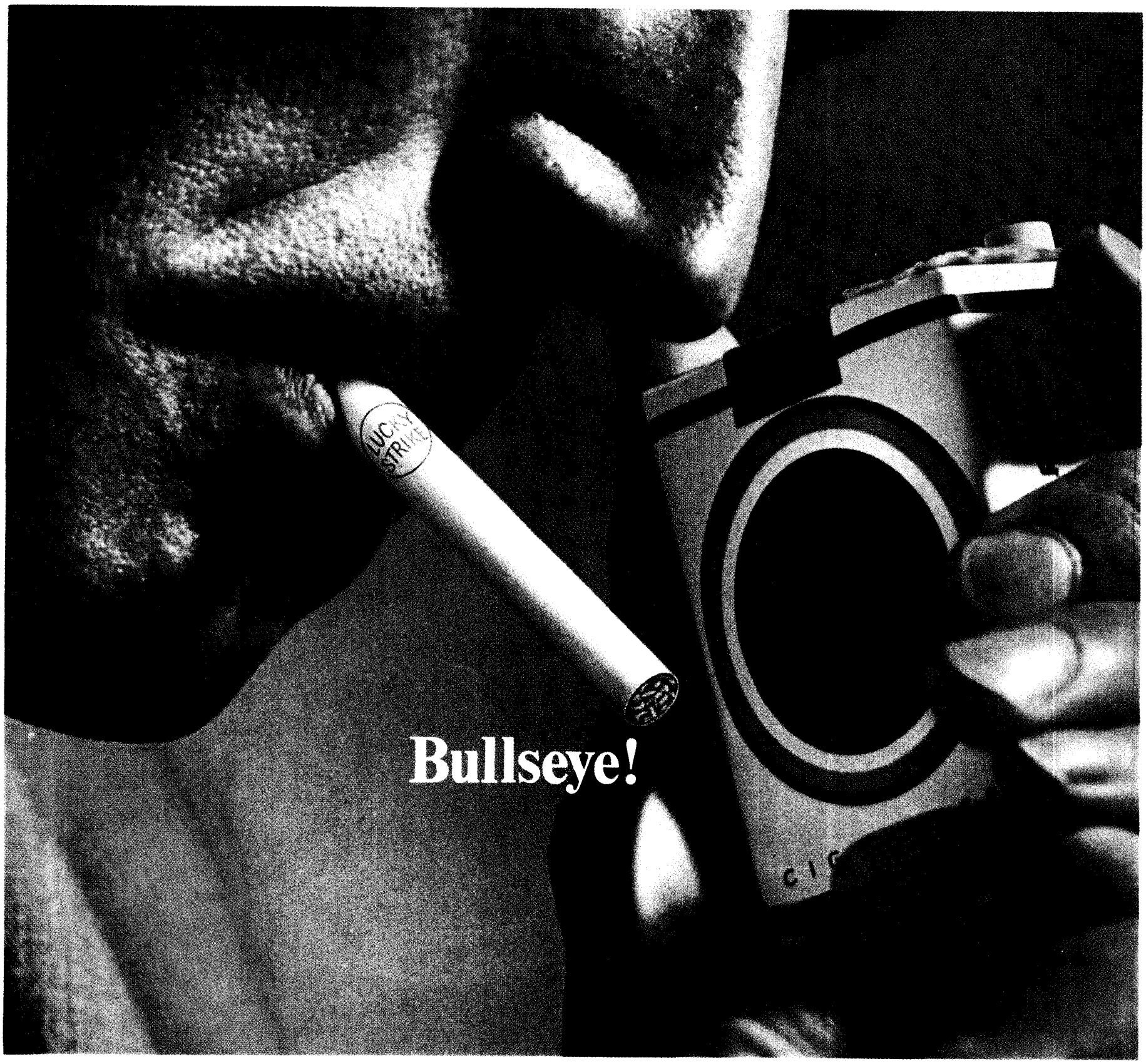

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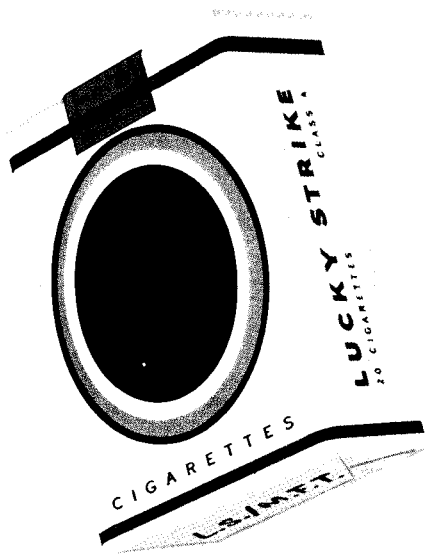

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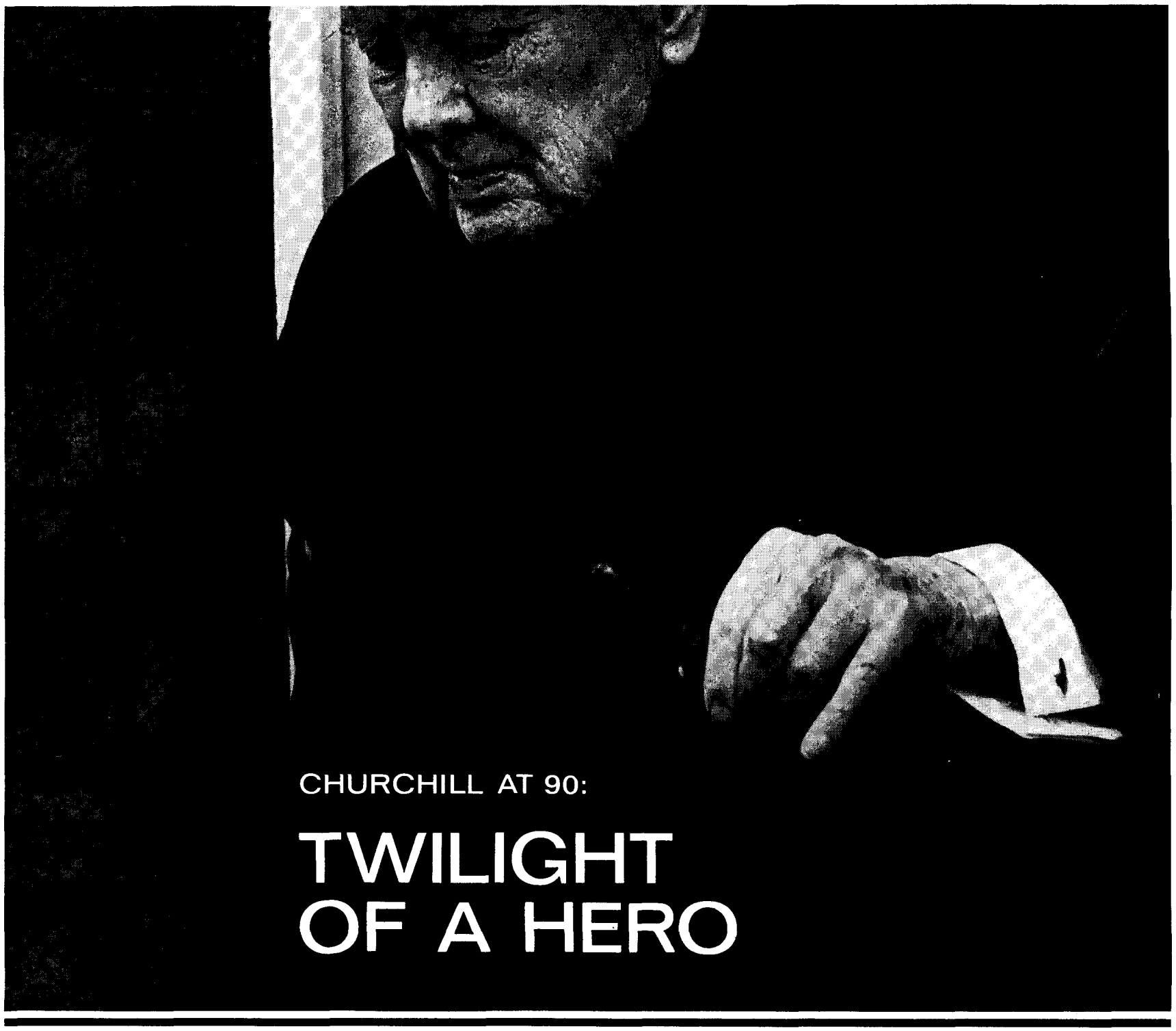

CHURCHILL AT 90:

TWILIGHT OF A HERO

A correspondent who knew Sir Winston at the zenith of his greatness offers a warm reminiscence of the old lion.

By QUENTIN REYNOLDS

On November 30, 1941, Maria Floris baked a very special birthday cake for Prime Minister Winston Churchill. To obtain the necessary butter and eggs, she must have saved her ration coupons for weeks. Good brandy was almost unobtainable in London in those days, but somehow resourceful Maria Floris (who owned a small bakery in Soho) managed to beg, borrow or, to use the word so prevalent in wartime London, "scrounge" a bottle of honorable Cognac.

It had been a fine meal. A friend from Scotland had sent Churchill some smoked salmon and, as usual, the prime minister had taken a generous helping. His enormous, baleful-eyed black cat, Nelson, was under the table waiting rather impatiently. Nelson appeared for dinner only when there was smoked salmon on the menu. The prime minister surreptitiously snatched a slice of salmon from his plate and handed it down to the cat. Nelson was not exactly a lovable pet, but he was an aggressive fighter whose ragged ears showed scars of many battles. Churchill often boasted that Nelson never bothered to fight cats, but that he never refused a contest with a dog. It was certainly true that his daughter Mary's dog, Sukie (always introduced by Mary as "my Free French poodle"), lived in terror of Nelson. So did many of Churchill's guests. When the salmon had disappeared from the prime minister's plate (most of it had gone to Nelson), the next course was served.

It was a plump, well-roasted goose that a neighbor had given him as a birthday present. When the time came to dissect it, Churchill said gaily to his wife, "You'll have to carve it, Clemmie, this goose was a friend of mine." He ate heartily and drank the fine Burgundy which complemented it so beautifully. Then he sat back well fed, hoping that Clemmie would produce some sharp Stilton cheese, which he liked much better than sweet desserts. Instead, the huge cake, white with frosting, was placed in front of him.

Trying to conceal his dismay, he cut the cake,

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passed slivers to his guests around the table, and then dutifully, if reluctantly, put a tiny piece into his mouth. A look of surprise was succeeded by a cherubic smile. The cake, thoroughly saturated with brandy, was very much to his taste.

Now another November 30 has come, and for the 23rd time Maria Floris (who now owns a large catering business) has baked the birthday cake. It is hardly likely that 90-year-old Sir Winston will enjoy it as much as he did the one in 1941, when he was hale and hearty, with a digestive system that cheerfully defied all laws of sensible diet. At 90, Sir Winston is a very tired and feeble old man whose alimentary problems are now of much concern to his doctors and to the seven nurses (one male, six female) who watch over him and take care of him 24 hours a day.

His birthday dinner in 1941 was a joyous affair. True, the fortunes of war were not going well in Libya or in the Atlantic, where German submarines were taking an awesome toll of allied shipping, but Churchill's bluff and contagious confidence was such that it communicated itself to everyone at the dinner table. His friend, Franklin D. Roosevelt, had phoned him with good wishes and with promises of additional help for England. And when Churchill turned on his radio, it was to hear enthusiastic salutes to him not only from members of his cabinet but from newspaper publishers, writers, generals, labor leaders and members of Parliament.

On that night he was perhaps the youngest and toughest 67-year-old man in the world. Despite the fact that he often worked 16 hours a day, took a drink when he felt like it, ate what he wished, and refused to leave his desk at No. 10 Downing Street when German bombs dropped close enough to rattle its ancient rafters, he was in robust health. He laughed at the solemn cautions of his doctors and not only continued a work schedule that would have killed a lesser man but continued to draw upon the prodigious constitution with which he had been endowed as though it were a bottomless well that could never be exhausted.

Those of us who were correspondents in London in 1941 had a birthday party of our own for him at the Savoy Hotel, where we toasted his good health, his vigor and his greatness. He had made a mockery of every rule of geriatrics; he could beat the 52-year-old Hitler at any game the latter chose; his magnificent voice coming to us by radio when things were going bad could mesmerize us to the fervent, if irrational, belief that England could not lose this war. All of our hopes and dreams were bound up in the indomitable British Lion who celebrated his 67th birthday at Chequers on that day, and eventually he made them all come true.

But now it is his 90th birthday, and things are not the same. Nelson is gone, and a tawny cat named Ginger has taken his place. Alert, lovely, white-haired Clementine will be there watching with concern what her husband eats and

Admiring crowds press close to Churchill and his wife near their London home in 1963.

FRAIL, DEAF, LAME, HE IS STILL THE MOST FABULOUS FIGURE OF OUR TIME

drinks. For more than 56 years she has been the staff on which he has leaned. Once he wrote, "I married Clementine and lived happily ever after," and this was not merely a fortuitous phrase—it was a solemn and truthful statement, and those of us who were privileged to be taken into the Churchill home as guests can testify to this. When their eyes met during dinner, there were always unspoken but unmistakable and understood messages between them. The two had little need of words.

Churchill's birthday dinner will be held in his London home, 28 Hyde Park Gate, Kensington. Actually, his home is two houses joined together with a very small garden. During the summer, of course, Sir Winston, his family and his rather considerable entourage live at Chartwell, his house in Kent, but once the summer is over, they move to his Kensington home.

Until a month or so ago Sir Winston spent much of this time in his small garden. During the war he designed and wore what he called his "siren" suit. (His daughters called these practical coveralls his "rompers.") A year ago he ordered three new siren suits, one in black, one in maroon and one in blue, from P.A. Crowe, his Lime Street tailor. They were exactly like his wartime garments, except that they were made of warm velvet. But even these were not proof against the chill of a London autumn, and for the past month his doctors have insisted that he make his well-heated library his headquarters.

His birthday will be celebrated very quietly this year, with only his family present. It is unlikely that he will be allowed anything so rich as the roast goose and Burgundy which gave him so much pleasure back in 1941. But he will most certainly taste a bit of Maria Floris's cake, for its appearance has become a tradition. And when dinner is over, he will be wheeled to the large windows overlooking Hyde Park Gate and, perhaps, if he feels up to it, he will raise his right hand in the famous V sign, and the crowd which has waited patiently and quietly most of the day will respond with affectionate cheers. And then Sir Winston will retire for the evening.

This has been a long, hard year for Sir Winston Churchill. On July 27, 1964, he attended the House of Commons for the last time. Members who had not seen him recently were surprised to notice that his eyes were bluer than ever and that, even though his skin seemed parchment-like, his cherubic face was innocent of lines. But he leaned heavily on his stick, his steps faltered, and an attendant helped him across the aisle to his seat. He slumped into the corner seat which had been his for so many years, his head sunk into his shoulders, and on his face was a weary but dogged expression. As always when he appeared in what he once called "the best club in London," he wore his black jacket and striped trousers, and across his waistcoat was the usual watch chain made of large gold links. This was the arena where he had fought his most heroic battles since 1900 (with a break of only two years). It was to sit in this House that he had turned down a dukedom from Queen Elizabeth II in 1955. It was in this House that his mighty voice roared defiance to Hitler. "It was here," as the late President John F. Kennedy said, "that he mobilized the English language and sent it into battle." But on this last day he did not speak—he slept.

The following day the House of Commons did something it had not done for 150 years when it had honored the Duke of Wellington. It gave unanimous assent to a motion putting on record its members' "unbounded admiration and gratitude for his services to Parliament, to the nation and to the world." There were those who hoped that the House might grant him some special status entitling him to attend the House whenever he wished, but even his closest parliamentary associates thought that such a violation of tradition would not find favor with the man who felt so strongly about the traditions of the House. But it must have saddened Sir Winston to know that he could never again sit in the House except as a spectator.

During the past six months he has had to wear a hearing aid constantly, and even with the aid it was often difficult to penetrate the consciousness of the tired old lion. His unsteady hand can no longer guide a brush, and painting, which had brought him so much pleasure, is now but a memory. But his hand is steady enough to hold an eight-inch-long cigar. Wise Mrs. Churchill, knowing that loneliness is the greatest enemy of advancing years, has encouraged close friends to visit him in the afternoons, and sometimes he has attempted to play bezique with them, but usually he has found it hard to concentrate on the two decks of cards used in the game. On rare occasions however, as though he had been shamming deafness and inattention, his head would raise, and for a brief time the Churchillian wit and wisdom would appear, the familiar chuckle would be heard and for a few moments he would repudiate time and mock his physical frailty. But during the past six months such moments have become fewer and fewer. His doctors have even denied him the brandy he once savored so happily and so knowledgeably.

A few years ago he was visited by an old friend, Field Marshall Jan Smuts. Smuts brought him a bottle of South African brandy, and insisted that it be opened and sampled. Sir Winston held the glass to his nose, sipped it and said firmly, "My friend, it is excellent . . . but it is not brandy." They will be recounting stories like that in the pubs of Fleet Street on his birthday, for it was in The Street that his writing career began. Even before he attracted attention as a politician, he covered the Boer War as a correspondent for the *Morning Post*. His relations with the editors of Fleet Street have always been close, if frequently

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stormy, and there isn't one editor or veteran reporter who doesn't have his favorite Churchill anecdote. James Cameron, a former *Daily Express* man, may tell of his last meeting with "The Old Man." Two years ago he was doing some work with the late Lord Beaverbrook at the latter's home on the Riviera. One evening Beaverbrook (who owned the *Daily Express*) told Cameron that he would be having two guests for dinner. The guests turned out to be Sir Winston Churchill and his friend Aristotle Onassis. Sir Winston said nothing at all during dinner, and Cameron, conscious of his three august companions, kept a discreet silence. But Beaverbrook and Onassis, both loquacious men, chattered across the table to each other. Finally, at the end of the meal, Churchill broke his silence.

"Beaverbrook," he asked, "have you ever been to Moscow?"

"Of course," the puzzled Beaverbrook answered. "You ordered me to go there in 1941."

"That may be. That may be," Sir Winston chuckled. "But did you actually go there?"

Was that senility, or was it a sheer sense of mischief? No one knows. In any case, it is a conversation piece for Fleet Street to recount. There will be much talk of Sir Winston throughout Great Britain on his 90th birthday—even in the lonely lighthouses and on the lightships that guard the coast. In each of these there is a photograph of Sir Winston dressed in the resplendent uniform of an elder brother of Trinity House (a society which founded the English lifesaving organizations). He was granted the privilege of wearing this uniform in 1913, and he wore it often. It looked like something out of Gilbert and Sullivan.

The dark-blue cockade of a hat was trailed by a heavy white plume, and the gold-buttoned uniform was heavily decorated with white cord. He especially enjoyed donning the uniform when visiting naval installations. It puzzled even the admirals, because it looked so much like their own dress uniforms—but it wasn't quite regulation. In fact, it wasn't regulation at all. Churchill very seldom explained just what manner of uniform it was, but those who manned the lightships and lighthouses knew, and they laughed every time Churchill's photograph in his uniform appeared with a vague caption identifying it merely as "a naval dress uniform," which it most definitely was not.

They'll be talking about him all over Great Britain with affection and respect. The man in the pub loved Churchill for his excusable weaknesses even more than for his courage and wisdom. His extravagant love for absurd dress, gaudy uniforms, outrageous hats and glittering medals endeared him to the Cockney, who once a year dons the ornate mother-of-pearl jacket for the annual celebration of his heritage. Churchill's love of good food, good wine and brandy struck a responsive chord in the hearts of Englishmen, even though they couldn't afford such luxuries. They love the fact that he shared with them the optimistic attitude of the born horse player, and they rejoiced with him when his obscure, inexpensive horse, Colonist II, turned out to be a stake winner. They liked his irreverence toward the clergy, for the British masses are not overly devout, and they cherished him for his earthy humor. If his lineage was aristocratic, his demeanor was not, and when he was accepted into the bricklayers' union after an actual and severe test of his skill, every workingman in England felt a kinship toward him.

Why didn't they vote for him in 1945? I've asked that question of many British people, and in different words the answer was always the same—they weren't voting against him but against his party, which promised nothing in the way of postwar reforms.

Actually, of course, no man in the Tory Party was more conservative than he. I had dinner at Chequers in 1941 with the prime minister and his family. Harry Hopkins and Averell Harriman were the only other guests. In the relaxed atmosphere of after-dinner drinks, I asked Churchill what he thought the world would be like when the war was finished.

"Same old world," he said rather cynically, "with just a bit of the gingerbread knocked off."

Hopkins looked shocked, but said nothing. Perhaps this one sentence summed up Churchill's basic political belief. He had liked the prewar England, and obviously hoped and believed that his country and the world would return to that comfortable condition once the war had been won. He was a strong advocate of the *status quo*, and he could be incredibly arrogant and angrily intolerant of those who did not share his views. But even those who know this and feel that these qualities tarnished his greatness will forget them in celebrating the exceptional qualities which he has displayed—such qualities as courage, loyalty, magnanimity, humor and gallantry.

His birthday will be observed in this country, too; officially in Washington, unofficially just about everywhere else. The celebration began in New York City on October 12 with an exhibition of Churchilliana at the Hallmark Gallery on Fifth Avenue. (The exhibition will close on December 1.) This is a modest tribute in a modest gallery, but each day it has attracted about 1,500 visitors, some of whom linger for hours to look at the 300 photographs which present a chronological panoramic view of his life, at first editions of 50 of the 51 books published under his name, at his cocoa-and-pink racing silks, at letters in his handwriting, at six of his paintings which he has given to American friends, at the palette, paints and brushes which he so often used, at busts and portraits of him, and at a great many family-album prints never before seen in this country.

In addition to Churchill's published works (several of the 50 are collections of speeches) there is, rather incongruously, a bound volume of *The Harmsworth Magazine*. If you happen to know David L. Strout, director of the gallery, he will allow you to open the volume to the short story titled *Man Overboard*, published on January 18, 1899. It deserves its place in the exhibition, because it is the first story Winston Churchill ever wrote—or at least the first to have been published. It is not, alas, a very good story.

When Anthony Montague Browne, the brilliant former foreign-office aide who now acts as Churchill's personal secretary, visited the gallery, he was especially interested in the Churchill writings.

"Have you a copy of *Mr. Broderick's Army* which Sir Winston wrote in 1903?" he asked. "It is the only book he wrote which he doesn't have in his library. If you know where there is a copy in the United States, I'd like to buy it and give it to him for his birthday."

David Strout had to confess sadly that *Mr. Broderick's Army* was not in his collection, although he knew of it and had tried to find a copy. There was, so far as he knew, only one copy of the book in the United States, and that was in the Yale University library. Despite the slightly Ian Fleming flavor of the title, *Mr. Broderick's Army* is not a thriller but a rather pedestrian account of reforms in the British Army under the then minister of war—Mr. Broderick.

On Sir Winston's 90th birthday no one can deny him true immortality as man measures it. His part in World War I was important, and he is the only leader to have survived that epoch. Kaiser Wilhelm, Lloyd George, Foch, Pétain, von Hindenburg, Woodrow Wilson, Clemenceau and Lenin are gone. Most of the leading figures of World War II are departed: Franklin D. Roosevelt, Hitler, Mussolini, Stalin, Gen. George C. Marshall and most of Churchill's own political lieutenants. Only he remains—frail, deaf, lame, but still the most fabulous figure of the 20th century, which owes him so much. THE END

Cigar in hand and wearing his old indomitable expression, Sir Winston, nearing 90, rests in the sun at his country home at Chartwell.

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By JOHN SKOW

SMALL WAR IN WESTPORT

Amateur moviemakers

"I try to visualize everything beforehand," says director McDermott during filming of his current production, "Belleau Wood."

A weekend hobbyist who can persuade his wife to get up at 6:30 A.M. every Saturday and Sunday for three months to make 40 ham-and-cheese sandwiches, light on the mayonnaise, is worth listening to. If in addition he can get his friends to roll in the dust on command and persuade the Ford Foundation to pay for it all, he is worth considering for Secretary of State. The trouble with listening to John McDermott of Westport, Conn., who can do these things, is that you wind up in John McDermott's private war, rolling in the dust.

McDermott's war, at the moment, is World War I. He is fighting the Battle of Belleau Wood with the help of his wife Ruth, his two young daughters Cathy and Mary, a small cadre of loyal, dusty friends, and an occasional journalist willing to trade his noncombatant status for glory. McDermott is an illustrator for the kind of men's magazine that still prints illustrations of men, and over the years he has used up a lot of red and black paint making pictures of worried-looking men in red-and-black wool shirts standing off grizzly bears with pocket knives. He is good at this, but it grips only part of his soul. What grips the rest, with the energy of an alderman's handshake, is making motion-picture recreations of battles. McDermott does not think that Hollywood does battle pictures very well, or very honestly. "There are good films," he said not long ago. "*Paths of Glory*. The action parts from *The Longest Day*. But mostly it's a lot of John Wayne stuff, guys sticking their jaws out and saying, 'This is it, men.'"

McDermott's film career did not begin promisingly, although he was raised in Hollywood and graduated from Hollywood High in 1937. His high-school art training was enough to get him a job with Walt Disney as an in-betweener. An in-betweener takes the work of one of the studio's creative artists—say one picture of Donald Duck with his mouth open and another with his mouth closed—and turns out the in-between drawings that allow Donald to quack smoothly when the series is photographed and run through a projector.

World War II cut short McDermott's career at Disney. He enlisted in the Marines and served through the Pacific fighting as a combat artist. At the war's end he had the rank of sergeant, a sheaf of drawings good enough to get him work as an illustrator, and an abiding fascination with the way men behave in battle.

He began to read military histories, and to sit through every war movie that came out, watching the pretty nurses with smudges on their cheeks smile bravely, the boys from Brooklyn die their photogenic and never disfiguring deaths, and the heroes stick out their jaws. Several years ago, with a 16-mm. camera, color film, tape recorder, beer opener and a supply of Mrs. McDermott's sandwiches, he set out to shoot a battle film without heroes or nurses.

It is not easy to write, direct and produce even a bad film, and McDermott's movie, *Pickett's Charge*, was surprisingly good. It takes a southern infantry company through the uneasy night before the battle, then through the gallant and useless dash toward the Union lines in which most of the Confederates are killed. Some of the 50-minute film is amateurish, but long stretches of it are so good that an eerie sensation of eavesdropping haunts the mind.

Word that McDermott had made something out of the ordinary got around after he showed *Pickett's Charge* to friends in his makeshift basement theater. CBS officials asked to see the film, bought TV rights and, after laundering some of the language, showed it twice during 1957 with great success.

With the $8,500 that CBS paid, McDermott went on to write, produce, direct photograph, act in, edit and pour beer for films on the battles of Antietam (1957) and Chancellorsville (1960). Last year the Ford Foundation decided to encourage amateur filmmakers, and McDermott was asked to apply for one of the grants. The $10,000 he received to produce his current movie, *Belleau Wood*, gave him by far his highest budget. *Pickett's Charge* had cost only $2,000.

This sort of money does not permit squandering on nonessentials, so McDermott does not pay his actors. Despite this, a dozen or so durable friends have soldiered with him faithfully for years. No one has had any other acting experience, professional or amateur. "We had a real actor once," McDermott said. "But he didn't work out very well at all. He acted."

As a qualified nonactor, I decided a few weeks ago to volunteer to be camera fodder. McDermott, a big man of 45, stuffed into an old plaid shirt and work pants, received the offer without flinching. The climactic scenes of the movie were to be shot that weekend, and his living room was cluttered with actors, camp followers, and most of the gear necessary to fight and photograph a war. McDermott said he had spent $1,050 of the Ford Foundation's money to rent uniforms for the summer—three French, one German, 10 American. Another batch of American uniforms had been borrowed. The crew's ordnance experts had found 19 rifles and machine guns. There was a French Chauchat machine gun that had cost $75, a Maxim someone had found in an attic, and three Springfields, which had cost $30 apiece at one of the New York shops that cater to gun maniacs and 16-year-olds who like Nazi bayonets. "Funny," McDermott said, "you can get Civil War junk a lot easier than World War I junk. I don't know why." He pointed with a miser's love at a lash-up of rotting brown canvas. "A genuine World War stretcher. We got it for fifty cents."

McDermott's scroungers had been able to find almost all the properties needed, except for a mule. "If we find a mule, I'll write a part for him," the director said. This is the first principle of backyard cinematography—if someone shows up, write lines for him.

Someone brought up the question of obscenity in dialogue, and McDermott said, "It's just that you try to get it down the way it was. Dialogue has to be an illusion—if you had actors speak the way soldiers really talk you'd paralyze everyone. Nobody would pay any attention to what you were trying to get across. But it can't be a fake, or it's nothing."

McDermott said he got started on *Belleau Wood* "because it's one of the Marine Corps clichés, one of the times when they were told to do something impossible, and did it. I wanted to see if I could make some sense of it. It's not an antiwar picture; you don't have to prove anymore that war is bad." The Marines had been told to occupy the area of Belleau Wood, he said, but they were not expecting any trouble. French intelligence had said that there were no Germans around. "This was a mixed regiment of recruits and old smokestackers, some from as far back as the Boxer Rebellion and the Spanish-American War. They walked in and got slaughtered. Two companies turned and ran. That's not in the histories, but it's in the records at West Point."

On Saturday morning at 9:45, people began to arrive at the Belleau Wood location, a borrowed eight-acre plot in nearby Weston, Conn., that looks like the rolling French countryside where the battle was fought.

McDermott, looking preoccupied, checked his script. Each shot was indicated with an artist's shorthand—quickly

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are Waging World War I

drawn sketches, a couple of inches high, in which a face, a hand holding a gun, a wounded soldier, were set down with three or four strokes of a felt pen. "I try to visualize everything beforehand," said McDermott. "Of course, you can't; things happen on location; what you planned won't work and you get new ideas. But you can't wait for inspiration."

He asked his wife, Ruth, to forage at the nearest shopping center for materials for a chow scene: one galvanized-metal garbage can, one loaf of French bread, four cans of Vienna sausage (the cans, sprayed brown, look like ration containers), two cans of spray paint and a package of stomach pills (one of the cast had reported with a hangover).

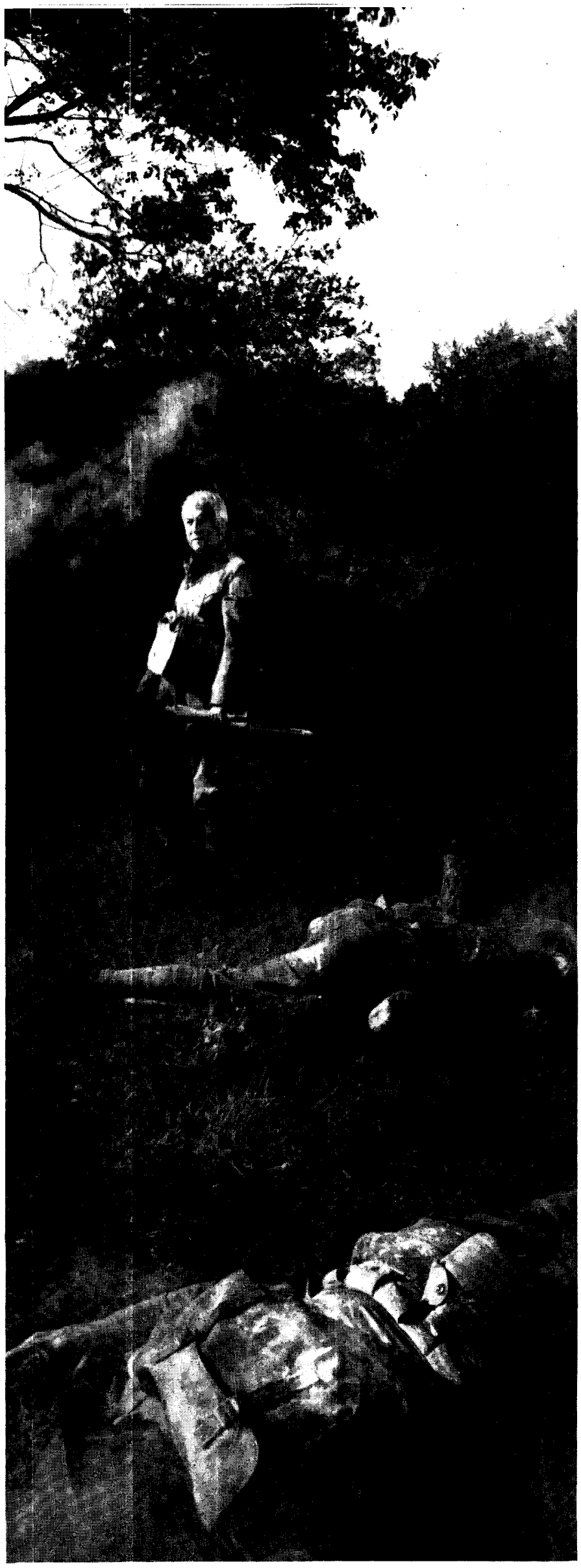
By 10:45, 17 armed and uniformed men had flopped down on a shaded hillside, waiting for McDermott to tell them what to do. They looked real. No cameras were going, but wives and Westport were a continent and a discharge away, and the actors were riflemen glumly taking five while the officers decided what to do. It was hot and the uniforms itched. "How do you get out of this chicken outfit?" said one wit.

McDermott sketched it out: The young recruits were sick of hearing how tough it had been in Haiti and during the Boxer Rebellion. Now they were razzing one of the old birds, a tough gunnery sergeant who had been regimental boxing champion. For the sergeant McDermot had cast Gordon Munce, a huge, weathered ex-boxer in his middle 60's, who had been an Army corporal in World War I, and who once had fought heavyweight matches in Madison Square Garden.

Munce's nose was magnificently bent. His hands were so big that later, at lunch, he held a beer can in one of them with none of it showing. He had never acted before, but when Cathy McDermott, the 13-year-old sound engineer, flicked on the tape recorder and yelled "Sound!" he began scowling like a police-court judge and shadowboxing with great authority. "Yah, go get him," the young soldiers yelled. "Show us how ya beat the swabbie off the gunboat!"

"Beautiful," says McDermott. There was no retake. Munce had looked fine. And the lesser gods of moviemaking had smiled. Clouds had avoided the sun for the required 45 seconds, two stage-struck neighborhood dogs named Blue and Jeb Stuart had stayed leashed (a leash is one of the things moviemakers learn to bring; the dogs bring themselves), and an idiot with a musical auto horn that played *My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean* had driven by a few seconds too late to spoil the sound track.

McDermott's script covers only the bloody first hours of Belleau Wood—the careless advance toward the German strength, the ambush, and the moment



"It's not an antiwar picture," says McDermott. "You don't have to prove war is bad."

in Olde Connecticut.

in which it is seen that the Marines will be able to absorb the shock and dig in. The advance was to be shot after the lunch break. I did not suit up; "We're saving you," McDermott said. Two college boys who wandered by were shanghaied into service to lay smoke screens with phosphorous bombs. They scuttled with their bombs through the lines of motionless soldiers, and Cathy McDermott yelled, "Sound!" The lines started moving. Then everyone came back and did it over, because it had not looked right. On the next take, the take-up reel on McDermott's camera broke. He gave up on the advance scene for the day after the second camera broke. McDermott sat on the ground, pulling yards of ruined film out of the camera. "Isn't this a fascinating hobby?" he said.

By now it was well past five, or about four hours past the time when moviemaking had become hard work. But a third camera was borrowed. Gordon Munce, the old fighter, salvaged a bad afternoon with a magnificent death scene. He was kneeling and firing a Springfield when McDermott indicated that he had just been shot in the stomach. Munce sat down holding his middle, and then took what seemed a full minute to fall over. He looked like an ocean liner going down.

The next day I was finally sent into action. McDermott told me I could be a corpse. I was not permitted to die, because dying is a skilled art. Anyone can be a corpse; the only rule is to get comfortable. I learned this too late, and regretted it as I lay facedown in the stubble for ten minutes.

Sitting that night with John and Ruth McDermott in a Westport steak joint, I felt like Wallace Beery. We had washed and put on polite clothes, but I caught myself looking with a 20-year man's contempt at the soft-bellied civilians in their Sunday-go-to-cocktails outfits.

Did McDermott plan any more battle pictures? "I don't know," he said. "You run out of gas halfway through one of these things, and the rest is work." He was interested in writing, he said. He had written a novel which a paperback publisher had accepted.

"But you know, there's a lot still to do," McDermott said. "There's Gettysburg. Shiloh. The Revolutionary War. Nobody knows anything about the Revolution. Washington crossing the Delaware!" he said, as happily as if he had just crossed it himself. "The biggest clichés in the book. The sailors were all from Marblehead, and they hated Washington's guts. No one has any idea!" McDermott stopped talking, but it was clear that he had not stopped thinking. He looked like a man wondering whether the Ford Foundation could be tapped for half a dozen old rowboats and a large American flag. THE END

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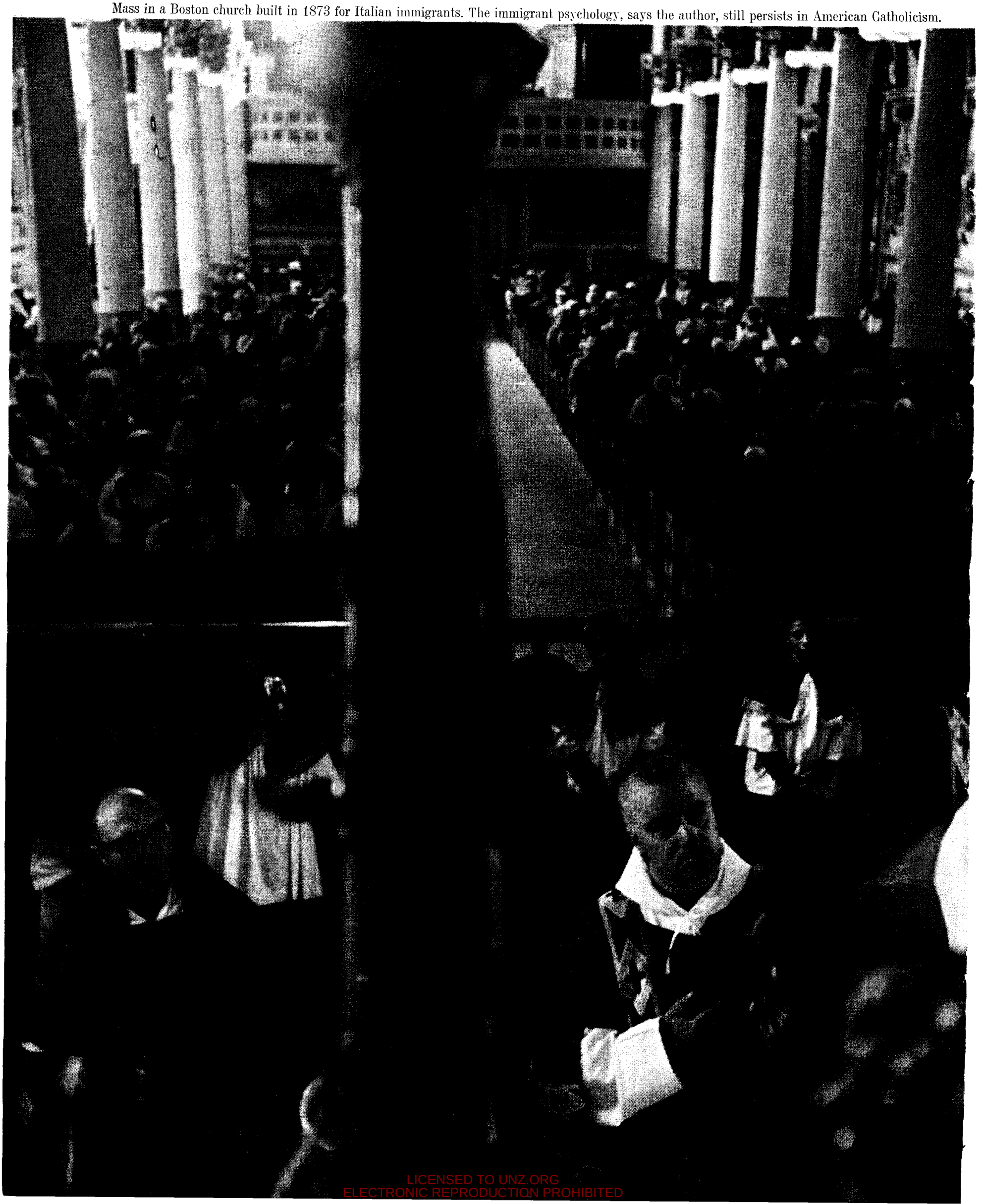
Mass in a Boston church built in 1873 for Italian immigrants. The immigrant psychology, says the author, still persists in American Catholicism.



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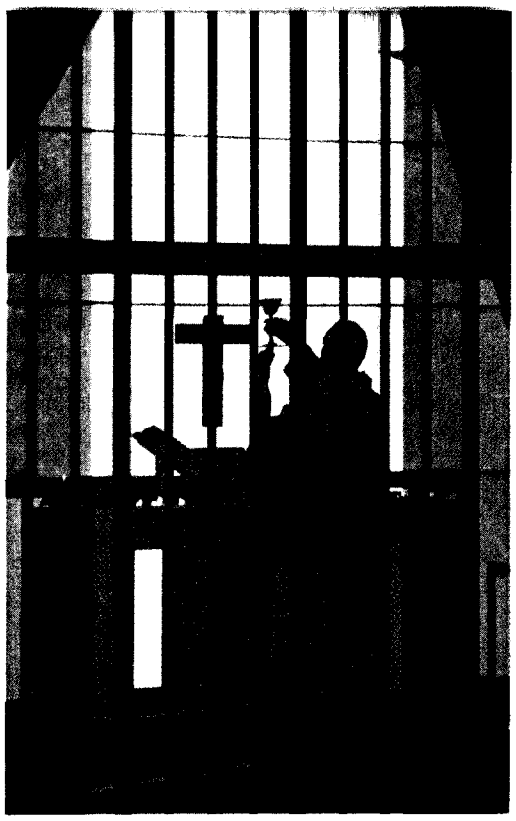

In modern priory in St. Louis, a monk says mass.

NOT PEACE, BUT THE SWORD

THE NEW ANGUISH OF AMERICAN CATHOLICISM

In seminaries, slums, convents, colleges—even in bishops' chanceries—a bold new generation is struggling to break with the inbred past and to bring the Church to grips with modern society. The Saturday Evening Post presents a monumental, searching and reverent report, ten months in the making, on the historic ferment now transforming the Roman Catholic Church in America.

By EDWARD R. F. SHEEHAN
Photographs by Burt Glinn

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'The real culprit: American Catholic mentality.'

Think not that I am come to bring peace on earth: I came not to bring peace, but the sword." Of all the utterances of Christ in His lifetime, perhaps none is more puzzling than this verse from the 10th chapter of St. Matthew. Even considered in context, the statement appears to do violence to the soothing and marvelous message of peace which permeates so great a part of the Gospels. It also appears to collide with the memory of Pope John, who proclaimed for Christendom a new Pentecost, a revolution of love which would inspire the Church to prefer "the medicine of mercy to that of severity."

"Not peace, but the sword." In the deepest sense the verse is actually most relevant to the vision which John sought to realize in our time. For if peace cannot be accomplished without love, how can love be accomplished without anguish? Anguish is a prerequisite of love; anguish is the essence of self-knowledge, and without self-knowledge love is meaningless. "Think ye that I am come to give peace on earth? I tell you, Nay: but rather division." The paradox of Christianity, the religion of peace, is that in exhorting individuals to despise their own most meretricious values, it causes division in the self and therefore tension in society. The paradox of Pope John was that in so lovingly seeking to renew the Church, he conferred a cleansing anguish upon its inner life—the anguish of self-criticism.

Not that John invented self-criticism in the Church—but he did make it fashionable. And nowhere has it become more fashionable than in American Catholicism. At first sight this may seem curious. For never has the Church known such affluence, power or respectability in America. Its physical resources are immense—second only to those of the Federal Government—its wealth almost incalculable. There are now at least 45 million Roman Catholics in the United States—some authorities estimate close to 50 million. They comprise approximately a quarter of the population, and the percentage rises every year. Five cardinals, 30 archbishops, 200 bishops, and nearly 60,000 priests, together with three times that many nuns, minister to communicants in 22,000 separate parishes and missions. In 285 colleges and universities, in 13,000 elementary and secondary schools, six million young Americans are reminded daily that the Incarnation of Christ is the central fact of human history. Two Catholics sit in the Cabinet; a Catholic presides over the House of Representatives, and about a third of the nation's governors share his spiritual allegiance to Pope Paul VI. Were it not for the caprices of destiny—or of God—a Catholic would continue to reside in the White House.

And yet the mood of American Catholicism today is one of creeping discontent, much of it submerged, more and more of it surfacing for all to see. It used to be that the Church's shortcomings were advertised only by outsiders—by such hostile non-Catholics as Paul Blanshard. Today the most incisive criticism of American Catholicism comes from the inside, from Catholics themselves—Catholics, it must be added, who love the Church. They are a minority, but an articulate one, and their numbers are rapidly increasing; they include laymen, many priests, perhaps even a few bishops.

Nothing seems too sacrosanct to escape their dissatisfaction—not the hierarchy, not clergy, not parochial schools or Catholic colleges, not even time-honored teaching or the Holy See itself. They are in the throes of a reaction, not against the essentials of the faith but against a state of mind, against an entrenched historical system which they believe has become irrelevant to the times—and, they feel, in many ways irrelevant to the Gospels.

The third session of the Second Vatican Council is now concluding in Rome. The council has aroused hopes throughout the Church which are roughly analogous to the "revolution of rising expectations" in the impoverished nations of the world. The council fathers have already taken a number of promising steps. A dialogue with other Christian communions has been established; the liturgy has been reformed and made more comprehensible to people of all nations; the collegial authority of the bishops, foreshadowing a decentralization of the Roman Curia's power, has been emphasized if not actually promulgated; the "priesthood of the faithful"—the right of the laity to a much less subservient role in the life of the Church—has been proclaimed, if not actually put into practice. In the most recent session of the council, the cardinal archbishops of Boston, Chicago and St. Louis vigorously championed religious liberty and the exoneration of the Jewish people.

Thus some of the expectations aroused by the council are being fulfilled. Other expectations are not—or not quickly enough to satisfy many American Catholics, particularly the impatient priests and laymen of the younger generation.

In the newly popular style, celebrant at St. John's Abbey, Minn., faces congregation.

Tension between the old order and the new, confusion, self-criticism, enthusiasm, an ineluctable appetite for change—these are the most evident elements in the climate of American Catholicism today. Or so it seemed to me during a long journey which I took throughout the United States this year to assess the present temper of the Church. I crisscrossed the country, met the five American cardinals, several archbishops and bishops, and innumerable priests, nuns, seminarians and laymen. Perhaps I should call my journey a voyage of discovery, for the Church I encountered was not always the one I expected to find.

One of my first experiences was a visit to the office of the chancellor—the administrative headquarters—of the Archdiocese of New York. The New York Chancery shares a converted neo-Renaissance palace with a prominent publishing firm, and its location—on Madison Avenue—struck me as somehow symbolic. As I entered the door, my ears were filled with the whir of adding machines. Upstairs, in a spacious, paneled room, earnest and efficient young monsignori were arrayed in neat rows of desks, rather like executives in an investment bank, or even a large advertising agency.

"Gosh, that Xerox machine is *wonderful*," one of the monsignori said as he sat down to talk to me, his hands gripping a sheaf of papers which he had just extracted from his newest acquisition in clerical equipment. This remark established the tone for our conversation. "The Archdiocese of New York presently has ninety million dollars' worth of building in progress," I was informed. "And we are getting every penny's worth for every dollar we spend. Aside from our regular central purchasing setup, we have recently organized the I.C.S."

"I.C.S., Monsignor?" I asked.

"Institutional Commodity Service—our central office for distributing all foods and equipment for use anywhere in the Archdiocese. Now, you might ask me, what is the importance of I.C.S.? It enables us to save dollars for more urgent and basic works—the care of souls."

The neo-Renaissance palace on Madison Avenue might be considered a worthy specimen of what has come to be called "chancery Catholicism." Under this system the chancery, not the cathedral, is the nerve center of the diocese; real power rests with administrators rather than with theologians. What distresses many priests

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Daughters of Charity from a hospital in St. Louis merrily jounce over rough roads to bring food, clothing and medical care to the poor in a Missouri town.

and laymen is that under chancery Catholicism the more mystical and apostolic factors of faith have become secondary to the requirements of ecclesiastical bureaucracy. And the ecclesiastical bureaucracy, its critics feel, is dedicated to perpetuating mediocrity in the Church. "For the love of Christ," Bishop Fulton J. Sheen once thundered to a congregation of clerics, "stop being administrators and start being shepherds of souls!" That has not been an easy objective to accomplish, for in fact the power of the chanceries seems to have waxed rather than waned during the decade or so since Bishop Sheen's fiery exhortation.

Now more than ever, not only in New York but in many another diocese as well, the priest's path of advancement lies in finding friends in the chancery. The chancery is the diocesan curia, and is modeled on the Roman Curia, the central bureaucracy of the Church. It is from the chancery that most favors flow—appointments, permissions, authorizations to spend money. Rivalries abound there. "Ambition," writes the lay Catholic author Michael Novak, "is the ecclesiastical lust." Recommendations to Rome for the elevation of priests to the rank of monsignor usually originate in the chancery, and many of the American bishops, however they may lack direct pastoral experience, are themselves the products of long years of service in the chancery power structure.

Chancery Catholicism has achieved much that is admirable. For example, the services which the Catholic Charities of New York extend to the underprivileged of that city are impressive and vast in scope. But all bureaucracies resist change—as distinct from expansion—and by its very nature chancery Catholicism is inclined to do the same. It is not surprising that Francis Cardinal Spellman of New York should share a state of mind which his policies have done so much to advance.

During the pontificate of Pius XII, Cardinal Spellman served as the *de facto* primate of the American Church; he commanded great power in the crucial matter of selecting bishops, particularly bishops of dioceses in the eastern United States, and the appointees were very often priests stamped in his image. They were executives rather than "men of prophecy" and few of them were intellectually distinguished. Like Cardinal Spellman himself, they were the products of an isolated and rather narrow seminary system, and like him many of them were graduates of the North American College in Rome. They were men who had proven themselves competent canon lawyers, rectors of seminaries, administrators or money raisers. They were traditionalist in theology, prudent in practice and preoccupied, as was the cardinal, with the preservation of order and tranquillity in the Church. Generally they lacked deep culture—their culture was "rectory culture," which Michael Novak describes as "pleasant and refined, and is best enjoyed over a good dinner served on Irish linen."

Cardinal Spellman's conservatism coexists with a deep compassion for people. He seemed to radiate this latter quality when he received me in his Victorian residence across the street from the Chancery. At 75, he is not as robust a man as he used to be; when he entered his salon his steps were slow and uncertain. My audience with him was congenial and not very successful. "How's Mary?" he asked.

"Mary, Your Eminence?"

"Your sister."

When I told the cardinal that I did not have a sister named Mary, and it became clear that he had consented to see me because he had confused me with someone else, our conversation was inhibited. Ferment in the Church? "Well, I travel all over the country, and *I* never see it." The council? "Some people think the council is moving the Church forward. Other people think it's moving the Church backwards." But he said this with a twinkle in his eye; perhaps he was pulling my leg.

As a matter of fact, the cardinal has often voted with the progressives in the council, even though his own speeches reflected the conservative viewpoint (he longed publicly for the theology "we all learned in the seminary") and they were little heeded. But despite his slight impact on the council, and though his influence in Rome diminished somewhat under John XXIII, he is a personal friend of the present pope and retains much power. He still exercises considerable influence in the nomination of American bishops.

As a body, the American bishops are noted for their steadfast devotion to the Holy See, and many of them were at first scandalized by what they considered the disloyalty of French, German and Belgian bishops in publicly criticizing the Roman Curia. (In October, however, Cardinals Meyer of Chicago and Ritter of St. Louis helped lead a protest to Pope Paul against a major attempt by the Curia to emasculate the statements on religious liberty and the Jews then being debated by the council.)

A number of progressive prelates do occupy positions of authority in the Curia—Augustin Cardinal Bea, head of the Secretariat for Christian Unity, for example—but by and large the Vatican power structure is still dominated by conservatives. Numerous authorities have described the Curial conservatives as men dominated by *Romanità*—that mentality which conceives of everything Catholic in terms of Counter-Reformation Roman

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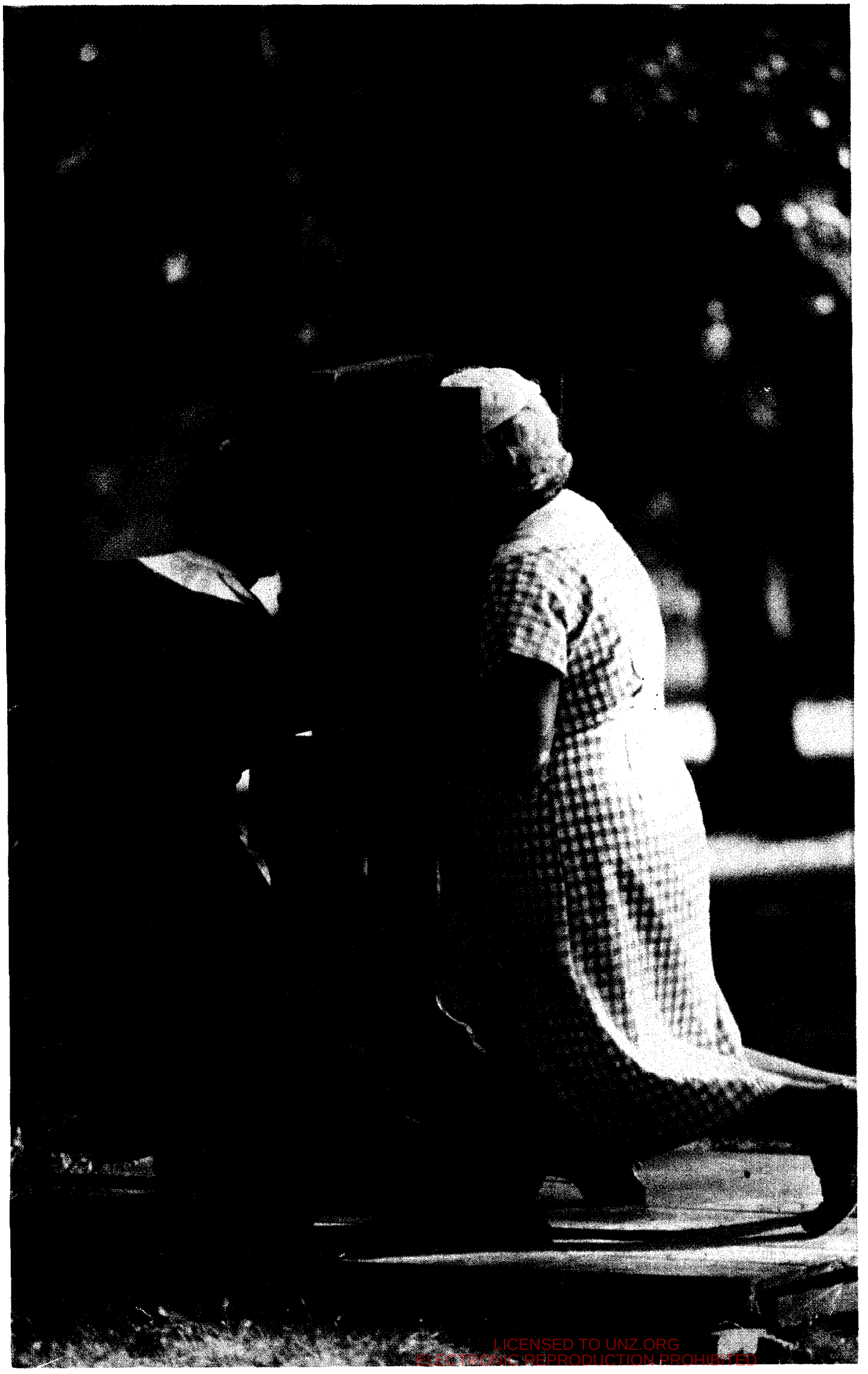
'Many cling to a purely devotional faith. They want consolation, not challenge.'



culture, that nostalgic yearning for the epoch when the citadel of faith was so triumphantly defended against the onslaughts of theological pluralism and philosophic anarchy. I was most anxious to meet a prelate of *Romanità*.

Luck was with me, for soon after leaving New York I was received by a peripatetic and very prominent Italian archbishop, a man high in Vatican officialdom and much concerned with the American Church. We met in a large city on the eastern seaboard, in a palatial episcopal residence. I approached the audience in a spirit of adventure, for this prelate, a protégé of the redoubtable Alfredo Cardinal Ottaviani and a militant "Curia man," does not enjoy an enviable reputation among many Catholics in this country. Indeed, on more than one occasion he has aroused the ire of various American bishops for what they consider his overzealous curiosity concerning the conduct of their dioceses, and he has made no effort to conceal his distrust of American Catholic intellectuals, scriptural scholars and liturgical pioneers. But I suspected that his opinions would be significant, if only as a measure of the scope of the struggle between conservatives and progressives in the Church.

As I waited for him in a salon filled with oil portraits of late popes in velvet mozzettas and cardinals in watered silk, I fully expected that the archbishop himself would match the opulence of his surroundings. I was deceived. When he appeared, he was clad in the black cassock of an ordinary priest; only the amethyst glinting on his right hand betrayed his episcopal rank. The archbishop's critics had done him an injustice; he seemed anything but the stern ecclesiastic they had led me to expect. He had been born in Rome, but his charm was Neapolitan.

His opinions, which he expressed in an equally congenial way, propelled him to the very edge of his chair, his hands dancing to the melody of his dialectic. He was particularly distressed by the confusion which the new currents in the Church have caused in the minds of many pious Catholics. The new scriptural scholars? "These men are experts in Semitic languages and archaeology, but often they are weak in their theology. Most of the literature in exegesis has been produced by Protestants, and it contains much theological error. In my own day we were given a marvelous and thorough training in theology at our seminary in Rome."

The subject of his seminary education was one to which the archbishop alluded constantly during the course of our conversation, which lasted over three hours; his nostalgia for those formative years was a phenomenon I was to observe in other prelates who share his cast of mind. I mentioned Father Hans Küng, one of the most liberal and outspoken of the European theologians, and a priest who has often publicly assailed the suppression of free inquiry within the Church.

"I feel that Father Küng has insulted my Mother, which is the Church," the archbishop exclaimed. "Let me tell you

Priest hears confession out of doors during pilgrimage at shrine in Uniontown, Pa.

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something Father Kung represents the rebellion of the German mind against the Roman mind. The Germans were defeated on the field of battle in two world wars. Having been vanquished in their effort to dominate the world by force of arms, they are now attempting to assert their dominance in the realm of theology."

"But Excellency," I interjected, "Father Küng is a Swiss."

"I know. But he *writes* in German."

Shortly before I left, the archbishop extracted a thin volume from a pile of books and presented it to me—as an example of what he considered a work of questionable theology. The book, written by a Benedictine monk and bearing the imprimatur of an American bishop, endeavored to explain the Bible in the light of the revelations of recent scholarship. Skimming through the pages, I observed a number of notations which the archbishop had made in the margins: ". . . all this pure conjecture . . . ? . . .!! . . . this is ridiculing the Bible . . . ? . . . silly . . . what about God's inspiration?"

I looked up at the archbishop. "Sometimes, Excellency," I said, "doctrine can seem a bit narrow."

"Ah. That is because the *truth* is narrow."

"The truth is narrow"—this is a splendid summation of the philosophy of *Romanità*. It is the sort of slogan so effortlessly produced by the historical system that a great part of the American Church is in the process of rejecting.

But what is this historical system? Essentially it is the system bequeathed to the Church by the Council of Trent and the Counter-Reformation in the 16th century. The revolt of Martin Luther had shattered the spiritual unity of Europe and replaced it with religious pluralism. In response Catholicism purged itself of its most corrupt practices, erected thick walls of orthodoxy against Protestant assault, and within those walls established a juridical discipline which stressed rigid new principles of seminary education. The clergy were given strengthened power in the Church; to them fell the task of perpetuating the juridical system and of substituting for the fallibility of the individual intellect the intellect of the corporate structure. This medicine, though severe, enabled the Church to survive the most serious upheaval in its history.

Dr. Reinhold Niebuhr, the great Protestant theologian, observes that following Trent, "Catholicism evolved into roughly two different Churches—or rather, two distinct traditions. The first is what one might call the sub-Alpine Church, the Church whose roots are centered in Rome, medievalism, scholasticism and nonpluralistic society. The other is the trans-Alpine Church, the Church of the French Dominicans and the German Jesuits, whose traditions are more liberal and whose perspectives were conditioned by the industrialized and pluralistic culture in which they matured. Now, it might be expected that American Catholicism, having matured in an industrialized and pluralistic society, would have followed in the more sophisticated paths of the trans-Alpine Church. But the American Church didn't, because it was an Irish Church."

An *Irish* Church. This analysis, conveyed in conversation, might seem oversimplified, and Doctor Niebuhr would doubtless be the first to qualify it; nevertheless it contains considerable veracity. The American Church comprises a crazy quilt of ethnic strands, but the Irish ethic has always been the dominant one, and Irish bishops and priests have imposed on the greater part of American Catholicism all their inborn strengths and complexes.

There has always been a curious discrepancy between the Irish character and Irish institutions. The Irish by nature have always tended to be a pious but mischievous people, loving a good laugh more than anything else; Irish institutions, on the other hand, tend to be rigorist and puritanical, and this is particularly true of the Irish Church. The spontaneous reticence of the Irish in their sexual behavior was strongly reinforced, early in the nineteenth century, by the introduction into Maynooth—the national seminary of Ireland—of French-trained professors who had been influenced by Jansenism. The more despondent doctrines of Jansenism had already been proscribed as heretical by two popes, but, undaunted, its adherents continued to place extreme emphasis on the depravity of human nature and above all on the iniquity of carnal desire. The world was not only to be guarded against, but to be avoided altogether; even marriage was considered as something of an abomination essential to extend the human race.

Irish Jansenism was philosophically similar to American Puritanism, but the two cultures were destined to discover that they had little else in common. In the mid-19th century, the potato famine ravaged Ireland, and multitudes of impoverished and diseased immigrants swarmed into Boston and New York; the reception they found waiting for them was so unfriendly that neither they nor American Catholicism ever quite recovered from the psychological shock.

The immigrants soon discovered that not a single established institution cared five cents for them—except the Catholic Church, which cared deeply. The Church tended not only to their spiritual needs but to many of their material wants as well. It found them jobs, built them parishes, hospitals and schools. At a crucial moment Cardinal Gibbons of Baltimore overcame the conservatism of less enlightened prelates and, in 1887, persuaded the Holy See not to condemn the incipient American labor movement. Despite immense obstacles, the Church succeeded in retaining the allegiance of the great majority of the immigrants. This was a historic achievement—especially when it is remembered that in Europe, Catholicism was simultaneously losing most of the working class.

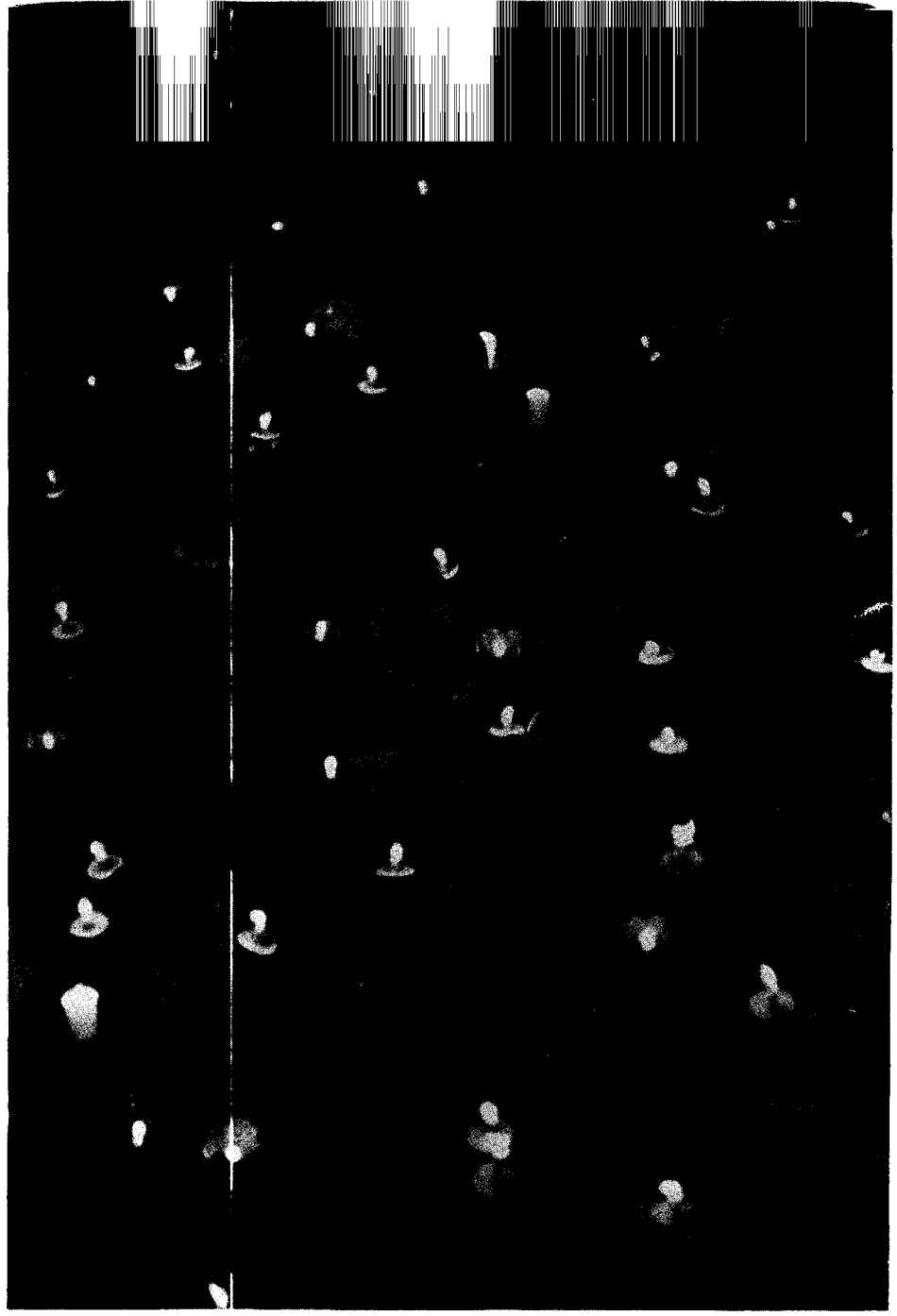
But the Church's victory was won at a heavy price. Determined to protect her children in their faith and to prevent at any cost their contamination by so intolerant and hostile a society, the Church threw up walls and enclosed Catholics in a cultural ghetto. The typical Catholic became, in Daniel Callahan's phrase, "defensive, parochial, insular and sectarian." Since he was also unschooled, he often depended upon his priest, the most educated member of the ghetto, for his cultural as well as his spiritual formation. The immigrant Catholics had brought with them a tradition of clerical dominance. That tradition hardened in the United States; the pulpit shaped many of the ghetto's most basic attitudes—often conservative in the extreme—and the bishops ruled clergy and laity alike with an iron hand.

The most encompassing of the bishops' policies was their decision to establish a vast parochial-school system, a completely understandable desire in view of the Protestant bias which pervaded public education at that time. A few farsighted intellectuals in the Church realized the dangers of total withdrawal, however, and tried to mitigate the policy. John Ireland, the tempestuous but brilliant Archbishop of St. Paul, was such a man. During the late 19th century Archbishop Ireland proposed a compromise which would have built a bridge between the parochial and public-school systems: Let the public schools, he suggested, share their teachers with the Church schools, thus introducing Catholic children into the mainstream of American culture. The plan was rejected, after a brief trial, first by suspicious Protestants and then by a coalition of conservative Irish and German bishops. The vision of Archbishop Ireland, a man born 50 years ahead of his time, was repudiated; American Catholicism remained in its ghetto. Nor was it to emerge very quickly from that enclosure. In 1907 Pius X condemned Modernism, and thus seemed to place the Church Universal squarely in conflict with many revelations of secular learning.

Paradoxically, despite the theological narrowness which had enclosed Catholic doctrine, papal social pronouncements began to reflect a growing liberalism. A devoted minority in the American Church, led by the learned Msgr. John A. Ryan, sought to make the spirit of those pronouncements the main theme of Catholicism in this country following the First World War. This effort failed. *Rerum Novarum* and *Quadragesimo Anno*, the great social encyclicals of Leo XIII and Pius XI respectively, were ignored in some dioceses and overshadowed in most others by a devotional and pietistic form of Catholicism: May processions, Rosary crusades, novenas of the Miraculous Medal. Unquestionably such devotions gave—and continue to give—immense consolation to millions of American Catholics. But they did little to inspire Catholics to contribute distinction to society, or to raise their level of intellectual accomplishment.

Not that the primary duty of the Church was to produce intellectuals, or better citizens; it was that Catholicism in this country consumed so much moral electricity condemning bathing-beauty contests, indecent motion pictures, salacious books, contraception and Communism that it seemed to have little energy for anything else. The most celebrated public statements of Francis Cardinal Spellman have been stern condemnations of *Two-Faced Woman*, *Forever Amber*, *The Miracle*, *The Moon is Blue*, *Baby Doll*, Communism, strikers in his archdiocesan graveyard—and Eleanor Roosevelt.

Nowhere did this state of mind seem to be more evident than in the parochial schools. There, all the complexes of the "immigrant Church" asserted themselves. The most serious criticism leveled against the schools, by Catholic intellectuals, was that they systematically isolated the student from reality. The approach to reli-



Near Pittsburgh, Byzantine Catholics hold procession to honor Our Lady of Perpetual Help.

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At St. John's Abbey, priests participate in experimental "concelebration" of the mass.

Suddenly, a keen appetite for change.

Catholic Church

gious truth was polemical; the natural and the supernatural were seldom synthesized, the City of God rarely made relevant to the City of Man. Students were induced to believe that all criticism of the Church, even of her most human foibles, was inspired by a malicious love of error. Primary emphasis was placed on obedience and submission to defined doctrine; very often the system seemed almost to reach out for the creative, inquisitive child and crush him. As a result, writes Msgr. John Tracy Ellis, "there developed in this country a tradition which left no room for seeing ourselves through the eyes of others, for the technique of self-criticism, and for trying to learn something about the religious beliefs and practices of others. It was a frame of mind that represented a curious blend of Catholic superiority, arising out of the belief that our own religion was the only true one, and an inferiority bred in [our] social and cultural exclusion."

We can best judge a system by its results. One of the most extensive parochial-school systems in America exists in Boston; but Irish Catholic Boston has remained—until very recently, at least—a cultural and intellectual wasteland. With two or three possible exceptions, it has yet to produce a single theologian, philosopher, poet, painter, playwright, musician or novelist of distinction. The cultural atmosphere of American Catholicism helped to drive some of the nation's most celebrated writers—Eugene O'Neill, Scott Fitzgerald, Ernest Hemingway, John O'Hara, Mary McCarthy—out of the Church. It is now widely accepted among Catholic intellectuals that one of the principal negative reasons why John F. Kennedy reached the White House was precisely because he *avoided* the parochial-school system. Kennedy's religion was Roman Catholic; but his culture, to a very considerable extent, was secular.

There was much in the historical system to recommend it. In a universe of fluid moral values, it provided a firm frame of reference and was particularly effective in preserving the bonds of marriage and family. But the mentality so often inculcated by the pulpit and parochial school also made it easy for many Catholics to accept the simplistic, black-and-white demagoguery of such political extremists as Father Charles E. Coughlin and Sen. Joseph McCarthy. A Gallup Poll taken early in 1954 indicated that nearly 60 percent of American Catholics approved of McCarthy. "Negativism and repression," Prof. Victor Ferkiss has written, "are the dominant elements in the psychological conditioning of American Catholics." But suppressed impulses seek outlets of some kind, however sublimated. "The doctrines of the radical right," said Ferkiss, "postulating a world filled with sinister conspiracies—covens of latter-day witches controlling all our political and cultural life—are naturally appealing to persons with such . . . conditioning. The picture of a world in which good and evil contend in a simple and obvious way and in which good can triumph if and when some violent release takes place . . . is one which can easily accommodate the drives repressed by a Puritan subculture."

The problem of intellectualism is one of the key elements in the American Church's present crisis of self-confidence because it is, after all, the fantasies of the intellectuals which foreshadow the shape society is ultimately to assume. American Catholics have been well represented in politics, but beyond that they have been vastly underrepresented in posts of academic, scientific and professional leadership in proportion to their great numbers. Until the mid-'50's few Catholics seemed even to recognize this critical problem.

But then, in 1955, the Jesuit quarterly *Thought*, a scholarly journal of modest circulation, published a lengthy essay entitled "American Catholics and the Intellectual Life." The article sent tremors of shock through the Catholic establishment. Its author was simply too distinguished a priest to be ignored; he was Msgr. John Tracy Ellis, then a professor at Catholic University and the American Church's most eminent historian. Lamenting "the impoverishment of Catholic scholarship in this country, as well as the low state of Catholic leadership in most walks of national life," Monsignor Ellis went on to scrutinize the causes.

> . . . Anti-Catholic bias should not be advanced as the prime factor in this situation. . . . The chief blame, I firmly believe, lies with Catholics themselves. It lies in their frequently self-imposed ghetto mentality which prevents them from mingling as they should with their non-Catholic colleagues, and in their lack of industry. . . . It lies in their failure to have measured up to . . . the incomparable tradition of Catholic learning of which they are the direct heirs—a failure which Peter Viereck noted, and which suggested to him the caustic question, "Is the honorable adjective 'Roman Catholic' truly merited by America's middle-class-Jansenist Catholicism, puritanized, Calvinized, and dehydrated? . . ."

Monsignor Ellis's historic study prefigured in the American Catholic intellectual community the *aggiornamento* which Pope John was to urge upon the Church Universal six years later. In the words of Daniel Callahan, "Monsignor Ellis . . . to a great extent repudiated the traditional line of Catholic self-analysis—that is, economic disadvantages, immigrant difficulties and anti-Catholicism as providing the sole explanation for Catholic deficiencies. Instead, while granting the great importance of these influences, he said that Catholics were themselves directly—and culpably—responsible for their shortcomings. . . . With one blow, the direction and tone of Catholic self-criticism were changed. While considerable respect was still paid to sociological conditions, the real culprit was rapidly accepted to be the American Catholic mentality."

Perhaps more than any other one man—save Pope John himself—Monsignor Ellis inspired the cleansing climate of self-scrutiny now beginning to infiltrate every level of American Catholicism.

Such searching criticism, practiced on so wide a scale, is causing great popular confusion, just as the Italian archbishop said. Not only are many American Catholics bewildered by the growing controversy within the Church, they are beginning to wonder what precisely they are free to reject and what they are bound by faith to believe. I thought about this on Holy Thursday, when I entered the book-cluttered study of the Very Reverend Theodore Hesburgh, the President of the University of Notre Dame. The high-fidelity set sang forth Vivaldi's *The Four Seasons*, and outside an unseasonal snow was falling on South Bend.

"Well, I guess confusion is just the price we're all going to have to pay for progress," Father Hesburgh said thoughtfully. "And frankly, I think it's worth it. The present ferment may not always be benign and orderly, and it may bubble over occasionally into excess, but overall it may well be the best thing for the Church. Liturgically, theologically, pastorally, more has happened in the Church during the last five years than in the previous fifty. We are living in the midst of a great revolution, and in fact I think we're witnessing a spontaneous explosion of energy in the life of the Holy Spirit—as Pentecostal as any in history."

"Just what form is this revolution taking, Father?"

"I'd say that theologically the motion is away from the juridical and towards the personal—stressing above all the individual's *personal* encounter with Christ. In terms of daily life, that means bringing the good news of Christ's message to the family, the neighborhood and the world. In the life of the Church it means a much more important and meaningful role for the laity. In society it means that you cannot be a good Catholic unless you become deeply and *personally* concerned with human misery and injustice—with such problems as Negro rights, for example. It means that Catholics generally, far from rejecting the world, must embrace it and become intimately involved with it. Most important, it means making Catholicism *relevant* to modern problems. Say, would you like a drink?"

I had that drink, and then proceeded to Chicago—and the discovery that perhaps nowhere in America is Catholicism being made more relevant to modern problems than in that exuberant city.

Presently governed by Albert Cardinal Meyer, the Archdiocese of Chicago is the largest in America in terms of Catholic population—well over two million communicants. Its physical assets are conservatively estimated to be worth two billion dollars. Its parochial-school system is the fourth largest in the country, public or parochial. Its charitable and ancillary organizations are so subdivided and sprawling that no one actually knows how many of them exist, let alone how many people are on the archdiocesan payroll. A layman who had been appointed to reorganize the tangled temporal affairs of the archdiocese resigned last spring, possibly because he concluded that the task was hopeless.

I found all of this rather refreshing. The Catholic Church in America has become so renowned for efficient administration—isn't it rated right beside General Motors?—that it is stimulating to discover a diocese apparently devoted to other priorities. Moreover, Chicago seems to have escaped much of the Jansenist rigor of the Church on the East Coast—a blessing which appears to be shared in varying degrees by the midwestern Church generally. This is perhaps partially because the German influence in the midwestern Church has been nearly as pronounced as the Irish.

Since the depression Chicago has produced some of the nation's most enlightened priests and laymen, and together they have made their archdiocese the incubator of many of the most progressive movements in the American Church: the Christian Family Movement, the Catholic Council on Working Life, the Catholic Interracial Council. And there is Msgr. Reynold H. Hillenbrand. An ulcer tears visibly at Monsignor Hillenbrand's nerves, and an automobile accident has left him with a limp, but his infirmities only intensify his magnetism, and in his presence one can only wonder why men of his quality so rarely get to be bishops.

Monsignor Hillenbrand is presently a pastor in an affluent suburb of Chicago. He has pioneered several significant lay movements in this country, and his influence on a whole generation of midwestern priests has been incalculable. From 1936 until 1944 he was the rector

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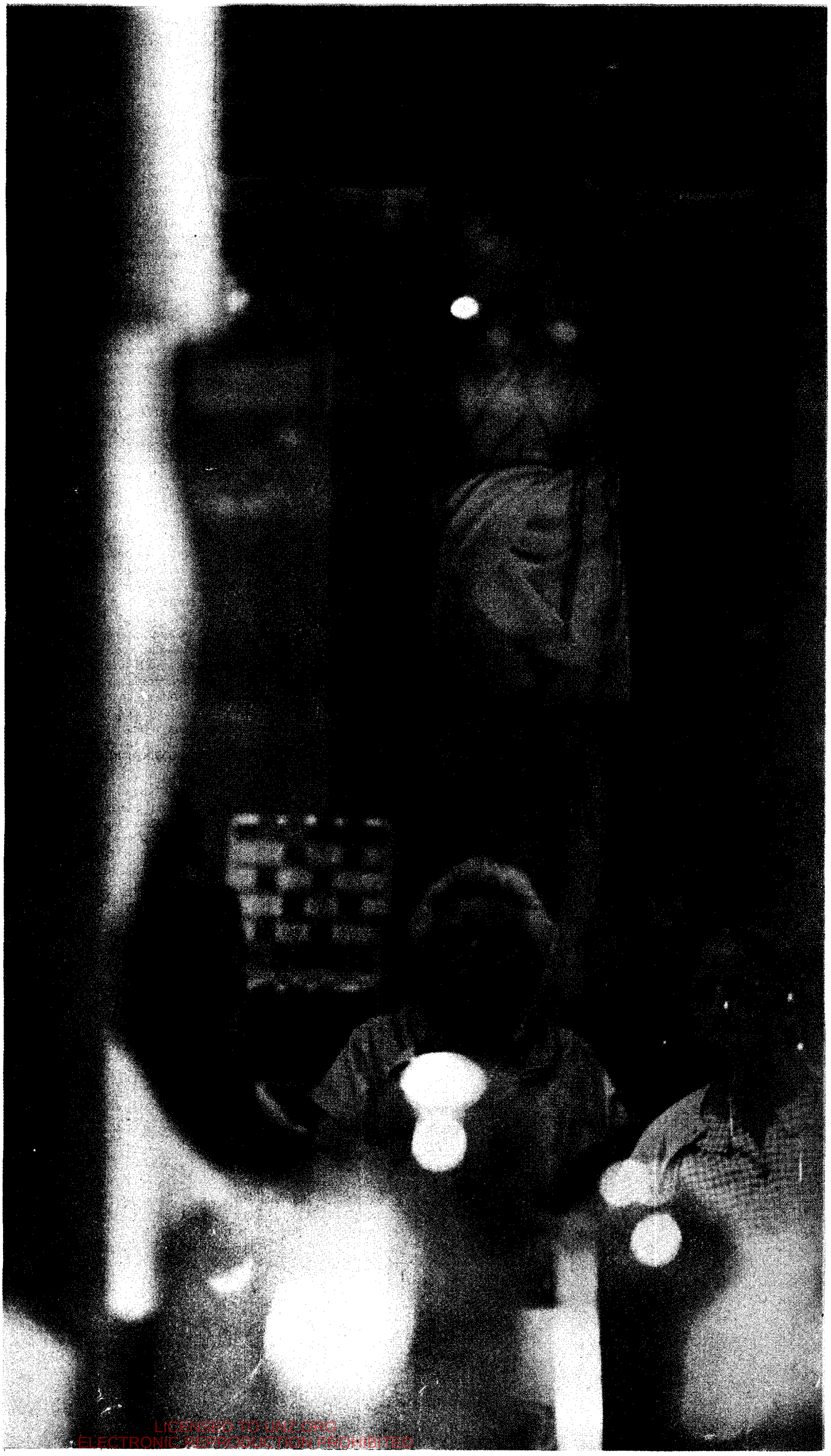
of St. Mary of the Lake Seminary at Mundelein, Ill., and he opened that institution to the most advanced liturgical and theological currents of his day. His overriding vision was that the life of a seminary must revolve around a reformed and less ostentatious liturgy. He saw the divine drama of the mass as the vital principle from which all other priestly studies and actions flowed forth. The liturgy, the public rite of worship, was "Christ in action, breathing upon our humanity, transforming our lives." Moreover the liturgy had a redemptive role to act out in the world. Since the mass was the most essential act of justice and love, it would inspire men to devise concrete solutions to the intricate day-to-day problems of modern society.

From St. Mary of the Lake Seminary during the rectorship of this remarkable man emerged a number of extraordinary priests. "Hillenbrand men" they are called today, and invariably they revere their old teacher as "the greatest single influence upon our lives." A particularly interesting "Hillenbrand man" is Msgr. John J. Egan, the director of the Office of Urban Affairs of the Chicago Archdiocese, and an incarnation of Monsignor Hillenbrand's belief that Catholicism can contribute constructive solutions to the tormented problems of a great city.

Like many other American cities, Chicago today is eroding at its center—principally because so much of its middle-class population has fled to the suburbs. This has resulted in great anxiety for the Church, since a decaying "inner city" requires the erection of practically an entire new archdiocese on the periphery of the present one. The deteriorating neighborhoods are being populated more and more by Negroes, of course, and since the majority of Negroes are not Roman Catholics, it would be tempting for the Church to ignore them. In Chicago, at least, the Church has chosen not to do so, and for this considerable credit goes to the gregarious and controversial Monsignor Egan.

A few years ago Monsignor Egan joined forces with the Presbyterian Church and Saul Alinsky, the Jewish social organizer, and committed the powerful moral and financial support of the archdiocese to The Woodlawn Organization. In his penetrating book *Crisis in Black and White*, economist Charles E. Silberman lauds The Woodlawn Organization as "the most impressive experiment affecting Negroes anywhere in the United States . . . a living demonstration that Negroes, even those in the worst sort of slum, can be mobilized to help themselves." TWO, as it is called, rallied an entire community to block urban-renewal schemes which threatened to result in Negro removal; the organization also forced rapacious merchants to lower their prices, slum landlords to repair ramshackle buildings, and the city of Chicago to reduce overcrowding in Woodlawn's schools. Monsignor Egan is striving to extend the success of the Woodlawn experiment to every impoverished precinct in Chicago.

"Do we seek energetically to serve the poor, to become one with them?" he asks. "Or is the Church, as an institution in America, becoming as middle class in mentality as the majority of American Catholics? The priest who remains aloof from the problems of his neighborhood is denying God in that neighborhood." Monsignor Egan is convinced that the



At right, pilgrims at shrine in Uniontown, Pa., light votive candles below a crucifix.

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'Slowly the Church schools are discarding the phobias of the past.'

Catholic Church

Church must show a deeper interest in the way the modern city is rebuilt—that the Church must struggle to ensure that the people living in urban-renewal areas are treated decently and humanely.

"We must begin to form community organizations comprised of Catholics, Protestants and Jews which would embrace the consensus of the community in order to deal effectively with its needs. I don't mean lovely little discussion clubs, I mean *action* groups which can cope with the most powerful forces—the real-estate interests and crime syndicates, for example. The impetus for this sort of organization must come from within the neighborhood itself, and not from outside social or welfare workers."

Monsignor Egan has organized a four-month course to acquaint the priests of Chicago with basic urban problems. At present 35 priests attend lectures every Tuesday on techniques of neighborhood analysis and community organization. In their parishes, the poorest in the city, these priests join with Protestant clergymen to apply the techniques—as they have, for example, in the Negro ghetto of Lawndale, on Chicago's West Side.

Lawndale is one of the most unsavory slums in America. A decade ago it was a lower-middle-class neighborhood, 95 percent Jewish. But during the early '50's urban renewal on the South Side drove the poor out of that district, and many of them invaded Lawndale. The Jews fled, and Lawndale quickly became a Negro slum, notorious for its problems of unemployment, crime, youth gangs, narcotics addiction and prostitution.

The Catholic-parish church in Lawndale is St. Agatha's, on Douglas Boulevard, a blackened brick building full of corroding rococo and peeling gilt, the epitome of all that is unpleasant in American ecclesiastical art. In 1957 a newly ordained priest named Father Daniel Mallette was assigned to St. Agatha's as assistant pastor. Father Mallette was unlike all previous residents of St. Agatha's rectory. He was an angry young priest, on fire with anguish.

His anguish was for the Negroes, and he quickly became a familiar sight in Lawndale, a friend to every derelict, dope addict and prostitute who crossed his path. He refurbished a disused gymnasium in St. Agatha's school, opened it to basketball and boxing, dances and roller-skating parties, for any boy or girl in the neighborhood who cared to come. They came in droves, even though most of them were not Catholics, and they brought their family problems with them. Before long Father Mallette had turned himself into a sort of one-man employment bureau, foraging throughout the city for jobs for his people. A year ago he became so disturbed by the refusal of the Illinois Club for Catholic Women to admit Negro members that he marched over with a group of nuns and picketed the club's headquarters. The fact that the club was housed in Lewis Towers, and that Mrs. Frank J. Lewis was not only the organization's most generous benefactor but the wife of the most prominent contributor to Catholic causes in Chicago, mattered not at all to Father Mallette; he is not afraid to ruffle the feathers of the exalted.

Father Mallette is 32 years old, but with his irrepressible energy and his baby-faced good looks he could easily pass for a rather rumpled altar boy. I spent some time with him in his grim little parish, and I venture to suggest that he could serve as an archetype of the committed, involved and *relevant* American priest. He is considered by a number of priests to be a firebrand and a radical, and I suppose he is, in his way. But in the midst of so much hopelessness and squalor, and in contrast to the indifference of so many other priests, his radicalism is completely understandable.

One afternoon he conducted me on a tour of St. Agatha's Parish. I remember particularly one tenement. We climbed several flights of stairs, wading through heaps of refuse and broken whiskey bottles, to a two-room apartment where we found five or six young children watching television. The mother of this brood was a prostitute, and she was not at home. The children varied considerably in complexion—could any two of them have claimed the same father? There was an unpleasant odor to the place, and no beds in evidence, only filthy mattresses scattered on the floor. Two of the smaller children were suffering from rat bites. "How do you preach the Gospel to people who live like that?" Father Mallette asked me later. "How can you convince them that there is a God who loves them? You can't, of course. The name of Christ becomes either a swear word or a meaningless, hollow platitude in such conditions—and the only way you can hope to make Him real is through social action."

Angry articles on the race question pour from Father Mallette's pen, many of them appearing in midwestern Catholic magazines, others too choleric and undisciplined to merit publication; he eats, drinks, walks, talks, sleeps and dreams justice for the Negro. "I hear that Negroes are going over in great numbers to the Black Muslim movement. They'd be coming over to Catholicism if more Catholics cared enough to be Christian. . . . If an archdiocesan selective-buying campaign against discrimination is immoral, then so is a Legion of Decency pledge against dirty movies immoral. What a phony morality we Catholics have! . . . A white priest is incapable of ever truly realizing what it means to be a Negro in this hypocritical country of ours. But he can be uncompromising in his personal life and not try to be a citizen of two worlds—one in his colored parish, the other in his social life with his fellow priests and fancy friends. God, sometimes I'm ashamed to be white!"

Not long ago Father Mallette's pastor was promoted to a more respectable parish, leaving him as the temporary administrator of St. Agatha's. One night in bed he had a brainstorm: Why not petition Cardinal Meyer to forgo naming a new pastor and instead install a team of young priests to run the parish as co-equals on a bold, missionary basis? The worries and responsibilities of the parish would be evaluated and acted upon according to a consensus which would eventually involve the people, as well as the priests, in the government of St. Agatha's. Father Mallette drew up a memorandum proposing that he and two other young priests be entrusted with the project, and sent it off to the archdiocesan chancery. The vicar general reacted favorably, and soon Father Mallette was informed that the cardinal wished to see him. He approached the audience with some trepidation. His request was unusual, and it disregarded the sacrosanct traditions of priestly seniority so dear to ecclesiastical bureaucracy. He did not dare to be optimistic.

Albert Cardinal Meyer is a most interesting and intelligent man. He is also a very shy man. He had entered the seminary as a young boy, and his secluded training has left its mark on his personality. He had been Bishop of Superior, Wis., and Archbishop of Milwaukee before being elevated to America's largest see, but ambition is the last quality in the world suggested by a manner as reticent as his. As Archbishop of Chicago he could exercise immense political power if he chose to do so, and it is perhaps in recognition of this that the state of Illinois annually adorns his limousine with license plate No. 1. But Cardinal Meyer seems embarrassed by the honoraria and the powers of his lofty office. Scholarly and cautious by temperament, he probably would have preferred to remain what he was at the beginning of his priestly career, a seminary professor.

The cardinal has been more a tolerator than an initiator of bold departures and

Indian child in New Mexico mission waits for communion.

Sister Thomas Marion teaches second-graders grammar in parochial school in Sepulveda, Calif.

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First communion at St. Mary's, Independence, Mo. In this church the parents and the children themselves help decide when first communion should occur.

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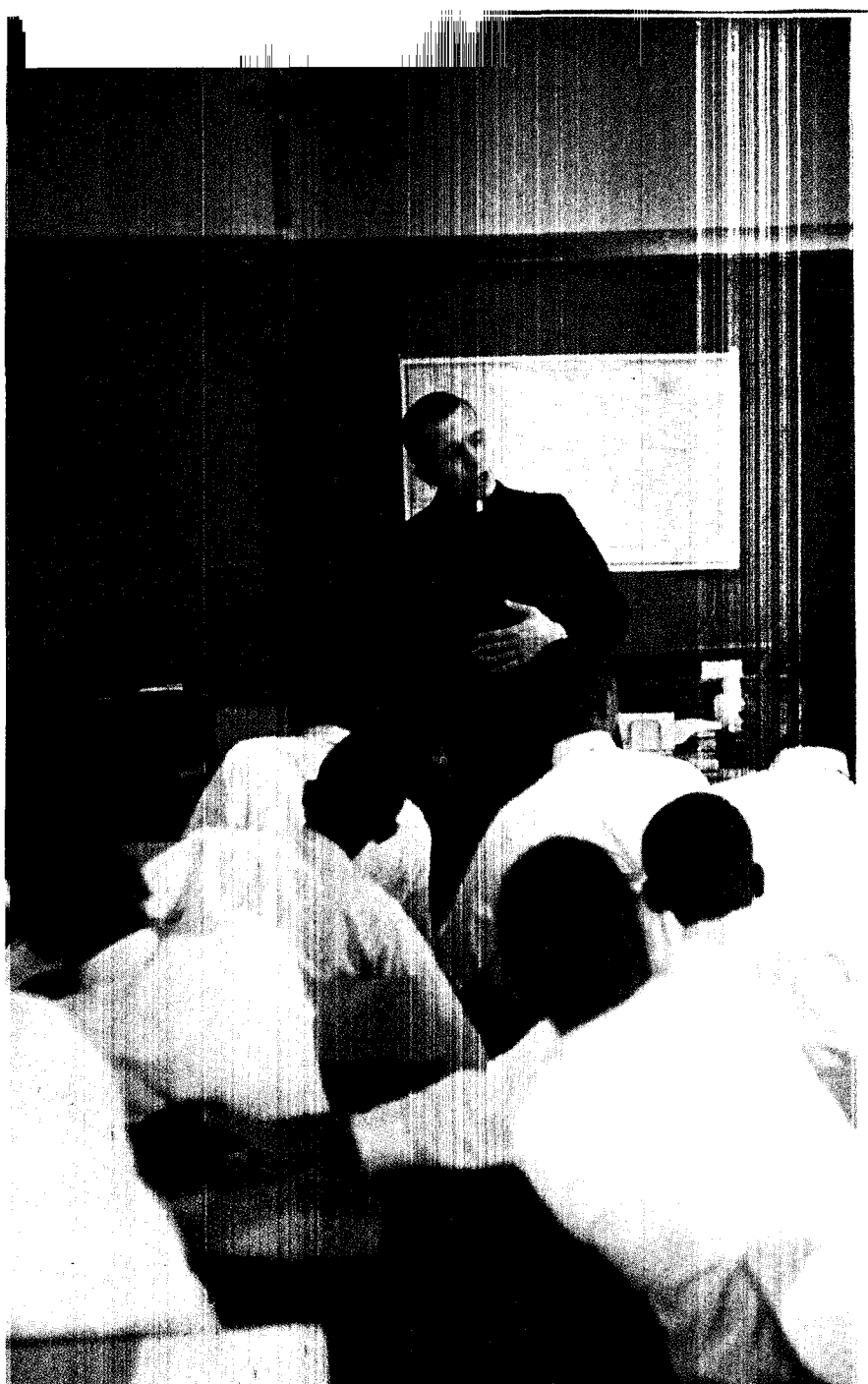
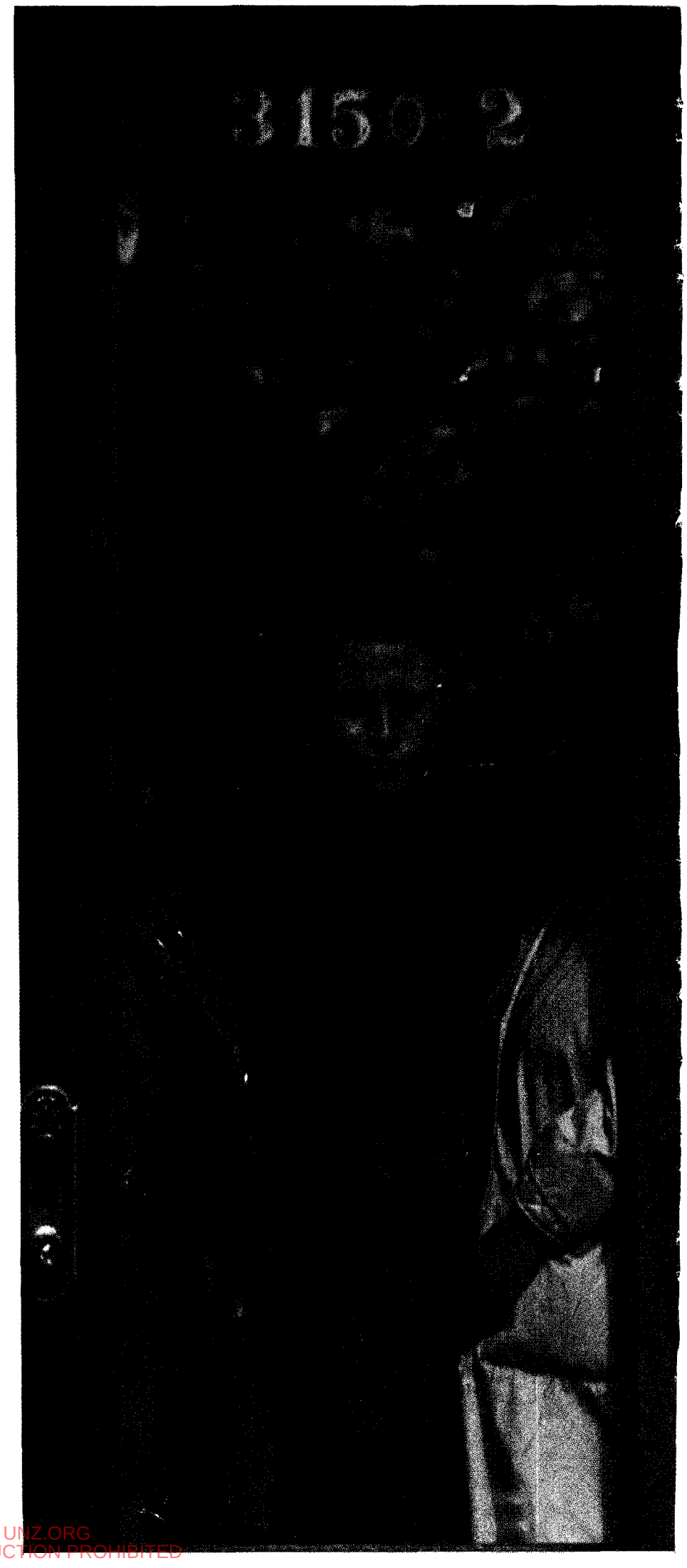


In his Chicago slum parish, Father Mallette leads students in *We Shall Overcome*.

Having wangled uniforms for the parish team, Father Dan feels entitled to offer pointers.

Father Dan Mallette is full of anger—



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one of 'the new breed.'

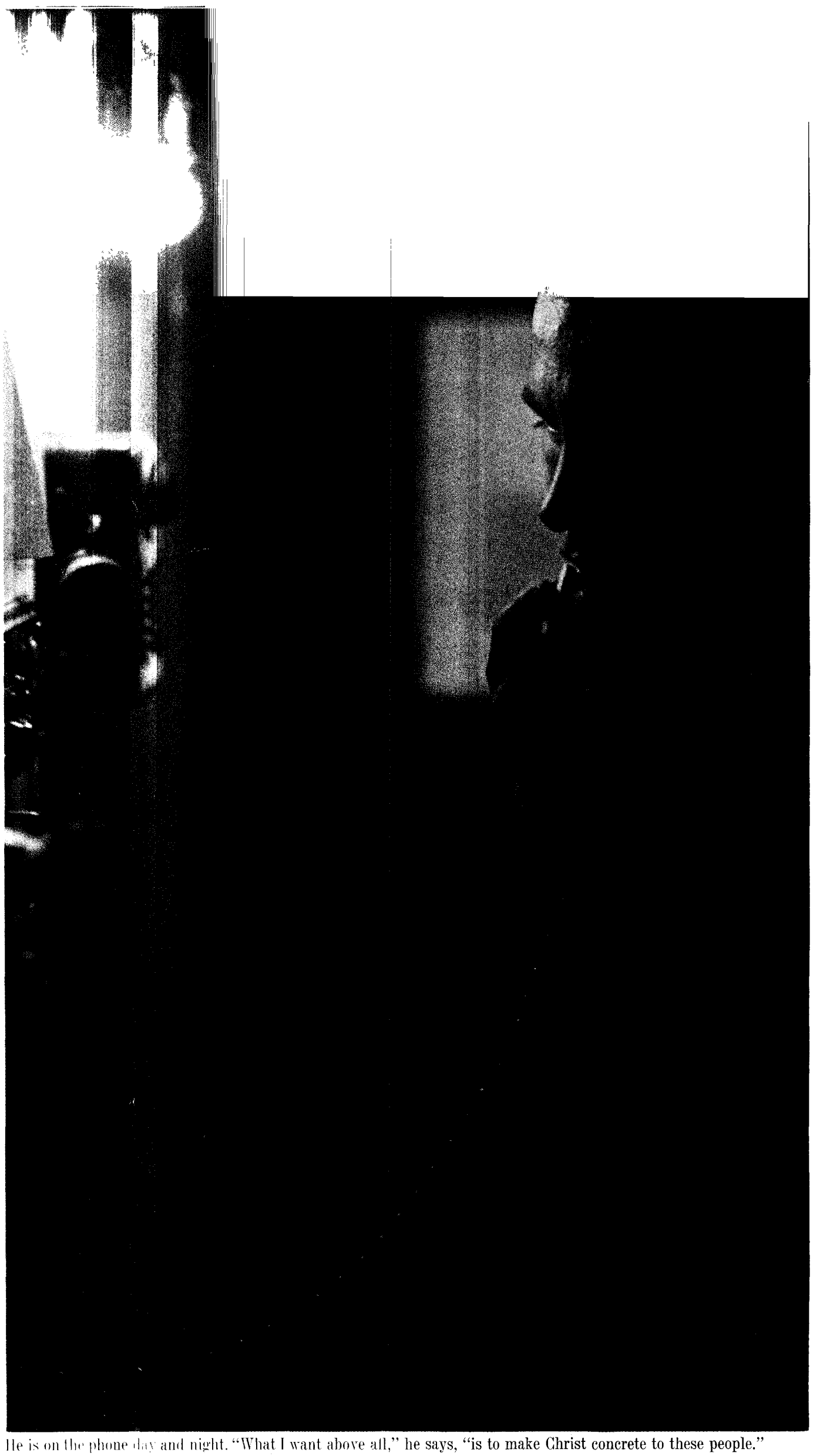
grand undertakings But he is totally in step with the new marching music of *aggiornamento*. In a pastoral letter last year he suggested that instead of giving up candy for Lent, Catholics ought to go out and join a community organization. The cardinal has the respect of his priests because he is willing to do what so many other bishops find it very difficult to do—he *listens*. Chicago is what it is today—a working model of the ideal American archdiocese, for all its shortcomings—because Cardinal Meyer and his two immediate predecessors were willing to allow brilliant priests to make mistakes, to struggle toward great accomplishments without the fear of obstruction that paralyzes initiative.

Father Mallette's audience with the cardinal was brief and to the point. He and two fellow priests, who he proposed should be appointed with him to the St. Agatha "team," explained to His Eminence what they hoped their pioneering approach would accomplish in the ghetto of Lawndale. In many another diocese, Father Mallette might have been chided, delivered an inspiring little lecture on prudence, and dispatched back to his rectory with instructions to organize a new Rosary crusade. Cardinal Meyer listened patiently, gently reminded Father Mallette that his primary duty was to preach the Gospel, because he was a priest and not a social worker, and ended the audience by approving his project.

The new team of coequal priests at St. Agatha's, consisting also of Fathers Robert Burns and Owen McAteer, has already begun to justify Cardinal Meyer's permissiveness. It has launched an assault on the school-dropout problem by recruiting dozens of volunteer seminarians, college students and laymen to tutor Negro children in a variety of subjects. It has inaugurated a free reading clinic, a basketball league, a job-placement bureau and a day camp which this summer attracted over 1,000 children—95 percent of them non-Catholic. Father McAteer advertised the day camp in a most ecumenical manner: He cruised the streets of Lawndale in a sound truck, announcing, "COME TO ST. AGATHA'S DAY CAMP AND TO THE FRIENDSHIP BAPTIST BIBLE SCHOOL."

The free publicity for the Baptists was the result of the close bonds which Father Mallette has forged with the Rev. Shelvin Hall, the Negro pastor of Friendship Baptist Church in Lawndale. Reverend Hall is cochairman with Father Mallette of a new "community organization" which has already begun to badger delinquent landlords and to rally the people of Lawndale into the same sort of self-help movement which Saul Alinsky and Monsignor Egan so successfully launched in Woodlawn.

Father Mallette preaches the Gospel by giving his people hope, but he does not consider himself simply a welfare worker who happens to wear a Roman



◀ Left: Tenement dwellers and priest discuss ways to get slumlord to make urgent repairs.

He is on the phone day and night. "What I want above all," he says, "is to make Christ concrete to these people."

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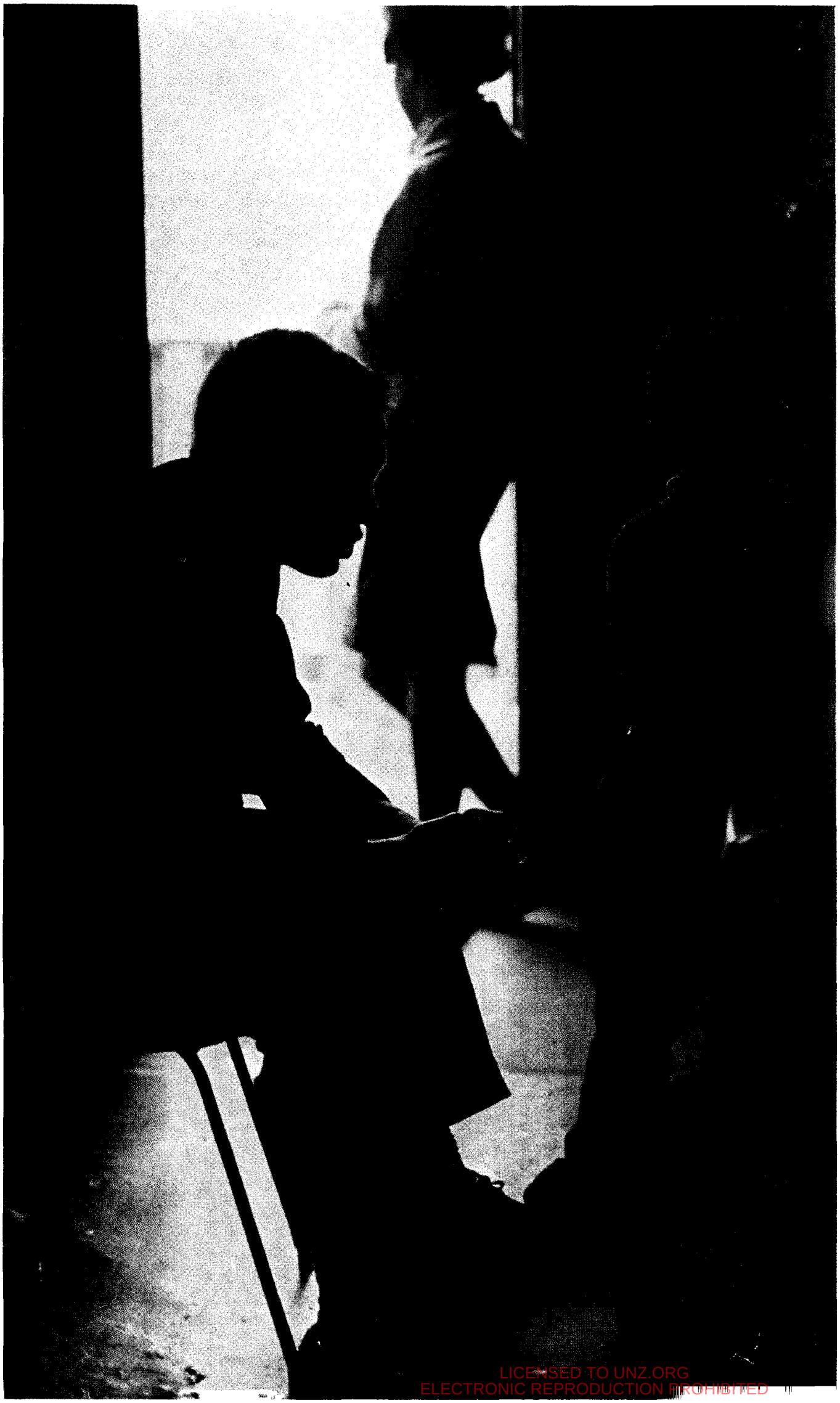
Father Dan suffers with his people: 'God, sometimes I'm ashamed to be white!'



collar. He does not confuse social action with the central mysteries of the faith, nor does he consider Christ as simply a glorified social reformer. "I am a priest first and foremost, and what I want above all is to make Christ concrete to these people," he says. "But I can't even begin to do that unless I am completely and uncompromisingly *identified* with their hunger for justice."

On that note we shall leave him, amidst the peeling gilt and corroding rococo of St. Agatha's, as he leads his black congregation, at the end of Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament, in the singing of a hymn. It is not the traditional *Holy God We Praise Thy Name* that they bellow forth; it is *We Shall Overcome*. Father Mallette bellows loudest of all.

The Church's record on race throughout the nation is somewhat less inspiring than in Father Mallette's parish.

The race question poses a searching test of the Church's willingness to respond to the most critical problems of society. It failed to meet that test a century ago, for up until the Civil War the leading American Catholic theologians taught that slavery was not innately evil. (The Jesuits once owned slaves on their Maryland estates.) Is the Church succeeding today? The official statements have been splendid. In a joint pastoral letter in 1958, and again last year, the American bishops declared that "the heart of the race question is moral and religious"; Cardinal Cushing of Boston has called it "the central moral problem of our age."

In the opinion of many priests and Catholic laymen concerned with civil rights, however—and certainly in the view of most Negro leaders—the American Church has not adequately risen to the challenge posed by the racial problem. Mathew Ahmann, the executive director of the National Catholic Conference of Interracial Justice, observes that "by and large the Church is not deeply and practically committed to the solution of this national issue. There are still few bishops who have energetically involved their vast material and administrative resources in the battle for racial justice. Few of them really understand what the current direct-action battle is all about. There are some exceptions, of course."

St. Louis, Detroit, San Antonio, Oklahoma City-Tulsa, Washington, D.C.—these are examples of dioceses in which the Church is visibly advancing the movement for racial equality. In St. Louis, Joseph Cardinal Ritter has adopted a selective-purchasing policy which withholds the lucrative patronage of his archdiocese from any firm which discriminates against Negroes. In some St. Louis parishes the Church has actually established credit unions and cooperative-buying programs for Negroes.

But this sort of thing is exceptional. In New York, Los Angeles, St. Augustine and in dozens of other dioceses, the Church had contributed precious little leadership in the crisis of color. Despite the publicity given the integration of

Man to man, Father Mallette tries to get a glum young truant to return to school.

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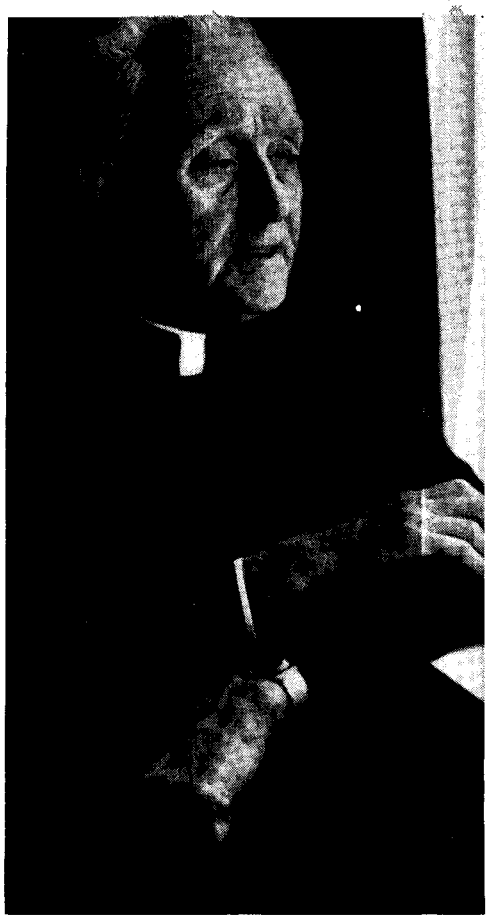

Msgr. John Tracy Ellis, bold essayist.

His writings rocked the Church.

Catholic Church

Catholic schools in the South, in general most Catholic facilities in that region—parish churches, hospitals, social clubs and the like—remain segregated.

Archbishop John P. Cody of New Orleans projected a courageous image of himself for the part he played in excommunicating Leander Perez and other Roman Catholic racists in 1962. But in fact, the progressive priests and laymen and the majority of seminarians in New Orleans are distressed by what they consider the archbishop's extreme timidity on the racial question. "Archbishop Cody is preoccupied with perfecting the administrative machinery of his diocese," a New Orleans priest told me. "Consequently he is reluctant to 'rock the boat' of the existing social structure." An affable and portly figure, the archbishop has gradually increased the rate of integration in his schools and has begun to desegregate some parishes, but he has obstructed priests who believe it is imperative to move much faster.

Archbishop Cody has not only forbidden his priests to take part in civil-rights demonstrations, thus denying them that identification with Negro grievances which they consider so essential; he has forbidden them even to write letters to newspapers without his personal consent. In a bulletin circulated recently to his priests, he justified his restrictions with the argument that since demonstrations "primarily concern legal rights, and are only indirectly related to the Church . . . prudence dictates that the utmost discretion be practiced."

"Prudence dictates! Prudence dictates!" one priest exclaimed to me. "That's all we ever hear. How can Archbishop Cody reconcile his position with the public exhortations of the American hierarchy and the popes themselves? This is not a question of legal rights but of human rights—and these are directly related to the Church. The archbishop ought to be doing public penance on the steps of his cathedral."

And yet for all the reticence of so many bishops, it is clear that they are, by and large, far ahead of the Catholic population—and many priests—on the race issue. There is copious evidence of this. In Folcroft, Pa., an overwhelmingly Catholic community, a Negro family moves in, only to be terrorized by Catholics without a word of reproach from their pastor. . . . In South Boston on St. Patrick's Day, an N.A.A.C.P. float is pelted with rotten vegetables and beer cans. . . . In Michigan, a Catholic laymen's group distributes 100,000 leaflets denouncing the civil-rights bill. . . . The Jesuit magazine *America* described this state of affairs as "an open scandal that will be remembered as one of the most distressing pages of religious history. The very people who most gladly support the Church's teaching when it suits their purposes—when, for example, they find it a bulwark of stability—resent it when an inconvenient Christian obligation is presented to their consciences."

"I have heard Negro leaders declare, with the intensity of prophets, that Christ is dead," laments Father Daniel Berrigan, the Jesuit poet. "They had witnessed His death, you see, in dead Christians."

Possibly, but perhaps Monsignor Egan is closer to the mark when he observes that the American Church has become as middle class as most of its communicants. Just as the middle class is consecrated to the entrenchment of the *status quo*, the average pastor is primarily concerned with the preservation of his parish plant. If Negro families infiltrate a prosperous parish, property values may fluctuate, affluent Catholics may move away, and the pastor's burden of sustaining his parochial school and other facilities may become unbearable. Naturally, despite his conscience, he is not eager to precipitate a crisis which would invite such hardship. He finds it more convenient to limit his moral indignation to planned parenthood, divorce, dirty movies, "going steady" or the threat of taxation of parochial schools.

"In a way," declares a California priest, "all this tends to verify the Marxist hypothesis that the economic substratum of society has a determining effect on the values of the superstructure, religion, culture, art and the rest."

Economic determinism, Marxist or otherwise, appears to be hard at work in the Archdiocese of Los Angeles, the see of the American Church's most controversial cardinal.

James Francis Cardinal McIntyre is 78 years old, but age has not diminished his many admirable qualities. He is a financial wizard, and he has deployed his talents to great advantage in the swift expansion of his archdiocese. A favorite of Cardinal Spellman, whom he served as coadjutor, he was "translated" to Los Angeles in 1948; since then his flock has more than doubled to 1.5 million souls. To accommodate them he is presently constructing a new church every 66 days and a new school every 26 days—a remarkable performance.

In many ways Cardinal McIntyre is a kindly and fatherly man. An incident of some years ago, related to me by a distinguished Catholic scholar, illustrates this. The cardinal, so the story goes, happened to overhear one of the priests who shares his residence complaining about being awakened at all hours of the night to answer emergency calls on Skid Row. His Eminence quietly arranged to have all such calls transferred to his own bedroom, and for some time after that it was the cardinal himself who carried sacramental consolation to the derelicts of Los Angeles in the middle of the night.

Paradoxically his archdiocesan policies have failed to reflect his personal benevolence. It is not sufficient to say that he is a conservative—the majority of American bishops are conservative. Cardinal McIntyre is a reactionary.

He makes no effort to conceal it. I spent an hour and a half with him, and it was a memorable experience. The audience transpired in his ultra-modern chancery, replete with Xerox machines and wall-to-wall carpeting; curiously, recent issues of the liberal Catholic magazine *Jubilee* are to be found in the waiting room outside his office, but he keeps a copy of William F. Buckley's *Up From Liberalism* at his fingertips. The cardinal possesses a sort of irascible charm. A rather handsome man who appears considerably more youthful than 78, he has a way of puckering up his lower lip when he has finished making an important point, a mannerism almost endearing.

Cardinal McIntyre has three principal preoccupations: the godlessness of the public-school system, the godlessness of the United States Supreme Court and the supremacy of the natural law. I slumped comfortably in my chair while he very graciously read to me the entire text of one of his favorite discourses, *Ebbtide in Education*. ". . . Is it not strange that in the public-school system which has developed in the United States, the children may not be taught that there is a God? Perhaps only in Russia today is the recognition of God denied. Are we not keeping strange company? . . ." And on the Supreme Court: "The Supreme Court, in avoiding and evading the natural law, has removed the very foundations of its own existence. It has stripped itself of its own authority." On the natural law, the cardinal has a favorite quotation which, together with *Ebbtide in Education*, he had Xeroxed for me: "True law is right reason in agreement with nature; it is universal in application, unchanging and everlasting. . . . It is a sin to try to alter this law, nor is it allowable to attempt to repeal any part of it. . . ."

This classical and unexceptionable passage from Cicero provides an important key to Cardinal McIntyre's character. He had first discovered the passage in the seminary nearly 50 years ago. It is genuinely moving to hear him talk of the sacrifices he had to make to acquire that seminary education. "I had to go to work at 13, because my mother was dead and my father was an invalid. My first job on Wall Street paid me three dollars a week. I got my high-school education at night, and then I went to City College and Columbia at night, and it wasn't easy, because I was supporting my entire family at the same time. I was working my way up on Wall Street, and doing darn well at it. I had always wanted to be a priest, but my family obligations didn't release me until I was 29 years old. In 1915 I entered St. Joseph's Seminary in Yonkers. I was ordained a priest when I was 35. That's the best education a priest could ever get, the training I got at St. Joseph's!"

St. Joseph's Seminary in Yonkers, like all seminaries at that time, was still staggering from the impact of Pius X's condemnation of Modernism. But the cardinal is not merely nostalgic, he is also suspicious, and his philosophy of history is essentially conspiratorial. Communism is the most serious internal threat to America. Liturgical reform is undesirable. Ecumenism is dangerous. The Supreme Court is subversive. The United Nations is evil. The John Birch Society? "I don't know everyone who's running the organization now, but I do know the founders of the John Birch Society in this state, and they're the finest people in California."

A number of people had warned me to refrain under any circumstances from mentioning the race question to the cardinal—the mere mention of it might make him angry. (On a number of occasions Negro and white Catholics have picketed his chancery and staged sit-ins outside his office, assailing his "inertia in civil rights.") But he raised the subject himself. "How can anyone say that racial discrimination is practiced in this archdiocese?" he asked, crashing his ringed hand down hard on his desk. "The racial problem does not exist in Los Angeles. All our institutions are integrated. All our seminarians are taught Spanish, so that when they become priests, they can serve our Mexicans. We have 700,000 Mexicans. We have built scores of churches and parochial schools for them—and for Negroes, too, and these schools have given them cultural accomplishment and civic advancement. These people need education, and we are giving it to them. What is wrong, what is immoral, that they should live among their own kind? Kind lives with kind—Irish with Irish, Poles with Poles, Mexicans with Mexicans, Negroes with Negroes. That's not segregation—that's opportunity!"

The profound disagreement between Cardinal McIntyre and many of his younger priests over the definition of racial "opportunity" has made Los Angeles the most disturbed diocese in the United States. Shortly after my arrival there, I was contacted by a number of these priests. They did not dare to meet me in the lobby of my hotel, for they were afraid of reprisals if observed in the presence of a writer, so we conferred clandestinely in my rooms. These were devout and obedient men, but frustration had driven them to the brink of defiance. The tales they had to tell were melancholy.

It is well known now that the cardinal has reprimanded several of his priests for preaching from the pulpit about racial injustice—this was, he said, a political problem, not a moral one. It is not surprising that the priests should wish to speak, since in fact Los Angeles is one of the most segregated cities in America; 90 percent of its Negroes live in "substantially segregated areas," according to the Community Relations Educational Foundation. It is quite true that Negroes can enter Catholic hospitals in Los Angeles, something they frequently cannot

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Within one Church, conflicting views.

do in the South. But as Negro leaders point out, the parishes and parochial-school districts usually coincide with the demarcations between black and white neighborhoods: In practice, they are not integrated at all.

The majority of pastors in Los Angeles seem perfectly content with this arrangement and in no particular hurry to change it. A small but courageous group of priests, most of them lowly curates, have dared to be different, and they have paid dearly for that. Whenever Cardinal McIntyre, through one of his informants, has learned that a priest has preached on a forbidden subject—it might have been liturgical reform, ecumenism or psychiatry as easily as race—the offender has been summoned to the chancery for a confrontation with His Eminence. The cardinal's chancellor, Msgr. Benjamin Hawkes, is usually present during such proceedings. The delinquent priest is lectured sternly. The cardinal, though often kindly in his reproaches, sometimes loses his temper, pounds his desk, and delivers impassioned speeches. Monsignor Hawkes, an intense, sharp-chinned man whom I met in the cardinal's office, is particularly severe, and more than once Cardinal McIntyre has had to restrain him.

"Monsignor Hawkes," one of the young priests told me, "asked me what sort of books I had been reading. When I told him, 'The works of Father Hans Küng and Father Yves Congar and Cardinal Suenens,' the monsignor said I had no right to be reading such radical theologians. At this point the cardinal interrupted him and said, 'Now wait a minute, Monsignor, I never said that my priests couldn't *read* if they wanted to.'"

"There are various opinions," another priest interjected, "as to whether the cardinal has more influence on Monsignor Hawkes or vice versa. If I had to choose between the two, I'd take the cardinal, because in spite of his ideas, he is really a lovable man in many ways."

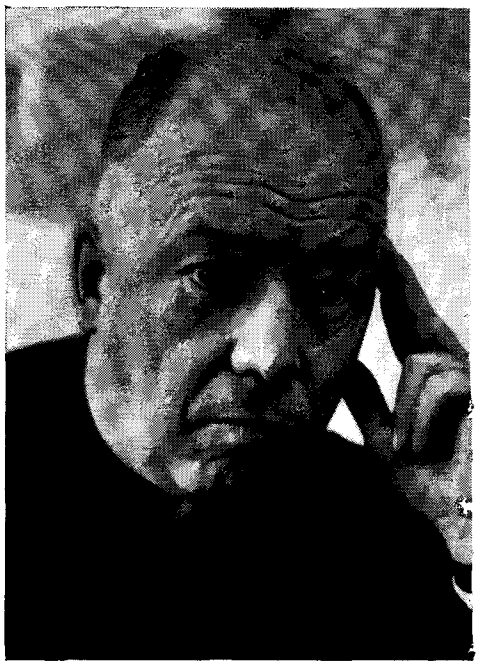
The humiliation of the delinquent priest is not always restricted to a mere lecture. On at least one occasion the rite of submission was expanded to include a renewal of the promise of obedience to the cardinal. A number of priests have been placed under the seal of silence to prevent them from disclosing that they have been reprimanded for taking part in interfaith activities and the like. Such precautions have not kept these proceedings from becoming legendary in Los Angeles. In fact, the censured priests have unofficially formed what they whimsically call the "C.C.C."—the Cardinal's Carpet Club.

With most priests, the intimidation succeeds. There is no effective machinery under canon law which permits a priest redress from the excessive severity of a bishop. Some Los Angeles priests will not say anything compromising on the telephone for fear their lines are tapped; others say they have been shadowed by private detectives, or informed upon by admirers of the cardinal—and in Southern California he has many. A sycophantic, ecclesiastical careerism has thus become the priest's path of advancement; the robust and affirmative Catholic life of Chicago is at most a misty aspiration in Cardinal McIntyre's Los Angeles. The statistics bear this out. With little more than negativism to feed upon, only about a third of Los Angeles Catholics even bother to attend Sunday mass—far below the national average.

This unhappy chronicle could be prolonged almost indefinitely. At St. John's Seminary at Camarillo not only are the liberal Catholic weeklies *America* and *Commonweal* banned, but *Time* magazine as well. This does not prevent the student body from seeking out these subversive publications; the highlights of *America* and *Commonweal* are secretly mimeographed and distributed for a fee of 75 cents per semester. Clandestine Bible vigils are conducted, and liberal lecturers have been invited to visit the seminary when the faculty was absent on Sunday parish assignments. When Cardinal McIntyre discovered that John Howard Griffin, the author of *Black Like Me*, had addressed the students, he upbraided the rector, who in turn interrogated each offender. One was expelled, two others quit, another was denied his subdiaconate, and 15 were placed on probation.

Shortly after this the Rev. William Du Bay released his celebrated bombshell publicly accusing the cardinal of "gross malfeasance in office" for his failure to condemn racism as a moral evil, and for conducting a "vicious program of intimidation and oppression" against his clergy. A second priest, the Rev. Terrence Halloran, also publicly criticized the cardinal's stand on race but did not approve of Father Du Bay's appeal to the pope to remove the cardinal from office. The blackest sort of punishments were predicted for these courageous young curates, but the great international publicity given to the incident seems to have protected them from the full measure of Cardinal McIntyre's—and Monsignor Hawkes's—wrath. While neither of the curates retracted his criticism of the cardinal on the race question, both of them decided to renew their promise of obedience to him as their bishop. Father Halloran was transferred from a Mexican parish to a less sensitive post in Long Beach. Father Du Bay was removed from his Negro parish in Compton and reassigned to an all-white parish in Anaheim, where he has full access to the swimming pool on the rectory roof but is forbidden to mix with the local population; he may not even visit the adjacent parochial school.

Father Du Bay's daring outburst has already produced unexpected results. The global publicity and pressure from other American bishops have begun visibly to beat down the cardinal's intransigeance. He is said to be painfully aware that the Du Bay scandal has made him look ridiculous in Europe—and particularly in Rome. In late June, Archbishop Patrick O'Boyle of Washington, whose own record on race is quite good, visited the cardinal and persuaded him to issue a mild endorsement of the Civil Rights Bill. In July, Cardinal Spellman arrived in Los Angeles ostensibly to take a vacation, but also to talk his erstwhile protégé into adopting more reasonable policies.



Msgr. John Egan works for Chicago's poor.

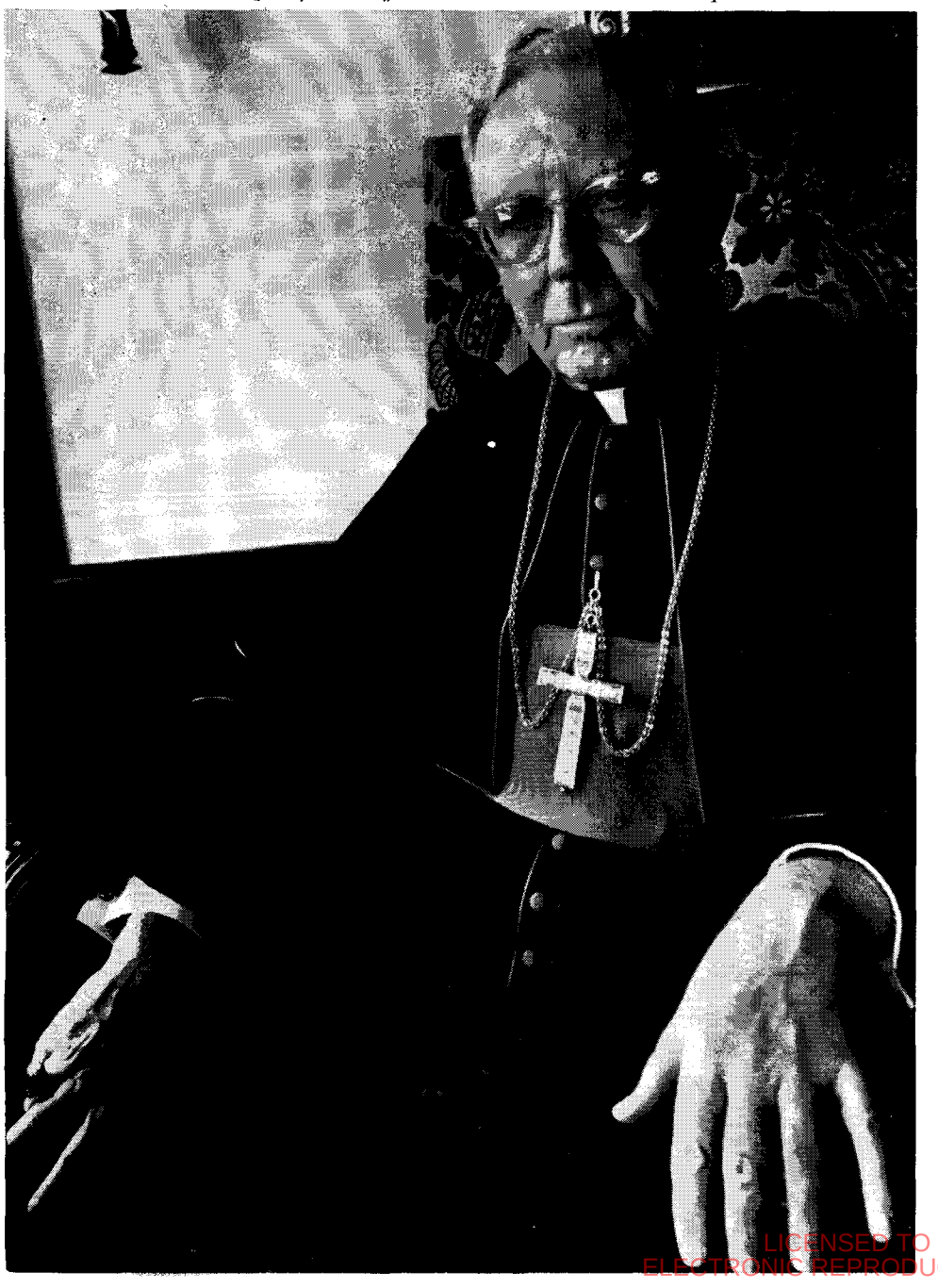
About a month later Cardinal McIntyre reversed himself and—on direct orders from Rome, it is believed—agreed to sign a public statement issued by the bishops of California condemning racial discrimination. At the cardinal's insistence, the statement avoided direct condemnation of Proposition 14, the constitutional amendment aimed at nullifying the anti-segregation clauses of California's fair-housing law. But, although the effect of the bishop's statement was to align the Church against Proposition 14, Cardinal McIntyre's long silence on the moral issue involved was unquestionably a contributing factor in the triumph of this discriminatory amendment at the polls this November.

Still, there is progress on other fronts. Until now Cardinal McIntyre has forbidden even the discussion of liturgical renewal in his archdiocese, and has simply ignored the innovations urged by the Holy See itself. But the Vatican Council's new Constitution on the Liturgy—and the decisions of the American bishops in concert—overrule him juridically. He had no choice but to authorize the sacraments and the mass to be recited in English, throughout his realm, beginning this fall. So far he has limited the use of English to one Sunday mass per parish—the children's mass.

Despite his recent concessions, conditions under Cardinal McIntyre remain by and large as they have always been. Priests and even archbishops of whom he disapproves are still banned from speaking in Los Angeles; fear continues to pervade his clergy. *The Tidings*, his official newspaper, continues to publish undisguised John Birch Society propaganda. Monsignor Hawkes rules on as the iron chancellor of His Eminence.

Since cardinals, being human, tend to be complicated, it is seldom possible to classify them in absolute terms. However, when compared, they often reveal enor-

Cardinal McIntyre of Los Angeles. He is the most controversial prelate in the Church.



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mous differences. In contrast to Cardinal McIntyre, for example, one might consider Joseph Cardinal Ritter of St. Louis.

My conversation with Cardinal Ritter was stimulating. In speech, manner and even in appearance, he reminded me of Harry Truman. He sprinkles his sentences with homely little midwestern expressions which serve as a frequent and refreshing reminder that, unlike so many other American bishops, he did not receive a Roman education. Born 73 years ago in New Albany, Ind., far from the Catholic ghettos of the East Coast, he grew up among liberal German Catholics who felt no need to isolate themselves from Protestant society. His beginnings may help explain his open-mindedness, for his view of the Church is creative rather than nostalgic.

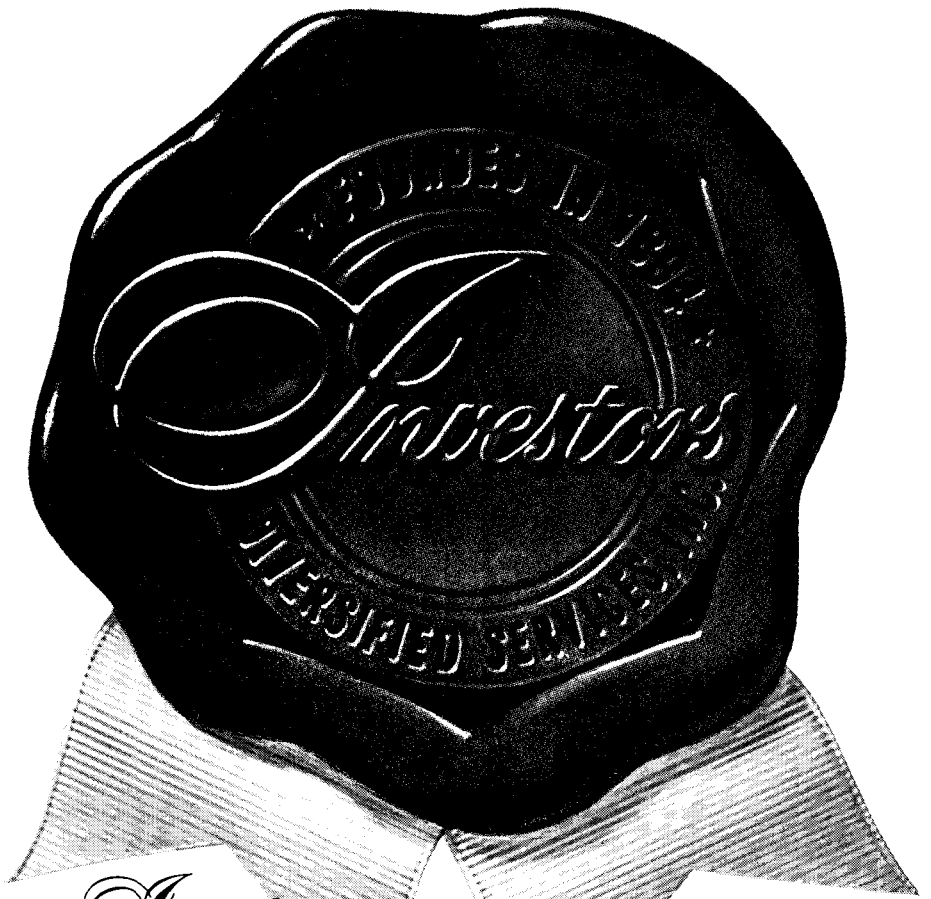
Cardinal Ritter is not an intellectual, nor does he aspire to be considered one. He will go out of his way to assure you that all of the trans-Alpine theologians are over his head, but this is hard to believe in view of the pains he has taken to implement so many of their ideas in his archdiocese. He has been a pioneer in ecumenism and liturgical renewal; at the first two sessions of the council he made a deep impression with his discourses on freedom of conscience, the nature of the Church, and the collegiality of the bishops. "Well, I don't know if you can say I made such a deep impression," he protests, "but I'll tell you—the Europeans and the other guys were making all the speeches, and everyone was waiting for an American to get up and say something. *Somebody* had to do the talking, and I was the only American there who had enough rank to put across what I thought needed to be said, so I said it." Cardinal Ritter embraced most of the progressive positions in the council. He publicly disagreed with Cardinals Spellman and McIntyre on a number of key issues, and in so doing altered the unfavorable image which so many foreign bishops had of the American hierarchy—the idea that the archbishops of New York and Los Angeles typify American Catholicism.

He is independent and stubborn. Last year Catholic University banned Father Hans Küng and three other speakers, all of whom were theological experts at the Vatican Council; afterward Cardinal Ritter walked out on the annual meeting of bishops in Washington when it decided to whitewash the incident. No other American bishop has done as much in the quest for racial equality. In ordering the integration of his schools in 1947, he anticipated the Supreme Court ruling by seven years. And yet he had the candor to admit to me, "When I ordered my schools to desegregate seventeen years ago, I should have followed up on it, pushed it much harder. But I didn't, because I guess maybe I was too concerned with finances, with the temporalities of the Church."

As for Richard Cardinal Cushing, he is too various to classify even by contrast. The Archbishop of Boston shares with Cardinal McIntyre a simplistic hatred of Communism and a vague, instinctive suspicion of political liberalism. Erratic and mercurial by disposition, he endorsed the John Birch Society four years ago only to retract his endorsement last April 20, only to retract his retraction four days after that. He also holds a life membership in the N.A.A.C.P. Actually, Cardinal Cushing has no real sympathy for the John Birch Society or any extremist movement; he does, however, have a deep, spontaneous sympathy for people, and he has not always found it easy to resist the blandishments of various zealots soliciting his patronage.

In a way, this weakness is also Cardinal Cushing's greatest strength, for it is a facet of his openness to the opinions of others. If he seems intellectually undiscriminating, the overall result of his receptiveness is extremely constructive. He gladly bestows his imprimatur on the works of the most liberal European theologians and laments constantly that he did not develop proper reading habits as a young man. Unlike Cardinal McIntyre, he does not pine for the Church of the irretrievable past. He openly admits that his early training was inadequate. But though he is no scholar, he has an uncanny intuitive brilliance. Moreover, he has surrounded himself with various advisers and theologians who have ghost-written for him some of the most advanced pastoral pronouncements ever produced in this country.

In a city still notable for its parochialism and narrowness of view, Cardinal Cushing himself has never been a bigot. He anticipated American ecumenism nearly 20 years ago, at a time when the idea was not at all fashionable, by publicly embracing a Greek Orthodox archbishop. He has apologized to the Jews of Boston for whatever sins of anti-Semitism his flock has committed against them. His appearances in Protestant pulpits and in Jewish synagogues have become almost commonplace events in Boston, causing even progressive bishops elsewhere to



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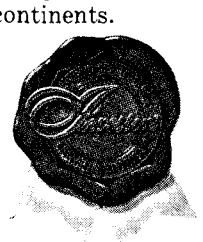

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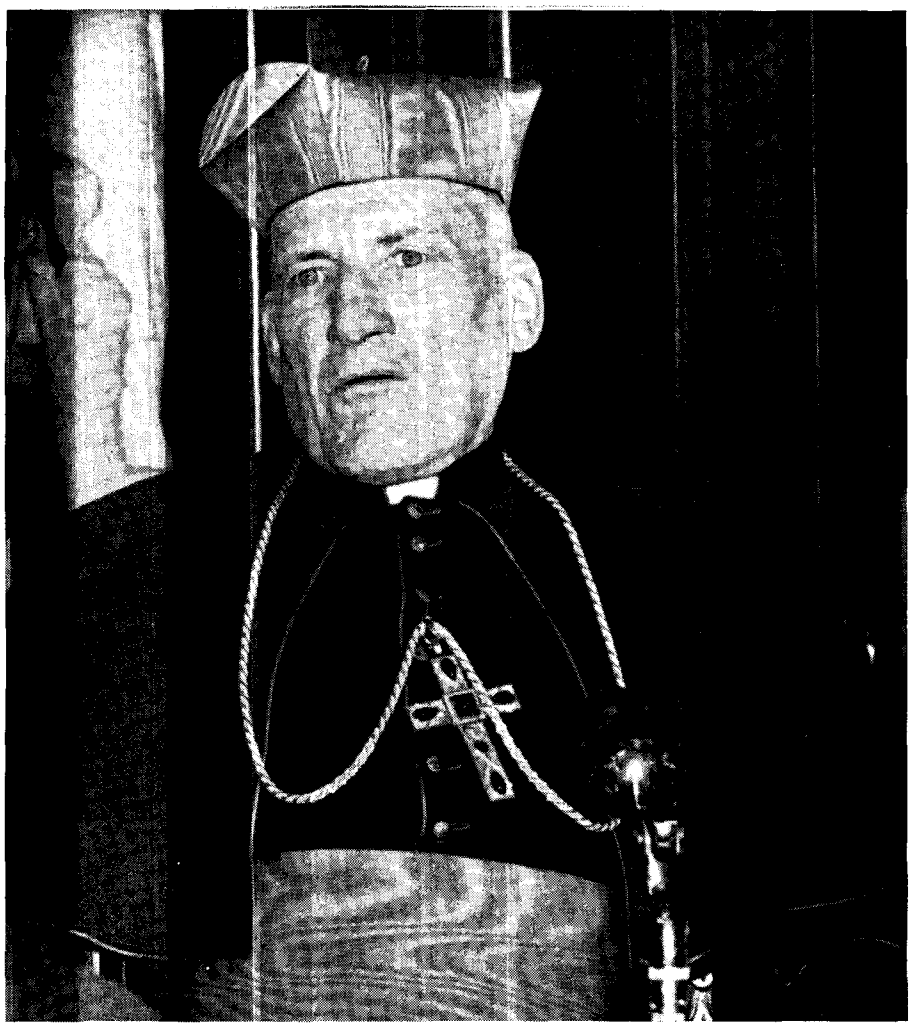

Eager for innovation, Boston's Cardinal Cushing is a hero to many young priests.

Superbly unpredictable.

Catholic Church

wonder whether so prodigal a tolerance might not inspire false hopes.

His appetite for new perspectives has led Cardinal Cushing to question the whole hierarchy of attitudes which have been with him since birth, and with Boston Catholics generally. "Sometimes I wonder about the value of our parochial-school system," he says. "I mean, the sort of product we're turning out. So many of our people never even pick up a book once they leave school. They never miss mass on Sunday, but you have to kick them in the shins to get them interested in things like the ecumenical movement or hunger in Latin America."

Magazine articles about Cardinal Cushing have emphasized his gregariousness—his penchant for putting on outlandish hats, dancing Irish jigs and the like—rather than his complexity. "His antics are essentially a smoke screen for a personality which is as lonely as it is impulsive," a friend of the cardinal observes. "He is confused by all the contradictory forces at work inside him, so he compensates by playing the fool for the sake of Christ occasionally. And he seems to enjoy the consternation it causes in sedate places like the Vatican. There's a bit of the anarchist in this man."

Cardinal Cushing's unique mannerisms—his strut, his droning, stentorian voice, his expansive gestures—combine to give him a personal magnetism unmatched by any other American churchman. His oratory often resembles a stream-of-consciousness in which he may ramble on indefinitely about his childhood in South Boston, his poor health or his friendship with John F. Kennedy. As a builder and money raiser, he has few equals, and his generosity is inexhaustible. History will remember him for his benefactions to the foreign missions alone, particularly in Latin America. History may not judge him so kindly in other matters—for his failure to make more effective use of his immense moral authority in the struggle against political corruption in Massachusetts, for example. But in any case, he is a hero to young priests and laymen all over the country who applaud his appetite for innovation in the Church. He is not quite so esteemed by many of his brother bishops in this country, who consider him too *sui generis*, too unpredictable and undisciplined. For Cardinal Cushing is the very opposite of the typical American bishop, who has been chosen for having proved himself a master of prudence.

The American bishop is usually remote from his people, especially in the large urban dioceses; he lacks the sense of community which the bishops of early Christendom shared with their flocks—but perhaps that is the price of modern progress. In many dioceses throughout the nation one is impressed by the big-business atmosphere in the chanceries where bishops maintain their offices. Switchboards, receptionists and wall-to-wall carpeting abound; electric typewriters and adding machines converse in pious whispers; the bishops manage their sacred corporations amid air conditioning and expensive walnut paneling. A California pastor suggests that the motto of the American bishops might be, "When in doubt, build." Their "preoccupation with brick and mortar," he says, "is essentially a release from frustration. They are confused by the complex challenges to faith in our society, and they hope they can somehow overcome the challenges by throwing up more buildings."

Festooned in the purple of royalty, genuflected to whenever he extends his bejeweled hand, addressed as "Your Excellency" even by unbelievers, it is not always easy for a bishop to sustain his sense of human fallibility. Like the large-corporation executive he so often is, the bishop sometimes withdraws into a world all his own, isolated from dissent by aides too awed by his Apostolic charism to talk back. "We priests often fail to tell the truth to our bishops," says Monsignor Egan of Chicago. "We fail to give them the unpleasant information they need to make the right decisions."

And yet the horizons of the American bishops have broadened greatly during recent years. Some of them revised the attitudes of a lifetime once they grasped the mood of the Vatican Council. The contribution of the American episcopacy to the council has been overshadowed by the North European theologian-bishops, but a number of Americans have performed exceedingly well. In the early sessions Archbishop Paul J. Hallinan of Atlanta was mainly responsible for pushing through the revolutionary new Constitution on the Liturgy—a document that reforms the Church's worship, making it less mechanical, more conscious and more responsible to local cultures. Cardinal Meyer's increasingly distinguished declarations are thrusting him more and more into a role of leadership in the American hierarchy. While most of the northeastern bishops still tend to be traditionalist, a number of the younger men, particularly in the South and West, fully reflect the fires of *aggiornamento*. And even the traditionalists are changing.

But they are not changing nearly fast enough to satisfy many of the younger priests and the present generation of seminarians. Nowhere is the reaction to the historical system stronger than in the seminaries. The mood of the priestly academies is revolutionary.

I visited about a dozen seminaries maintained by different dioceses and religious orders in Massachusetts, Washington, D.C., Missouri, Minnesota and elsewhere; in each of them I talked with a cross section of the student body. Seminaries vary widely in age and design, but many possess a sort of martial atmosphere: One has the memory of driving out into the country, far away from the frivolities of the world, and then of walking down long, silent, dimly lit corridors. You pass identical rooms along the way, identical beds, blankets, washbasins. You come upon the recreation room, where the faculty is watching Walter Cronkite. The chapel: dark, imitation Gothic, inexpensive stained glass, painted statues, pounding radiators. The refectory: students saying Grace over hamburg steak and boiled carrots; at the lectern, a bespectacled youth in a black cassock reciting selections from Jacques Maritain.

"We're kept running from bell to bell," a seminarian will tell you. "We get up at dawn, shave, go to mass, have breakfast, do chores, and then go to class for the rest of the day, with time out for meals and chapel. We study philosophy, dogmatic theology, ecclesiology, canon law, sacred Scripture. On Saturday afternoons we watch TV or play touch football."

It is a life modeled on the discipline of the 17th-century French seminary system, interlaced with Americana. And it is beginning to change, because the seminarians themselves are subjecting every aspect of it to the most intricate scrutiny.

The student bodies of most seminaries today can be divided roughly into three groups. To one side of the spectrum stand the "docilists," those aspirants to the priesthood who accept the system as they find it, uncritically. On the opposite side stand the radicals, who are critical of everything. In the middle is the largest group, which in recent years has oscillated between the extremes but is now leaning toward the radicals, or the "New Breed," as they are called.

For example, Cardinal Meyer recently visited his major seminary at Mundelein, Ill., and was said to be astonished at the vehemence of the complaints he received from the students; hardly three years ago no one would have dared to speak so candidly to a cardinal. What the Mundelein men want is what the New Breed of seminarians everywhere seem to want.

First of all, they wish to revise the whole concept of clerical obedience. According to Father Andrew Greeley, the Chicago sociologist, the New Breed "are greatly concerned about things like honesty, integrity and authenticity. They must know the reasons why. They do not refuse to obey, but before they obey, they want to sit down and discuss the reasons." They feel that under the traditional system of obedience, personal initiative is paralyzed by an obsequious submission to superiors. They want to be good priests, but they want to develop their personalities in self-reliance and by balancing authority with freedom.

Secondly, the New Breed wishes to end the isolation of the seminary from the world. "We particularly want to have closer contacts with the laity—with the real problems of modern life," I was told. The root of this aspiration is Christ-centered, not sociological; it springs from the seminarians' reverence for the writings of such theologians as Father Küng, and a deep commitment to the dynamic relevance of the Vatican Council.

Unhappily the curriculum in many seminaries still leans heavily on the memorization of tidy theological theorems and abstractions; until only recently Noldin-Schmitt's manual on moral dogma was considered a kind of cookbook, containing recipes for the resolution of every imaginable human predicament. This kind of we-know-all-the-answers theology is passing from vogue, but in many dioceses little, if any, emphasis is given to literature, psychology, sociology, secular history or even papal social thought. The new priest emerges into the world only to discover that he has not been equipped to cope with it.

"We waste hundreds of hours a year," one southern seminarian complained, "on such courses as Church history, where we learn all about how to combat the Arian heresy and other dead issues, such as the existence or nonexistence of 'Popess Joan.' But we have little, if any, formal acquaintance with contemporary controversies such as the population explosion. We are lucky if we spend one hour a week learning how to deliver a decent sermon."

Often as the result of student agitation, the curriculum in a large number of seminaries is beginning to be liberalized; in some dioceses, Protestant textbooks have been introduced. "Our Protestant studies," a Paulist seminarian from Washington observes, "constantly thrust us back toward our common sources and show us how much our faith is an amalgam of revealed truth and a particular philosophical point of view."

But such reforms have not by any means become universal, and the slow

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pace of change is most responsible for the intense frustration which so many seminarians and young priests feel today. Vocations to the priesthood and sisterhood are not keeping pace with the rapid rise in the American Catholic population. The Church is losing by default many gifted young men who are attracted to the priesthood but are repelled by the historical system; in their desire to serve, they turn instead to medicine, social work, the Peace Corps. Others who do enter the seminary soon leave, some because they cannot make the necessary emotional adjustments, others because they cannot reconcile the system to their own standards of excellence.

"I think of one young fellow in particular," a New England priest complains. "He was the most brilliant and perceptive seminarian I have ever met. But he was hounded out of the seminary because he could not bring himself to play the game, to submerge his brilliance in a system which seems only to want conformity and mediocrity."

Seminarians who persevere to ordination are subject to the additional strain of remaining celibate, not an easy sacrifice in an epoch so uncongenial to self-denial. The practice of perpetual chastity can consume so much moral energy that the celibate oftentimes becomes arid, intolerant and cold. Perhaps the reason why so many priests seem to consider sexual purity the world's greatest moral problem is that it happens to be *their* greatest moral problem. But times are changing, and so are the attitudes of many American priests, especially the younger ones. They show a much deeper compassion for human frailty, especially frailty of the flesh. Since these priests have become confused themselves, and since they have lost confidence in a system that in years past pretended it knew all the answers, they are consequently more humble in their certitude about sin. When asked for answers on some particularly complex marriage problem, for example, they increasingly have the courage to admit, "Honestly, I don't know."

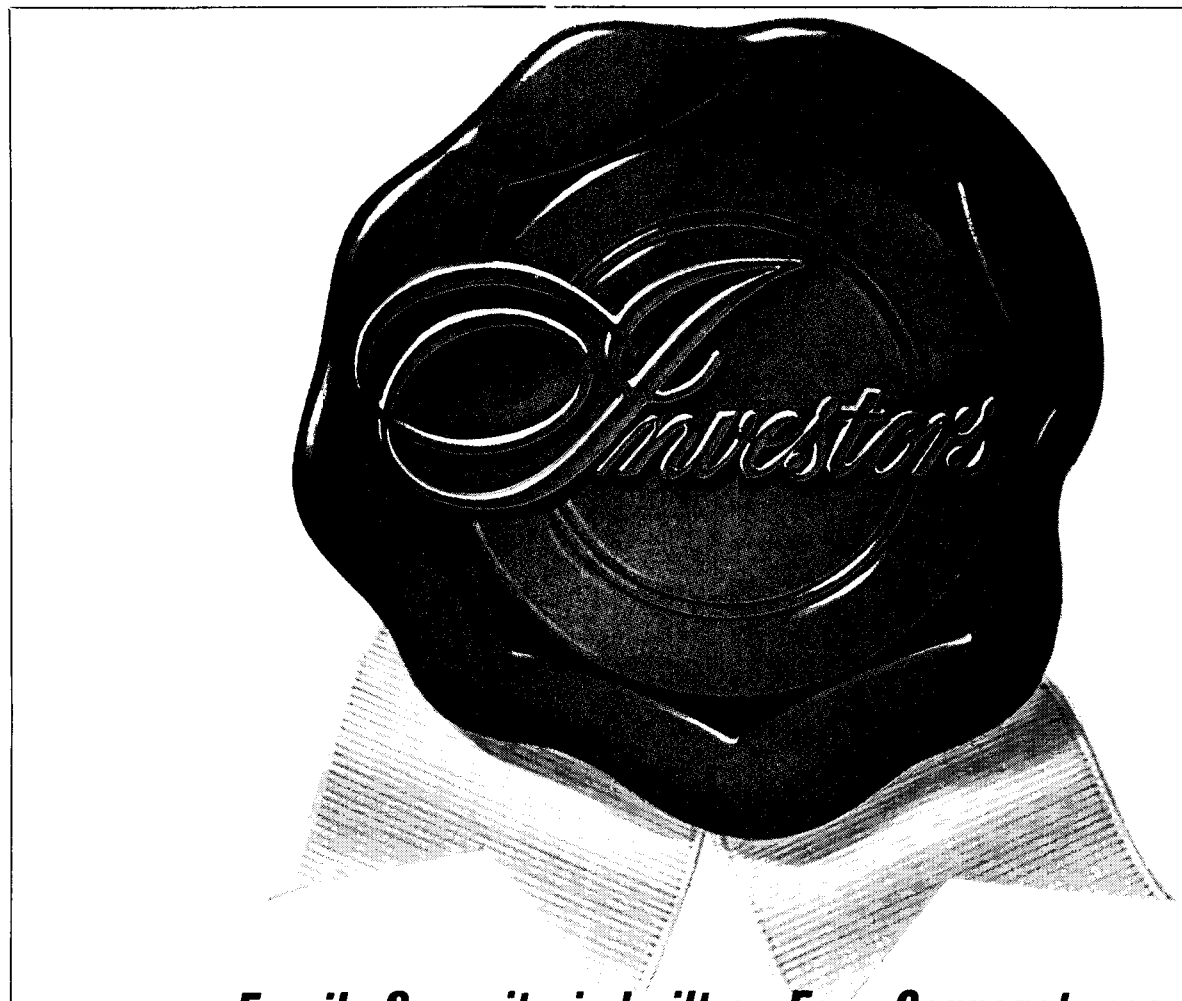
Increasingly, young priests, and a number of older ones as well, find themselves in the quandary of having to uphold the Church's law on contraception without conviction—or at least without complete conviction. Many priests, conscious of the deep human problems involved, stretch the law whenever they feel they can in good conscience. Their moral theology allows them to authorize newlyweds, on the assurance of the wife that her cycle is irregular, to employ the "pill" temporarily for medical reasons, in the hope that with the suspension of its use, a normal cycle will result. Furthermore, they will also be favorable to a Catholic husband engaging in regular relations with his Protestant wife who insists on using a diaphragm. Beyond this, many young priests shrink from dealing harshly in the confessional, as a priest of the 'old school' might, with a penitent who is clearly violating the Church's law on contraception.

The prominent Jesuit sociologist John Thomas believes the Church urgently needs to produce a whole new interpretation of sexuality. The most traditional moral formulations about sex are inadequate," he says, "both because they were culturally conditioned and because their proponents lacked adequate factual knowledge about sexual phenomena."

The compassionate and pioneering mood of young priests is fully shared by the new breed of nuns. A somewhat different kind of woman is being attracted to the sisterhood. She is not content to submerge her personality or her talent in an antiquated concept of obedience. She refuses to withdraw from the challenges of a troubled world and a changing Church. If she can paint, or play the guitar, she sees no reason why she should not be permitted to do so. She wants to become active in community organizations, work with unwed mothers and teen-age gangs, and picket establishments that exclude blacks.

In some respects the modernization of the convents has exceeded that of the seminaries. Much of the advancement of the nuns is due to the Sister Formation Movement, another phenomenon of the midwestern Church. Until a decade ago the great majority of the nation's more than 100,000 teaching nuns did not possess bachelor degrees. In 1954 Sister Mary Emil, of Detroit's Marygrove College, launched the movement with a program for integrating the spiritual and professional training of nuns. Today most new sisters are acquiring college degrees, and thousands of them are going on to postgraduate studies and doctorates.

Naturally the impact of this is beginning to be felt in the parochial-school system. In some areas of the country parochial schools are now palpably superior to the public ones. Slowly but surely the Church schools have begun to discard the defensive phobias of the past and to understand that pietism is no substitute for scholarship. And Catholic colleges have improved considerably in



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The midwestern Church is different.

the last decade. Though they have far to go in drawing abreast of Ivy League quality, the best of them probably surpass most state universities in their present standards. If there are still few truly eminent Catholics in the American arts and sciences today, there is every prospect that there will be a respectable quantity of them tomorrow.

But if Catholics in this country are becoming increasingly well-educated, this contributes to the tension within the Church. Many a young priest emerges from his seminary only to undergo a traumatic experience at his first parish party—the discovery that many of his parishioners are far better educated than he is. And if the young priest feels intellectually deprived, he is at least aware of his shortcomings, something that cannot always be said of his pastor. Thus the gap between the average priest and the layman is widening. True, most of the laity are still apathetic, but the minority of articulate lay Catholics, deeply interested in their religion and dissatisfied with the present atmosphere in the American Church, is growing.

There is the Sunday sermon, for example. Even defensive Catholic newspapers complain despairingly of the low standard of priestly preaching. Week after week the well-educated layman is subjected to sermons which are an insult to his intelligence. The following is a verbatim extract from a sermon recently delivered in a suburb of Boston:

> The world is full of paganism and we don't want to become pagans. Paganism and sin and vice and filth. In today's epistle, St. Peter tells us, "Be sober and watch, because your adversary the devil, as a roaring lion, goeth about seeking whom he may devour." What do you want to watch television for? It's full of trash and junk. What do you want to go to the theater for? It's all burlesque! What do you want to belong to this book-of-the-month, that book-of-the-month club for? It's all filth, nothing but filth. . . .

Such discourses exude the odor of old Maynooth, not the fragrance of good Pope John; and though they are diminishing, they are still to be heard in many a parish. For this reason, growing numbers of Catholics with university degrees are beginning to ignore pulpit pronouncements and the traditional hierarchical power structure of the American Church. The more devout of these are turning instead to the writings of the most advanced European theologians—Yves Congar, Karl Rahner, Henri de Lubac—for their spiritual nourishment. Others, disenthralled by the faith as they find it, convinced that it cannot satisfy them intellectually or offer existential relevance to their lives, are simply drifting away from the Church.

A number of European priests who have studied the American Church conclude that the tremendous sacramental life in this country—the multitudes of Catholics obediently, almost mechanically, swarming to the Communion rails on Sunday—rests on a very frail foundation, one of compulsion rather than of conviction. Now a simple catechism faith binds them to the Church like an umbilical cord, but when the level of their sophistication passes a certain point, they will begin to ask searching questions. If they do not receive meaningful answers, apostasy could result. This happened in France (under somewhat different circumstances) 50 or more years ago, and the churches were deserted. It could happen here, if the power structure of American Catholicism does not recognize the challenge.

The crisis may not occur for 15 or 20 years, and the hierarchy could spend all of that time persevering in the institutional, brick-and-mortar practices which until now seem to have served the Church so well. But is brick and mortar the primary need of American Catholics today? Daniel Callahan, the prominent lay author and editor, speaks for the new generation when he replies in the negative. "It is not," he argues, "that these laymen do not need better schools for their children and better churches for themselves; but they need much more. They need bishops today who are far more theologians than canon lawyers or administrators; far more anxious about the spiritual problems of the educated and loyal laymen than about the unceasing need for better buildings in which to serve and educate them; far more sensitive to the moral dilemmas of conscientious Catholics trying to live a Christian life in trying times than to budgets and clerical manpower."

In their struggle to reorient the vision of the hierarchy, laymen like Callahan will find many priests battling beside them. If a wave of anticlericalism should ever sweep this country—and the ripples can already be observed—it may very well be led by priests. A quarter century of conflict between the hierarchical power structure and the New Breed could result if the power structure fails to adapt quickly enough to the expectations aroused by *aggiornamento*. Some Catholic progressives are reacting so intensely against the historical system that they have conditioned themselves to see nothing good in it; and of course there is a great deal of good in it.

An impressive number of older priests are as attuned to *aggiornamento* as their juniors, but by and large the chasm which separates the curate from the pastor is extremely wide. Some curates become so frustrated under their superiors that they give up in despair and capitulate to the historical system. There is often an almost tragic unwillingness between the two generations to communicate with each other, and perhaps they never will.

The conservative ecclesiastics have many strong arguments for clinging to the historical system. The older generation of Catholics seem to prefer the purely pietistic and devotional form of faith because they want to be consoled, not challenged. They wish to recite the Rosary, not the encyclicals. "They are," says a St. Louis priest, "spiritual gluttons soaking up the sacraments, obsessed with saving their own souls, not the souls of Negroes or Latin Americans, or with transforming society in Christ."

Is it possible that all these contradictions could be a sign of health? In history, the Church has most splendidly discharged her spiritual mission in those countries where her material circumstances were modest, and indeed where she was subject to outright persecution. In America, these conditions do not obtain, and no reasonable person would wish them to. But many perceptive Catholics see the new tension in the American Church as a direct intervention of the Holy Spirit. They see the present intellectual anguish as His tangible substitute, in an affluent society, for poverty and persecution. Not peace, but the sword. One can almost glimpse good Pope John, that sagacious peasant, smiling mischievously down on the consequences of his new Pentecost. THE END

A progressive, Cardinal Ritter of St. Louis publicly disagreed with the conservative American cardinals at Second Vatican Council.

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46 GREAT DRINK RECIPES FROM NEW YORK—A colorful new guide shows you how to mix drinks made with all the popular basic liquors: Bourbon, Scotch, gin, vodka, rum, Southern Comfort. See free offer at bottom of page.

How New York's Best Mix the World's Best Drinks

learn great drink-mixing secrets from the world's top bartenders

Read this and you'll be able to mix drinks that taste as good as those made by top "pros" in New York's famed bars and restaurants. We're about to reveal some of the recipes . . . and little "tricks". . . that make their drinks taste so much better than the same drink made at home. The most important thing to understand is the *basic principle* of mixing drinks. Here it is:

You don't have to be an expert to know when a drink tastes good. But if you understand *what makes* it taste good, you're well on your way to becoming a master-mixer. Just remember this simple rule which applies to the majority of mixed-drink recipes:

> Most drinks depend on *one basic liquor* to "control" the flavor of the drink; other ingredients are added to enhance that base. Yet, regardless of what ingredients you add to it, *the flavor of the basic liquor still comes through!*

That's why it's often easy for expert bartenders to improve the taste of some of the best-known cocktails. One of their tricks is simply this: they switch the basic liquor to one with a better taste! A perfect example is the smoother Manhattan made with Southern Comfort (and *dry* vermouth) instead of conventional whiskey. The secret here, of course, is the flavor of Southern Comfort. Here's a basic liquor that's completely different, one that actually *tastes delicious* straight. The recipes below show you how these famous New York spots improve the taste of their Sours, On-the-Rocks, Old-Fashioneds and other drinks, primarily by switching to Southern Comfort as the basic liquor.

Make the simple taste test at left, and you'll see why they do. Then you're ready to make one of the most enjoyable comparisons of a lifetime. Take any of the drinks below. First, make one with your usual recipe; then make one the way these New York bartenders do. Prove it to yourself.

Make this simple test for improving drinks

Your choice of a basic liquor greatly influences the taste of any drink you mix. Prove it yourself this easy way. First, pour a jigger of Bourbon or Scotch over cracked ice in a short glass. Sip it. Now do the same with Southern Comfort. Sip *it* . . . and you've found a completely different kind of basic liquor. This one actually tastes good right out of the bottle—with *nothing* added. No wonder a switch to this smoother liquor makes so many mixed drinks taste much better. Try it the next time you mix *your* favorite drink.

Improve these great drinks—the way New York "pros" mix 'em!

As served at the Brass Rail Restaurants and Trader Vic's

SOUR

To make a more delicious, smoother taste they use Southern Comfort instead of conventional whiskey.

⅓ jigger lemon juice
½ tspn. sugar
1 jigger (1½ oz.) Southern Comfort

Shake well with cracked ice to chill, and strain into glass. Serve with an orange slice on rim of the glass and a cherry. They call it the "Comfort Sour"*

As served at Jack Dempsey's and the Sheraton East

whiskey ON-THE-ROCKS

They add Southern Comfort to Bourbon to make a superb on-the-rocks drink.

½ jigger (¾ oz.) Southern Comfort
½ jigger Bourbon • ½ jigger water

Pour liquors over cracked ice in a short glass. Add water; stir. Top with twist of lemon peel. (if Scotch is your favorite, use it instead of Bourbon.)

They call it "Comfort 'n Bourbon"*

As served at Sardi's Restaurant, Sardi's East and Top of the Fair

MANHATTAN

Made much smoother by using Southern Comfort and *dry* vermouth combo.

1 jigger (1½ oz.) Southern Comfort
½ oz. French **(dry)** vermouth
Dash Angostura bitters (optional)

Stir thoroughly with cracked ice to chill. Strain into glass. Serve with a cherry. They call it the "Comfort Manhattan"*

As served at the Gaslight Club and The New England States Pavilion

OLD-FASHIONED

Amazing how a simple switch of basic liquor improves this old-timer.

Dash Angostura bitters • ½ oz. water
½ tspn. sugar (optional)
1 jigger (1½ oz.) Southern Comfort

Stir bitters, sugar, water in glass. Add ice cubes; pour in S. C. Top with twist of lemon peel, orange slice and a cherry. They call it "Comfort Old-Fashioned"*

*Southern Comfort®

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The Ballet of Central Park

It's child's play for children to re-create the world as they'd like it to be.

By KAY BOYLE

This is a story about children, and about what happened to two or three of them in New York one summer. It is a story that has to be written quickly before it is too late. "Too late for what?" may be asked at once, and to that there is no answer. It would be dramatic, but scarcely true to say: "Before something happens to all the children in the world." But if you think back far enough, you will remember Dostoevski saying that whatever pain or martyrdom adults endure is of negligible importance because they have already been granted a certain expanse of life. They have had the time to accumulate courage and wisdom, if those were the qualities they put value on, while children have not yet had their chance. Children are still trying to feel their way, Dostoevski said (or else are shouldering or elbowing their way, or perhaps shouting or stamping or weeping their way), toward what they want to be if everything turns out right in the end. And there is another writer, the gentlest and most misconstrued of men, a man called Freud, who said that psychoanalysis could be at its best a hand reaching out to children in the dark rooms of their confusion, as a hand had never reached out to them before. To those children who cry themselves blind because they cannot bear the vision of the adult world, it could give their childhood the clarity of mountain water, he said.

The story that must be told as quickly as possible is about a little girl who was baptized Hilary by a mother and father who had no other children. They treated this isolate one as though she were a poet of distinction, an actress of international renown, and a musician as gifted and precocious as Mozart. This kind of acknowledgment had been given her since the day of her birth, and in appreciation of it, she had never ceased trying to become these things. Since the time she was six she wrote ballets and danced them out, and she put on puppet shows of her own invention, in which she spoke in four different voices. At twelve, she composed a number of small and agreeable concertos for strings and winds that the school orchestra played. At her home, somewhere in the far reaches of suburbia, she had ridden for years standing upright on a horse's back, around and around in a grassy paddock, her light hair open like a silk fan on the air behind her, her bare feet holding flexibly to the horse's rippling hide.

It should be stated here that I am no relation to Hilary, except inasmuch as every adult is related to all children. I am as casual and, at the same time, as committed, a stranger to her as any passerby in Central Park, where Hilary ate her

Author of more than twenty books, Kay Boyle is especially noted as a writer of short stories: She has published six volumes of short stories and has twice won the O. Henry Memorial Prize for the best short story of the year. She has taught writing at many universities, and last summer was director of the New York City Writers' Conference at Wagner College on Staten Island. She now teaches at Radcliffe Institute in Cambridge, Mass.

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lunch between classes, sitting on a bench, two days a week that summer. I am perhaps that idle lady, twisted out of shape by the foundation undergarment she has chosen to trap the look of youth for a little longer, her feet crippled by the high-heeled sandals that grip her toes like a handful of cocktail sausages, who has strayed over from Fifth Avenue, leading an evil-faced poodle, gray as a wasps' nest and as nervous, on an expensive string. And I am equally the lady with bright orange hair and muscles knotted high in the calves of her shapely, still agile legs, who taught Hilary ballet that summer she was fourteen, or thought she taught her, for actually Hilary needed to be taught nothing, having learned it all sometime, somewhere, before. I am also, being adult, the police officer who apprehended Hilary, except Hilary could never be apprehended. She was beyond arrest or incarceration, for the walls of any prison would disappear if she laid the palm of her hand against the stone.

The story begins on a Thursday, the second day of the summer ballet course, when a wealth of sunshine was poured out hot over the trees and lawns and the asphalt bowers of the playgrounds. Hilary had eaten her sandwich and drunk her milk, and before the ballet would begin again she wanted to get to where the flotillas of sailboats and schooners would be blowing across the waters of the lake. She wore a short blue dress over the black legs of her leotard, and her pink satin toe shoes were slung across her shoulder by their knotted strings. Her light hair was wrenched away from her scalp into a glossy ponytail, and her eyebrows were jet black and seemingly as perishable as the markings on a night-flying moth.

As she ran across the slope below those benches where the old men bend over their chessboards in the sun, the violent and unexpected battle began. Balloons of every color, swollen with water, sped from the bushes toward the benches, and smacked wide open on the players, drenching their clothes, their hair, and their crumpled faces. Under this multicolored barrage, they leapt to their feet, and knights, castles, kings, queens, bishops, and pawns rolled to the sidewalk or were flung into the sewer opening of the inner avenue. The old men shook their fists and whimpered imprecations.

"Where are they? Where are they?" one old man cried out as he spun around, but there was no one to answer.

"You never know when they're going to strike! They make fools even out of the police!" cried out another, kneeling to retrieve the chess pieces with his veined and faltering hands.

Except for the old men and the passing traffic and the stirring of squirrels, there was no sign of life. Even Hilary was gone, having seen the bare legs fleeing from ambush, and running with them in surprise. When they had scattered in a dozen different directions, she found herself standing with three boys in the circle of the zoo, and for a moment none of them could speak because of the wild beating of their hearts. They had halted before the bars of the elephants' yard, and Hilary saw that the clothes the boys wore had been worn too long, and their shirts were torn like paper. The three of them were as thin as deer, and the backs of their necks were stained brown either by the sun or by the climate of the place their people had come from. The tallest carried a bootblack box on a strap across one shoulder, and the smallest had longish black hair, and the side of his face was of great delicacy and beauty. It might have been carved from the ivory tusk that man had relieved the elephants of some time before, giving them nothing in recompense except this small enclosure of captivity. Beyond the bars, the elephant hides appeared coarser and drabber than ever in contrast with the smallest boy's pure face.

"Do you prefer elephants to zebras or zebras to elephants?" Hilary asked the three of them when her heart had quieted. But it was only the tallest boy who turned his head to look at her, his chest rising and falling, rising and falling, with the laboring of his breath. He said hooded cobras were better than zebras or elephants, and his accent turned to music these words he spoke. The other two had cautiously locked the doors of themselves and drawn the blinds down as they stood looking through the bars. "I like armadillos best," Hilary went on saying. "I saw a lot in Mexico last summer."

"I don't know what that animal is," said the tallest boy; and the middle-sized boy, fragile as a wasp, with dark, narrow shoulders hunched up around his ears, gave Hilary a quick, sly glance.

"It's a mail-clad mammal. It has a coat of armor all over it," she was explaining, her curved hands shaping the way the armor fitted on.

"That would be good," the tallest boy said. He shifted the strap of the bootblack box on his shoulder. "It would be good to be like that," he said.

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"You'd have to feed on roots and reptiles to preserve your armor," Hilary said. Because of the mask of wariness he wore, the features of his face were difficult to determine. His hair was like a thick black cap pulled down to join his eyebrows, and the narrow space left between scalp and brows was deeply engraved with the lines of his concern. It went through Hilary's mind then that he was perhaps twelve years old, and the others younger, but he had been so many things for such a long time that his face would have great trouble being young again. "Would you want to live on nothing but worms and carrion?" she asked him, as if speaking to a child.

"I wouldn't mind what I ate if I could be armored," he said, his voice low, the accent altering the sound of the words on the summer air.

"Let's go look at the camels," Hilary said. She was suddenly uneasy, for there were his eyes, two mortally stricken and savage beasts, crouching in pain in the darkness of their lairs.

They set off together, two by two, passing the fox and the coyote cages, and when they came to the peanut and popcorn stand, the two who had not yet spoken abruptly took on their separate identities.

"This here's Giuseppe!" cried the delicate-boned and beautiful boy, pushing the other one into Hilary's arms as he danced up and down. "He wants peanuts, nothing but peanuts!" His teeth were white in the ivory mask of his face, and his eyes were thickly lashed. "He's got a big hole inside him and all the peanuts in the world can't fill it up!"

"Maybe two bags would, just maybe!" Giuseppe said. He had swollen, golden eyes set far to the sides of his skull, and his voice was high and wasplike when he spoke. "Jorge, he likes popcorn. He steals it from the pigeons! I seen him stealing it yesterday!" he said, his teeth grown long and venomous.

Hilary took her wallet from the pocket of her dress, and she bought them what they wanted. The seals were barking hoarsely behind them in the pool, and the boy with the shoeshine box walked up the macadamized path alone.

"Are you brothers? Are any of you brothers?" Hilary asked, catching up with him.

"We're none of us brothers," he said. They could smell the camels, like bad butter, on the air ahead. "Jorge there, he's from Puerto Rico. Giuseppe's people, they're from Italy. My father and mother, they were born in Spain." Whatever he said, it was as if he carried within him a small harp on which the sun, and the breeze, and his own sorrow played. "My name's Federico. They named me after a Spanish poet the cops killed back in Spain," he said.

"If you'd like some popcorn," Hilary said, holding the waxed bag out to him, "I haven't touched it yet." But he shook his head.

"I only eat reptiles and carrion," he said.

There was no time left even for the camels, for in twenty minutes the ballet would begin again. The smell of them, and the sound of the seals' voices, grew fainter and fainter as Hilary and Federico climbed the steps toward the traffic of the avenue. Federico shifted the strap of his bootblack box higher on his shoulder, and he might have been speaking of something as casual as the way the grass grew between the trees, or of the tunnel of sidewalk shade that was waiting at the top. But what he was saying was that Giuseppe's brother had drowned in the Bronx two weeks ago. It was a kind of reservoir that he'd fallen into, he said, with a big fence around it, and nobody could get over the fence in time.

"There was a cop there, and even the cop couldn't get off his horse quick enough and get over the fence," Federico said, his voice low, the words he spoke playing like music in the beginning of the leafy shade.

"So what?" Jorge, the beautiful, said, coming behind them up the steps.

"He kept on crying for help for a long time, but nobody could get over the fence," Federico said. "People just stood there looking at him."

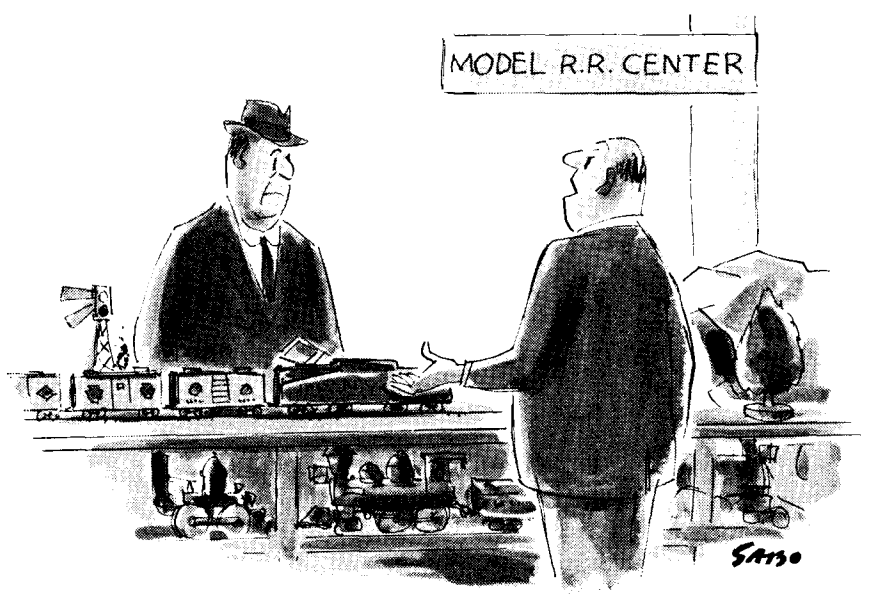
"Sometimes people are like an audience," Hilary said, not wanting to hear Giuseppe's brother crying out. "You keep on waiting, and sometimes they don't even applaud," she said, her pale mouth chewing the popcorn fast.

"So what?" Jorge said again.

"And what do you do if they don't applaud?" Federico asked.

But it was Jorge, the delicate-featured, the jet-black-lashed, who answered.

"Then they pull the curtain down on



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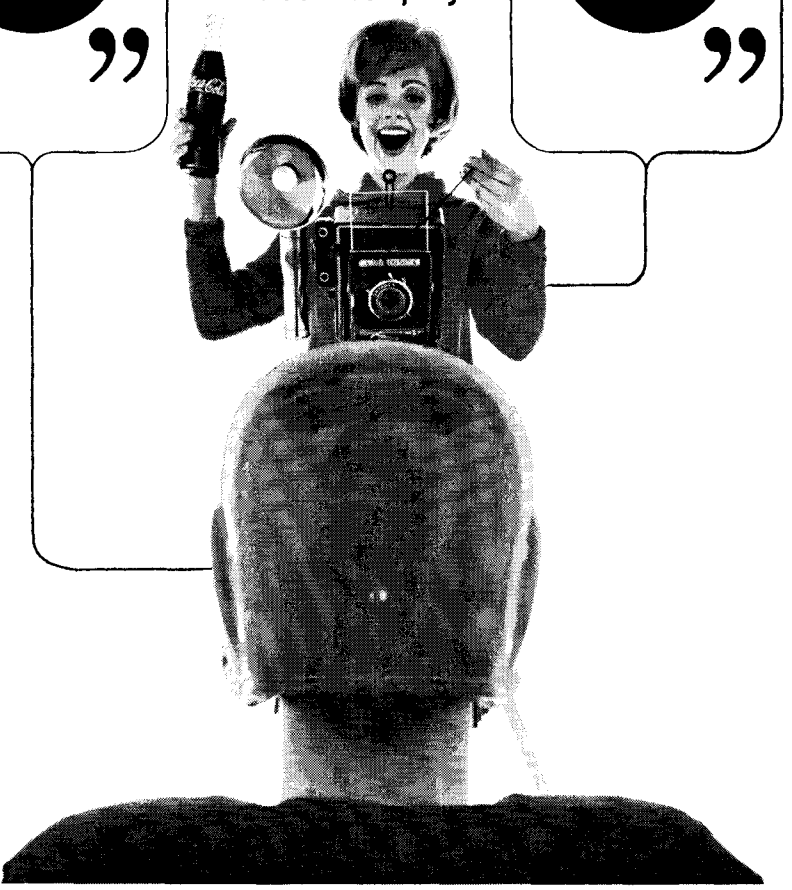

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you—quick, like that," he said. He stood beside them on the sidewalk now, making a baseball out of his popcorn bag, and aiming it at a pigeon strolling by. "I saw a kid killed yesterday. A horse was running away with her up near 72nd Street, and she fell off and cracked her head wide open on a rock. She was dead like that," he said, and he snapped his fingers. "I got real close. I touched her hand. It was cold like stone."

"That's nothing," said Giuseppe, his long teeth slyly smiling. He had come so quietly among them that they had not known he was there. The cars passed before them on the avenue, and Hilary waited at the curb, waited either for the light to change from red to green, or else for the terrible story to be told. "There was a kid downstairs from us," he was saying, the waspish shoulders hunched up to his ears. "I guess she was something like six months old. And this man—maybe he was her father, except her name was Angela Talleferico, and he had another, different name—he used to get drunk, and he'd beat her when she cried. And one night she kept on crying, and he picked her up by her feet and smashed her a couple of times against the wall. They had his picture in the paper, resisting arrest."

"They kill rabbits like that where I come from in Puerto Rico," Jorge said, and he did a step or two of his casual, gypsy dance. "It's a quick way to die," he said, and Hilary suddenly cried out:

"Stop saying these things! Stop saying them!" Her face was white, and her teeth were clenched. "I don't want all the children in the world to die!" she cried out above the sound of the heedless traffic.

"Well, they have to just the same," Giuseppe said quietly, and he smiled his venomous, slow smile.

"All of them," Jorge said, walking on the edge of the curb as if balancing on a tightrope. "All of them, except for me," he said.

"The poet they named me after, he died, but they never found his body," said Federico. He did not look at Hilary, as if not to see the tears coming down her face. "He wrote a poem telling he was going to be killed. He said they would never find his body. And it was true," he said.

"Maybe God took it," said Giuseppe, the wasp. With his thin crooked arms, he made the motion of great wings flapping across Fifth Avenue.

"You didn't say what your name is," said Federico after a moment.

When she told him, he said the letters of it over twice. And then the light changed, and she lifted one hand and pointed to where the ballet-school sign hung, halfway up the side street, partly in shadow and partly in sun.

"I have to go there and dance," she said, and she crossed the avenue alone, without looking back at them, wanting never to see any one of them again. Her head was down, and her heart was filled with grief, and the taste of tears was salty in her mouth.

That was Thursday, and on the next Tuesday Hilary came back to the city again to work on the *pas de chat* and the *entrechat* and the *arabesque*, and the rest of the rigmarole that the lady with bright orange hair tried to teach the young. When Hilary walked out of the ballet school for the noontime recess, Federico and Jorge and Giuseppe were waiting there beneath the canopy. In spite of the heat, she wore the tight black leotard, and carried over her shoulder on their knotted strings were the same pink toe slippers, somewhat soiled and frayed. But this time her dress was yellow, and her hair fell open across her shoulders to her waist, and she held her lunch in a small brown paper bag.

"Isn't your hair hot?" was the first thing Jorge said. He was even more delicate-boned, more gazelle-eyed, more ebony-hoofed, than he had been before.

"No, it isn't," Hilary said, and she swung the length of it sideways, as if out of the reach of his hand. She did this without thought or intention, not knowing that the outcry of children who had died by violence would be there forever between them, only not to be mentioned aloud again or acknowledged in any way. If Federico had spoken in warning then, telling her that a shadow hung over the streets, the parks, the avenues, the reservoirs, the bridle paths, even in clearest sunlight, if he could have said this to her in musical words, she might have taken them dancing elsewhere, perhaps back on a train into suburbia, where the grass springs green and fresh in the horse's paddock, and the cricket voices are as bright and separate as stars. But Federico did not speak. So instead Hilary went on saying: "If we're going to talk, let's think of the most interesting possible things to say, not about the weather."

Giuseppe began at once by saying there were coins in the fountain across from the Plaza. Jorge was dancing backward down the street before them as they walked, and he said that people made wishes when they threw the coins in the water, so you could make wishes the same way when you took them out. He said that he and Giuseppe had made two dollars and ninety-five cents that morning in the subway; saying they could walk through maybe ten or twelve subway cars on their hands when it wasn't the rush hour; saying they carried the nickels and dimes and quarters that people gave them in their mouths so they wouldn't fall out of their pockets. He said they stood on their heads on the express-stop platforms, because that way you covered two trains at a time, while they played their mouth organs upside down; saying that when they learned to juggle they'd be in big-time money.

"Where do you keep the nickels and dimes and quarters when you're playing the mouth organs upside down?" Hilary asked.

"In our ears," Jorge said; and how they could laugh with all that lay behind them and all that still lay ahead, it is difficult to say; but, except for Federico, they laughed out loud. Even Hilary laughed as Jorge danced backward down the street, speaking to her of rain and shine, and now and yesterday, and what they did winter and summer. "In winter we keep them in our earmuffs, and in summer in our snorkels," he said.

"We went every day except Sunday to the door of the ballet school and waited," Giuseppe said, his shoulders hunched to his golden ears, his face scarred by his furtive, insect-smiling.

"That's not very interesting. That's like talking about your hair being hot," said Jorge, the supple. But Federico did not speak.

"There's going to be a competition at the ballet school," Hilary said suddenly. "They told us that today."

"For dancing the best?" Jorge asked, and he spun himself three times into the air.

"For the best ballet a student writes," said Hilary. She looked at the side of Federico's face, at the lowered head, and the hair jerked down in a black iron helmet to his brows. He carried the bootblack box on a strap over his shoulder as he had carried it before, but today he seemed a little taller. He might be thirteen, or even fourteen, she thought, and she liked it better that way. "I want to do something like *Petrouchka*. I want to have organ-grinders, and monkeys, and things like that in it, ordinary things, not swans or angels," she said.

Jorge skipped to the right and then to the left in his backward dance to avoid the people passing by.

And now Federico spoke. "Did you ever make up a ballet before?" he said.

"I made one out of a miracle play once," she said, and she wanted to tell him then that she had made up a dance of the forest-trees. Each tree was exactly like the others, swaying and murmuring with leaves, she wanted to say to him, until it stepped out from the others and danced in the spotlight alone. And then you could see that one tree had birds' nests in its hair, and the boughs of another were filled with fruit, and another had honeycombs packed in its trunk, and another had mistletoe at its crest, like a lighted chandelier. "I made it up for first graders to dance," she said.

"I don't know what is a miracle play," Federico said.

"It has something to do with religion," said Hilary, "and it has to have magic come to pass in the end."

Being a prisoner bound hand and foot by his own silence, Federico could not tell her that whoever had come close to the Spanish poet whose name he bore had been baptized in the dark waters of his magic. These were the words in which his father had described him.

"Wherever he went, that poet always found a piano," Federico said. "Even when he was running from the cops, he played."

They had come to the traffic light, and Jorge turned himself the right way around to cross Fifth Avenue. The four of them walked clear of the trees together, past the open carriages halted in a row. The long, bony faces of the horses between the shafts were masked to the eye sockets in their feed bags, and pigeons walked in and out beneath them, pecking swiftly at the grains that fell. The cushioned seats of the carriages were older than time, but neatly brushed and mended, and shiny-handled whips stood upright at the dashboards, alert as antennae for any promises that might be on the air.

"Someday we're going to cut all the horses loose and race them up to 110th Street," Jorge said. "We'll go faster than cars, faster than jets. There's big-time money in horse racing."

They crossed through the surf of heat to the shoreline of the little square, and the shimmering waves ran liquid to the curb with them, but came no further, for here the trees made their own cool grove of shade, and the fountain waited. Hilary sat down on the curved edge at the brink, and took the squat milk carton and straw and the sandwich from her paper bag. Federico slipped the strap of the bootblack box from his shoulder, and set the box down on the pavings, and he stooped to look into the water held in the crescent of stone.

"I thought of writing a shoeshine ballet," Hilary said, beginning to eat. "We'd have to have ten or twelve more shoeshine boys."

"I could get them," Federico said, looking up quickly. "I have friends. I have enemies, too," he said with pride. "The poet had many friends. One of his friends was a matador. He got killed in the bull ring." For the moment he said this, the javelins were laid aside, and the armor was unbuckled. "He wrote a poem about the death of his friend. My father said the poem many times in Spanish to me. My father said it was the best poem he wrote because it had the most *duende*. The *duende* does not come to a poet unless it knows that death is there." If he could have remembered the exact words his father had said, he would have put them into English for her, saying that all

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Richard, I want to know who you jumped off 'Lover's Leap' with."

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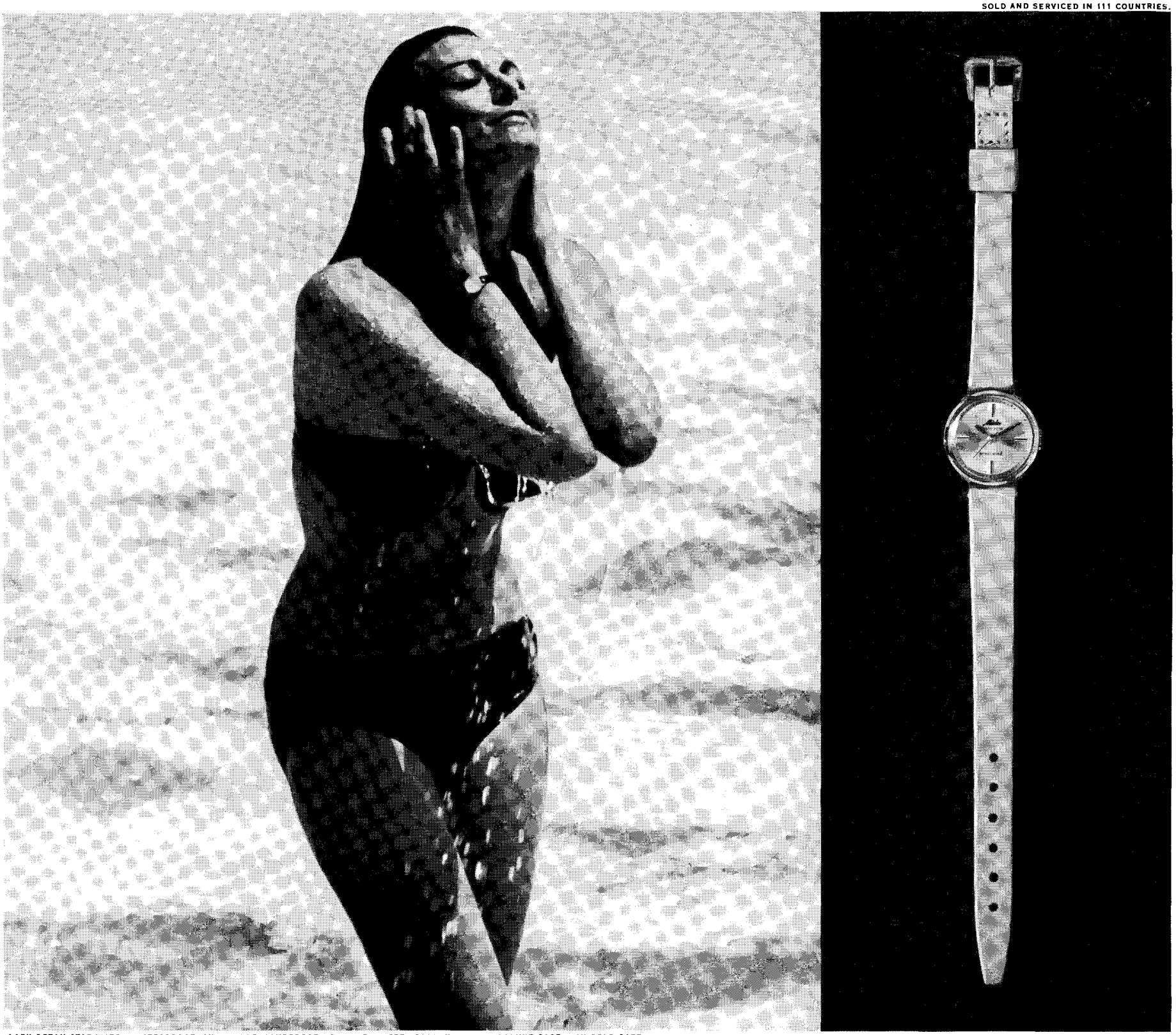

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one knows of the *duende* is that it burns the blood like powdered glass. He would have told her that Spaniards have said that the *duende* is not in the fingers, not in the throat, but that it surges up from the soles of the feet. He would have whispered across the trembling water: "For those who have *duende*, it is easier to love and to understand, and also one is certain to be loved and understood." But he could not manage to say these things. "If you put *duende* into the shoeshine ballet, then it would be good. It would not be an ordinary dance," was all he was able to say.

Jorge had already sprung on his dark quick legs into the fountain, and his toes sought out the coins at the bottom and flipped them up into his open palm. Giuseppe, striped yellow and black by sunshine and shade, and drained now of his venom, hovered above the surface like a dragonfly. If there were any adults passing, they did not see them, for their eyes, concerned with the vision of something else, had wiped the sight of children away.

"I wish for all the elephants and foxes and coyotes and camels to get out of their cages, and the eagles and ostriches," Jorge said, with the wishing-coins held in his hand.

"I wish for all the cops and the cops' horses to be turned to stone, and everybody not standing in the fountain," Giuseppe said, his mouth stretched grinning in his face, his long teeth hanging out.

"Jump into the fountain quick and be saved!" Jorge cried to Hilary and Federico, but they gave no sign that they had heard. Federico was watching Hilary's finger trace the plan for the ballet up and down, and back and forth, across the stone.

"It could begin with the bombing of the old men playing chess," she was saying. "It could begin with a hundred balloons of every color being thrown across the stage."

"Maybe we ought to start practicing now," said Jorge, leaping from the fountain.

"That part doesn't need any rehearsal," Hilary said, "and there wouldn't be any water in the balloons, but the old men would shake their fists at us just the same. There'll be a dance for boys standing on their heads," she went on with it, "and a dance for boys walking on their hands through a subway train. We'll need eight or ten more acrobats for that."

"I'll get the acrobats, but they're rivals of the shoeshine boys," Giuseppe said.

"Thursday, I'll stay in town after my classes," said Hilary, "and we can begin to practice. The last dance of a ballet has to be like a climax. We'll find some very dramatic music for it. It will be the dance of the knives, the switch-blade knives," she said. "In the end every boy will lay his knife down on the grass."

As she finished speaking, a sudden hush fell on them, and after a moment Federico put the question softly to her.

"Our knives. What do you mean to say, our knives?" he asked.

"Don't all boys carry knives?" she cried a little wildly, not knowing how the thought had come to her. "You must admit that the ballet has to have some meaning. All ballets do. So the stage will get slowly darker and darker, until it is about like dusk, and the boys will kneel and lay their knives down on the grass."

None of them moved. They remained quite silent, looking at her face. And then a stranger's voice summoned them back from where they were.

"Hey, boy," it called out, "I want a shine!"

Federico got to his feet, and picked up his box by its canvas strap, and Giuseppe and Jorge stepped back into the fountain to get on with what they had to do. The stranger was leaning against a tree, and he fitted the sole of his shoe into the iron foothold as Federico kneeled before him. The top of the shoeshine box was open now, and from where she sat Hilary could see on the light wood of the inside of it, the name "Hilary" written in shoe polish black, ineffaceable, and strong.

Hilary was the first to get to the meeting place in the park on Thursday. It was five o'clock, and the members of the ballet troupe had not yet begun to assemble on the slope below the benches where the old men played. But after a moment they began to come up the path, or emerge from under the trees, or else come running down the slope. Some of them carried shoeshine boxes, and some were Negroes; some were olive-skinned, and some were white as slugs. Three or four of them turned themselves upside down at once and stood on their heads as they waited, and one of them played a harmonica, but not loud enough to attract the attention of anyone passing by. At first there were ten, and then fifteen, and at last there were twenty boys, some chasing each other across the grass on silent feet, some shadowboxing, some simply waiting. It

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was almost as if it was the wraiths of boys who had drifted, in the beginning of evening, to this appointed place. Even the old men at their chessboards did not interrupt their games to glance down to where they were. But Hilary was uneasy in their muted presence until Federico and Jorge and Giuseppe came up from the iron jungle of the playground, and then she knew there was no reason to fear.

"Have you got the balloons?" Jorge asked at once. His eyes were black-lashed, his delicate bones more pliable, his beauty even more eloquent than before.

"Have you got enough peanuts to go around?" Giuseppe said.

"I didn't bring anything for anyone," Hilary said. "It isn't going to be like that. First we decide on the different roles, and then we practice the ballet steps. In the end, if we win the competition, there'll be prizes and things to eat," she said.

But how to describe the rehearsal that now got under way is not an easy thing to do. However it came about, within a few minutes the lot of them were twisting and turning, and swinging and bopping, with Giuseppe playing on the harmonica the music of *Petrouchka*, playing it over and over as Hilary hummed it aloud. Jorge led the boys who walked on their hands, making them clap their feet together; and Federico danced the steps that a matador dances, his chest thrust out, his shoeshine box hanging from his shoulder, leading the bootblacks like him who, day after day, kneeled before men with shoes to be cleaned. As they followed the pattern he stamped in the grass, their tempers were running hot in their blood, but Hilary, the actress of international renown, the musical genius of sweet precocity, was not aware that this was taking place. That they had come to dance for peanuts, or the slap of water-filled balloons, or for some act of violence as reward, had nothing to do with the music of Mozart or Stravinsky, or with the *duende* of a Spanish poet whose last name Federico could not recall. It was six o'clock when the murmur of their discontent became an orchestration for bass violins, but still Hilary did not recognize the deep-voiced prophecy it made.

They had come to the moment for the final dance, for the climax of renunciation, and Hilary, her high, narrow cheekbones flushed, jumped up from where she had been kneeling on the grass. Her voice could scarcely be heard in the vast auditorium of the park as she called out in heedless pleasure to them:

"It was very good! It was better than any ballet I've ever seen! This is almost the end. This is where I come in for the first time, and you must all stop dancing when I come on the stage!"

But they had already ceased to dance.

"Have you got the balloons with you?" one voice shouted out. "What are we getting out of this?" another asked, as if he had looked down in bewilderment and suddenly seen his empty hands. The sky, like a planetarium cleared for stars, was filled with the blue and lingering dying of the light. "We ain't jumping up and down here for our health!" cried another voice from the receding limbo where they stood, their features wiped away, and their color gone, in the slowly falling dusk.

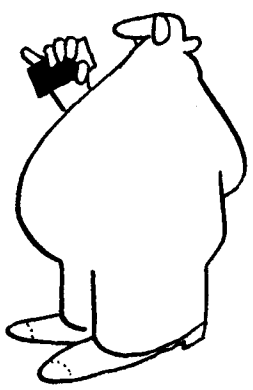
"This is the final part!" Hilary said. "Don't be impatient! This is where you take your knives out, because the ballerina asks you to, and you lay them down, each making up a separate dance!"

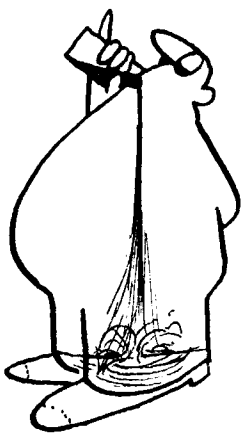
And now the roar of their voices was like a tempest rising, and Federico pushed his way through the wild storm to where Hilary stood. He took the switch-blade knife from the back pocket of his chinos, and whatever they may have thought he had in mind, he laid it down, with a sweep of his arm, before her. This was the last gesture he was to be permitted for all eternity, for the leaping, screaming mob closed in on them.

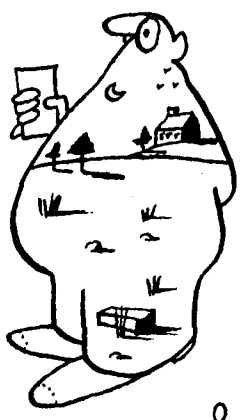
"So the Hooded Cobra dies!" they cried in fury. "The Hooded Cobra dies!"

The sirens of the police cars keened in pain, and the ambulance shrieked out like a mother for him, as his blood ran black across the trampled grass. The park was empty. The old men had folded their chessboards and gone home, and there were no children anywhere. He had been cast off by friend and enemy, by life itself, except for the little girl who sat with the iron helmet of his head held close against her heart. "The knife and the cartwheel, the razor and the prickly beards of shepherds, the bare moon . . . religious images covered with lace work," went the words of the poet whose name he had been given; "in Spain, all these have in them minute grass-blades of death." His knife lay there, with no blood on its blade, as the cops leaned over to take her hands away from him.

"Stop crying," said the one who apprehended her. "If you get mixed up in things like this, it has to end this way." THE END

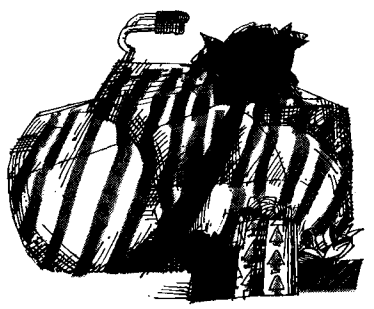


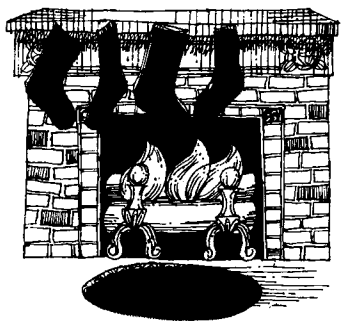




THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Make a wreath


Wrap a bundle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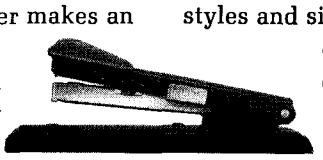

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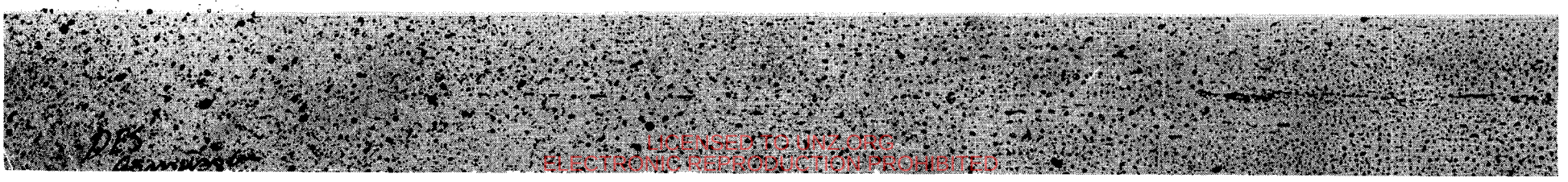
By BROCK BROWER

I started throwing the boomerang for the same reason that every kid picks something like that to try once in his life. Out of disbelief. I mean, *pure* disbelief, where there wasn't any question whether I could make it return. I could do anything. But *it* couldn't. It doesn't. They say that Way Down Under, the aborigines throw boomerangs at rabbits, and the boomerangs come back if they miss, but I knew different. There were drawings of boomerangs in the encyclopedia and in the ads of some of my comic books, but I knew better. I'd seen a real one in a museum in New York City, but I knew it was no good. I'd even seen a photograph in the newspaper of Henry Wallace, way back on his heel, ready to fling one all the way around the Washington Monument—with an important small boy about my size apprenticed to his side—but I wasn't fooled. And so my father, when he'd heard enough of these denials, finally gave in. He agreed to get me a boomerang. He knew better than to let a kid go on disbelieving forever in something he wanted that much.

The first one he brought home was authentic. I half believed he'd bought it from some Australian bushman on the subway or on the ferryboat who was maybe selling them from a suitcase stuffed with eucalyptus leaves. It was hand-hewn from some rough wood that seemed to be composed entirely of large packing-crate splinters—crudely beveled, henna in color, and decorated with woodburnings of marsupial life that were no better than animal crackers. There seemed to be a koala bear, judging by its big ears, and a kangaroo, judging by the stovepipe bend in its tail, and a cuscus, judging only by its being slung the other way from the koala bear and the kangaroo. Yes, it looked real. No, it did not work. We took it out on the golf course, in the late light of the commuters' summer day before my father had changed his shirt, and plied it assiduously at the evening breezes, which refused it any and all support. There was no flight, only a flapping end-over-end commotion that gave out almost immediately, dumping it down on the fairway, where it kicked up great, flumping, prehistoric divots. I ran out after it each time and ran it back with all the wind I had left. My father sighed, and tried it flat side a quarter downwind, beveled side a quarter upwind, into the wind, away from the wind, horizontal, vertical, from every conceivable compass point varied with every possible propeller pitch. His shirt soaked through again—a bushman's sweat through the train soot this time—and he kneaded his upper arm with his thumb where it throbbed. Finally I think he just tried to hurl it out of sight. At least I sensed that, and after locating it in the rough, I came back very slowly, picking mud out of the burnt grooves that

Illustrated by Des Asmussen



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What's gone

is gone

and never

returns—

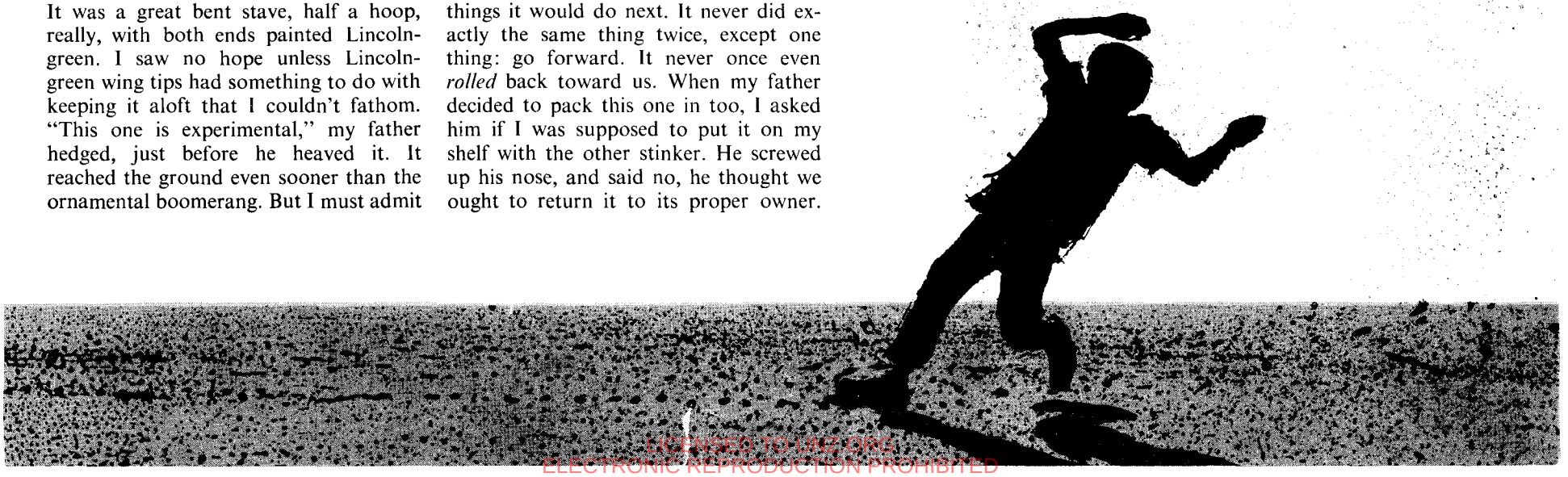
except for

a boomerang

or a memory.

shaped the cuscus. "Do we give up?" he asked me. Me, of all people. I said nothing. "It belongs on your big shelf upstairs," he explained—a little after the fact, I thought. "It's something you can collect. It's ornamental." I ignored him and his big word. The next day I tried it out on my own, and began to understand what the word meant. Something was ornamental when you got absolutely no return from it.

The second one he borrowed from a friend at the office, and I could see he didn't believe in it much more than I did. It was a great bent stave, half a hoop, really, with both ends painted Lincoln-green. I saw no hope unless Lincoln-green wing tips had something to do with keeping it aloft that I couldn't fathom. "This one is experimental," my father hedged, just before he heaved it. It reached the ground even sooner than the ornamental boomerang. But I must admit it performed very well on the ground. It loped along thumpingly in a series of leaps and skids and backflips that reminded me of the repertoire I'd once seen performed by some eccentric gears in an engineering museum, which were driven by cam and lever, by little wheels meshing and unmeshing with big wheels, until they were brought to a shuddering halt, seemingly by a broken gear tooth. My father was so fascinated by the boomerang's weird behavior that he deliberately walloped it off the ground a couple of more times just to see what Rube Goldberg things it would do next. It never did exactly the same thing twice, except one thing: go forward. It never once even *rolled* back toward us. When my father decided to pack this one in too, I asked him if I was supposed to put it on my shelf with the other stinker. He screwed up his nose, and said no, he thought we ought to return it to its proper owner.



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The Comeback

Didn't I? I said—and I'll admit I was proud of myself—that we wouldn't be able to because you could see that thing wasn't going to go back to anybody *ever*.

"Very funny," he snorted, but it got to him, all right. I could tell because during the next few days he began adding to what he liked to call My Information. "For your information," he announced at breakfast, "there are *two* kinds. One is for war. The other is for sport." Then he let things slide for a couple of meals until he was ready to broach the subject again. "A war boomerang does not return to its thrower. I thought you'd like to know." The next day, while I was still supposed to be mulling this over, he offered testimony at dinner to the effect that a sports boomerang had to be made of very lightweight wood. "What you have upstairs, young man, is a war boomerang. I don't want you ever to throw it unless there is a grown-up with you at all times." I sensed we were getting near the nub of the matter, but I still had to wait until he got home from work the next evening. "For your information," he said, handing me a flat package, "*this* is a sports boomerang."

It was from Abercrombie & Fitch, and I must say I still sorrow for those who have had to settle in life for nothing more than a Louisville Slugger or their own bowling ball. It was not made in the bush but "Made in England," and had been engineered more like a small aircraft than sporting equipment. In shape, it was like the perfectly ripened tip of a shade-grown parabola, I should guess. Even the grain followed that same parabolic curve. The beveled side—though it was more honed than beveled—was smooth like lemon rind, and the flat side was pale, like the inside of the same rind. Each point was delicately ground out on the flat side, so that it presented a kind of barb to the wind, to hook itself into its return circle. It weighed nothing at all. Hefting it was like handling the polished wing bone of some mysterious, unreconstructible bird that had flown itself majestically into extinction, and the least little toss—even just across the living room into the sofa pillows—lifted it into slight flight. It had a precise, civilized name, which they had emblazoned on its elbow inside quote marks—a name that could be stood behind—the "Comeback."

This time, too, there were instructions, and we set out for the golf course right after dinner to obey them to the letter, standing at exactly a forty-five-degree angle to the wind, so that it chilled our left cheekbones, ready to launch the "Comeback" into the flank of the breeze at exactly shoulder height. My father had hold, of course, but I was with him, heart and soul. The "Comeback" slipped out of his hand with a flutter that sounded like a cock pheasant flying out of the furze, and it was away before either of us felt ready to see it go. It kept upright for an interminable time, and I looked grimly for it to drop down as stiff and dead as the other dingbats. But suddenly it turned on a dime, and for a fleeting moment showed us its whirling blades, like the limbs of a dervish, before it skidded off the curve and crashed in the rough. It had pranged, but we were enthralled. I scrambled out after it, and when I came back breathless, my father was ready to do the generous thing. "Take her on around the rest of the way," he said, as if handing me the controls to a vehicle that had finally proved itself trustworthy.

Tight with excitement, I reared back and whaled the "Comeback" into its windy quarter with all my might. It snapped around at the turn again, and then lifted up, legging on its points, struggling to bank, but no luck. It had lost its tuck in the wind, and stalled out. That happened twice more. "Too high, maybe," my father said. "Ease up, and throw it more level." This time I sighted first, lining the "Comeback" up at arm's length with the distant flag on the fourteenth green, then drew back and threw it to split the pin. It came around sharply, and started to climb again, but not so steeply. It didn't seem to need its legs, and with a sudden sweet ease, it slipped over onto its flat side and floated. It floated a long, long while, and then the very next second I saw it twirling overhead. By the time I'd snapped my neck around, it was twenty yards behind us, both points dug into the muddy fairway near the water hazard, like a tiny archway. "That's enough for this evening," my father ordered triumphantly. I ran to the "Comeback," stooped, put my arm through it, and uprooted it from the ground like a wicket. I walked all the way home with its elbow hooked in mine.

After that, I was allowed to take the "Comeback" out on my own any time I wanted, as long as there weren't any golfers around. I set to work. I would become its master. Gradually I eased my too-tight grip, the better to control its outward flight, so that I would always know where to meet it inward bound. Yet that's hardly how it turned out. I could never really control the "Comeback." I found I could only judge it—by the kind of leave it took of me—and the easier grip only made me the cannier judge. It had so many capricious ways of coming back. Sometimes it would come slamming off the wind, as if hard off a wall, and hurtle itself into a suicidal plunge, banging into the ground like an ass's jawbone. Other times it would steal almost around behind the breeze and come back at a low, low level, opening a soft circle in the grass with its tiny prop wash before setting down as gently as a paper plate. Or it would come back just as low, only a little wobbly in its rotation, so that it suddenly caught a leg and stumbled forever. Then again, it would circle around too high up and start into a dive it couldn't possibly manage. In midair it would abruptly swoop up again, like an airplane pulling away from a bad landing approach for another try. Only it *couldn't* try again, the silly stick, and had to slide back down its own dip, tumbling like Icarus from its vain attempt. I could usually sense which way it would choose, but I could not choose for it.

All this had a curious effect on me, because it was so opposite from what I'd fancied in the beginning. I'd imagined myself, I suppose, as some kind of Noble Savage, dealing with the simple and the primitive. I throw boomerang. Boomerang come back. Good wood. Instead, with this precision tool, I found myself in the midst of very subtle dealings, inbred, finicky, impossible. It was hard to believe, but I seemed to be up against temperament in a purely inanimate object. What did I imagine myself to be, then? Something very abstract. I'm afraid I really began thinking of myself as part of the circle the boomerang described.

Certainly the circle closed me in. I felt I had to complete it every single time. If the "Comeback" fell any distance from me, I raced to it as if hurrying desperately to close a gap. A gap in what, I have no idea, but until I had the boomerang back in my hand again, I was uneasy. It didn't start out that way, but gradually the ritual built up, and I went off alone more and more often to blaze this obsessive, elliptical pathway, out and back, above the fourteenth hole. I grew to hate golfers. I would hide behind a big oak near the water hazard as they played through, pelting the immense air with their useless little droplets. I sometimes wonder what they must've thought, catching me skulking behind that tree like a dirty wood sprite, pecking at the bark with what must've looked to them like a huge, wooden bill. I know my parents began to worry. My father wanted me to show him how I was coming along, and I had the nerve to tell him I'd let him see as soon as I could throw the boomerang out with one hand and catch it coming back with the other. He said, for my information, that that was probably the best way in the world to end up with my mitt in a plaster cast. I knew that, but I didn't care. I guess I really thought I could pull it off. A perfect circle of flight, which I alone would touch to earth. In some childish way I was toying with the whole universe at that point, and who knows how long I would have stayed locked into that self-centered round—a boy's world circumscribed by his own boomerang—if the universe itself hadn't come up with a quite startling concatenation of events.

I'm surprised it hadn't happened to me sooner. I went out one morning early to beat the golfers and catch the wind before it died, and walked right into a pitfall. I didn't know it, but the entire solar system lay in wait for me at a predestined spot. I stepped to it—a brown patch in the fairway—bent back, and confidently whipped the "Comeback" into the far corner of the wind, feeling it spin away on what I reckoned would be a high flight. I watched it crumple a little at the turn, hitting a stiffer breeze. Then it climbed. And then it absolutely disappeared.

I blinked twice before I realized where it had gone. The sun. I'd looped it right into the blinding light of the sun. I waited innocently, sure I would see it come out of the sun again, not yet realizing how carefully that spot had been chosen for me. Nothing appeared. Nary a trace. Then I realized that I really didn't know where to look, that the whole blue sky stretched out above me like some big hang-up, that I wouldn't know until . . .

I ran. I absolutely ran. When I caught up with myself and realized I was probably running toward it, so that it would take out every last tooth in my face in one vicious clip, I swerved and ran back. But that way was even more desperate. I could feel it knocking the crown of my skull in, like eggshell, at every next step. I began zigzagging wildly to escape, and then, in complete panic, I circled back again and pounded for the oak tree. When I reached it, I could swear I heard the deadly instrument clattering in the branches, and hugged the bark, waiting for the boomerang to fall upon me, maybe taking an ear. When I finally let go, and stood back, only shaking now, I searched the entire horizon to see if the air was really empty again.

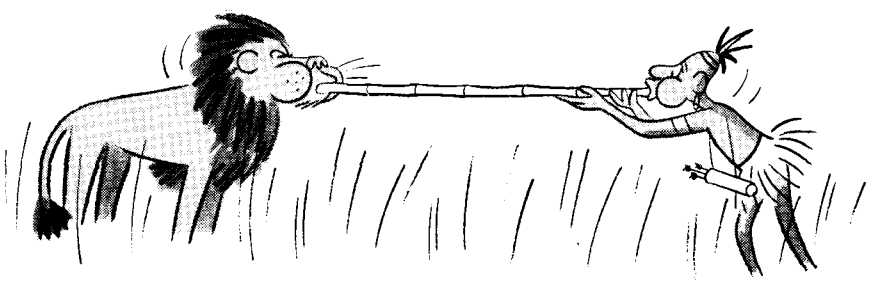
Then I went back to the brown spot and scuffed it incredulously with my toe. I made a pretense of looking around to see if the "Comeback" had landed anywhere near it, but when the first golfers came up to the driving tee, I scuttled off home. It was Saturday, so my father was there to ask me why I was shaking. When I couldn't tell him exactly, he said all right, just answer a simple question, where was the "Comeback" now? I said lost, gone, in the sun, and he said well, we were just going to march right back there and find it and put a stop to this nonsense.

The last place I'd ever have thought to look for it was in the water hazard. But it was there, all right, floating among the water weeds. It had probably caused no more harm than a good splash, but it looked as nasty as a leech to me now. My father fished it out with a stick, lifting it up by its stiff belly. Then he rubbed it dry on the fairway grass, both sides, and reached it toward me. "Here," he encouraged me, "let's see your stuff."

But I didn't want to touch it. I wasn't going to have it come sneaking back to me that way, and I didn't trust it now, literally, as far as I could throw it. Yet the funny thing was, I finally believed in it. I believed in it more than I did in my shaken self at that moment—in fact, so strongly that I suddenly felt from here on out I really *wanted* that gap between us.

"Here. Show me how," he pressed me still.

So I had to take it and quickly tried to put it where I wouldn't have to touch it ever again. I didn't judge my grip one way or another. I simply sent it from me—sent it to a place all its own, far back in the wind, and there, just as I was sure I was rid of it, it betrayed me again. I watched in disgust as it suddenly turned, cartwheeled mightily, then leaned back and back until it was prostrate and helpless, except to slip around viciously toward us. "Look out!" my father yelled, jumping out of its path, but this time I stayed right where I was, furious. I'd already given it room. I was quits with it. We had nothing to do with each other. So I didn't move a muscle as it gained speed down the hard, sloped side of the wind, ringing like a loose scythe blade spinning over stone—"Don't just stand there!"—didn't move a hair when, just as suddenly, it lay down softly at my feet, quiet as a lost sock, asking to be picked up and returned. THE END



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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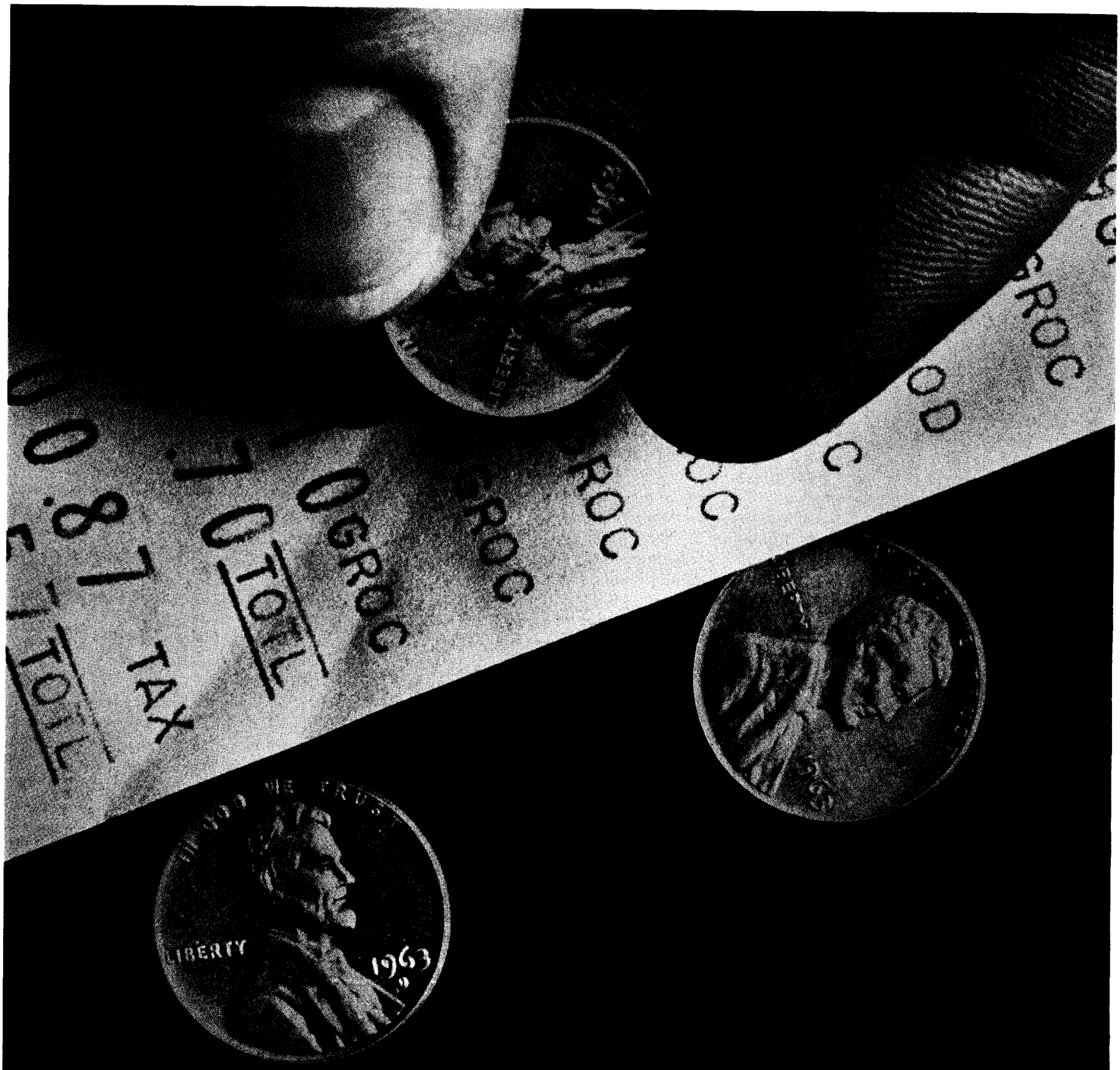

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La Abuela

Art is for art's sake, sure—but that's not to say it can't have other uses.

By GEORGE TROY

The dinner had been excellent and, of course, copious.

Now the three of them removed to the cooler air of the candlelit salon, a different climate.

Here the rich odor of warm oil and wine and fish sauce gave way to the more graceful perfume of flowers and domesticated cacti in terra-cotta jars; to the odor of warm wax and tall, pure white plaster walls, and furniture polish.

Ramón, the speculator, and Pedro, the geologist, subsided into foam-rubber chairs at either end of a tile-topped coffee table. Alicia, Ramón's young American wife, continued out onto the dark balcony where she disappeared into a miniature tropical forest, her treasured conservatory.

Ramón offered Pedro a cigar. Pedro accepted. Ramón lighted one for himself. They settled back, and this high salon—this refuge for the spirit as quietly spare as any village adobe church—began working its customary spell on them.

Pedro, the younger of the two, was now sunk in rather dazed contemplation of the large new oil painting above the concert grand at the shadowed far end of the room. The sole *objet d'art* on the wide wall, it depicted a village road crossing in a mountain valley just at the stillness of noon. Five candles in a cruciform stand of crudely wrought iron illuminated its umbers, greens, and hotly glowing shadows.

Ramón's impassive gaze, on the contrary, wandered here and there as he smoked: to the mysterious conservatory, to the painting, and back again to Pedro.

Ramón always felt clumsy in Pedro's antiseptic presence. Pedro was all neat ridges from his thin high nose to his silken instep. His moustache was thin, but definite. His hands were strong and sharp. As a scientist, Pedro governed his life with exactitude. He held his cigar out to one side so that ashes would not spill on his pleated shirtfront or his lap.

Where Pedro was all starch and controlled creases, Ramón was all furrows. His dinner jacket always bulged, though freshly pressed each time for him. His ponderous jaws, dark as a Brazil nut, were slung in three pairs of ropy folds from his great squat nose, from his cheekbones, and from behind his ears. His eyes were deeply ringed and bloodshot; Pedro's were clear. Pedro had much hair; Ramón a grizzled scrub.

"My friend," said Ramón presently, "the feast rests more lightly on you than me. Beginning tomorrow, I am going to give up dinner."

"Unless you score a coup on the Exchange."

"True. True. If I score a coup then I will be forced to celebrate at dinner."

"There is no hope for you, maestro. You are too shrewd to lose."

Ramón disliked being called maestro.

"Let us say lucky. Tell me, how much luck comes into a calculated victory, Pedro?"

The shudder of incessant traffic had mercifully dwindled along the Paseo de la Reforma not far away in this humid blue night. Ramón loathed traffic noises. He wished for a hacienda on the shimmering plains. His nerves....

He watched for the gold of Alicia's hair as she moved with gentle rhythm and silence among the plantings. He caught a gleam of her pretty copper watering can with its long stiletto snout. Once her white gown ghosted briefly in the hanging vines and gaping orchids.

"Alicia," he called. "For the love of Our Saviour, come and sit down with us."

The languid odor of lilies and geraniums seemed to absorb this request, for she did not come.

There was, however, an unfortunate stench from peculiar tropic weeds massed in the vacant lot next door. Ramón felt himself offensively assaulted. I am too sensitive, he thought in tired disgust. The smell was like corruption to him, like evil lurking in the dark.

Would it rain at last? Would coarse thunder and insolent lightning come down over the sierra beyond the plains and prickle their nerves in all this peaceful night?

Again Ramón's heavy eyes rested on their friend Pedro.

"So you like the new painting, Pedro."

"Yes. I think I like it very much."

"Why?"

Pedro, sleepy, lifted his little finger from the cigar. Who knows? Can emotion be weighed, measured and classified like minerals?

Nevertheless, it was a remarkably restful painting on the wall. Motionless branches cast light-shot shadows on the red-tile roofs of the adobe huts. The yellow clay road sloped away from the center of the composition to meet the foothills outside the village, tiers of varied green rising to a tabletop mountain, cobalt blue, that floated mistily in a bit of open sky at the top of the canvas.

There were only three signs of life in the scene, three women modeled, not drawn, in paint. One was an Indian with a pointed head, and she was so tightly encased in her apron that she looked like a tall, heavy bottle. She stood by the doorway of one hut as if she were about to enter. Behind her and in the middle of the road was a slighter woman in white. The third could have been much older, since she seemed to be making her way with difficulty in the shade of a rust-colored wall.

Even that sign of mobility was attenuated, however. In truth, all action was suspended in the cruel weight of the midday heat, in sweated sleep, in unutterable prayers for one small breeze from the hills. One could hardly look at the painting without falling into a matching torpor.

"Would you give a guess where in Mexico this village is?" Ramón asked.

Pedro ruminated, or seemed to. "Several years ago I was prospecting in the mountains around Uruapan ——"

"A good guess. Did you find gold, by the way?"

"No gold." Pedro smiled. "But I smelled oil everywhere." He laughed lazily. "Give me the capital, maestro, and I swear I will find oil for you some day there."

"As I say, you were not far off the mark. This landscape is very near Uruapan. It is the village of Xicalan, where I first saw the light of God's holy heaven."

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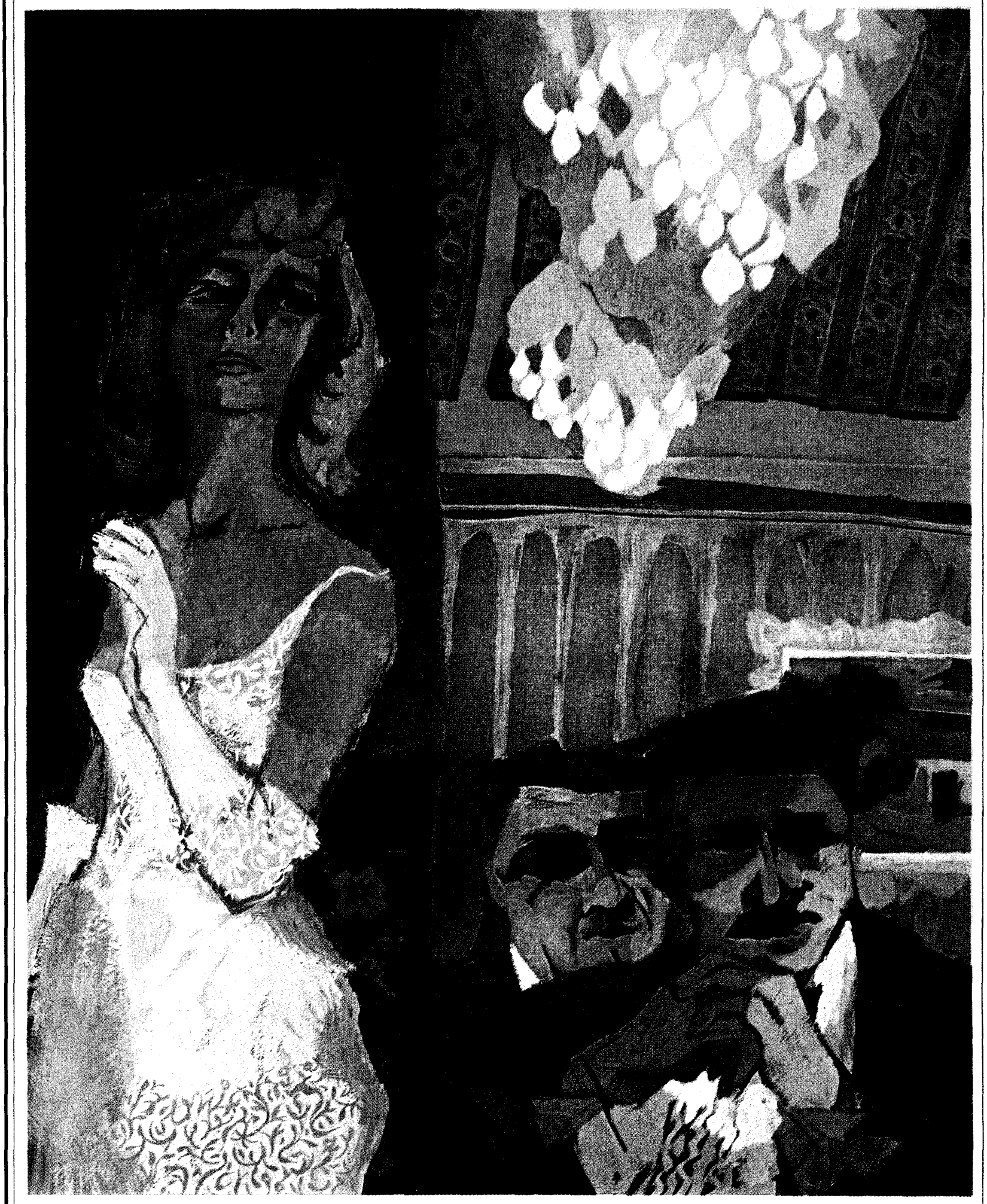

Illustrated by Merle Shore

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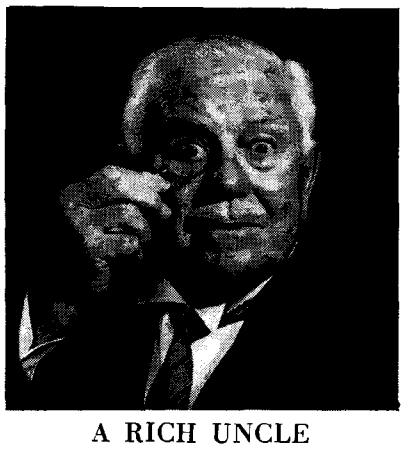
You'd be surprised how many people on your Christmas list would appreciate receiving THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



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A NIECE IN COLLEGE

A BROTHER-IN-LAW

A DESERVING SECRETARY

A BOY IN SCHOOL

A FAVORITE SISTER

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Pedro looked surprised. "Ramón, you are joking."

"No. I am not joking. Since you will never guess the picture's title, I will tell you. *Mi Abuela.*"

"*Mi Abuela.* The grandmother of the artist?"

"My grandmother."

"Grandmother? What grandmother?" Alicia appeared, patting her fingers with a bit of handkerchief.

"In the painting, Alicia," said Pedro.

Alicia assumed a pose of immobility, her young bright head tilted. The dress flowed down from her half-open bosom warm and friendly in the candlelight. Her arms converged at a charming angle across the folds of her skirt to her calmly clasped hands.

"Let me guess which is the grandmother," she said simply.

She allowed them to watch this vision as slowly she raised one arm and pointed, wrist bent but pale forefinger curved upward, at the old lady in the shadows.

A pretty arabesque, suspended in time and forever fair. Yes, thought Ramón, my own discovery, acquired on a prospecting trip to Wall Street. . . . In her papa's bank. An easier conquest than he had anticipated, to tell the truth.

"That one," said Alicia softly.

"Wrong, my child. The woman at the door of the hut."

"If that is his grandmother, Alicia, then why didn't he tell you?"

"Oh now, Ramón!" The curving mirth of the delicate mouth was for Pedro. "You never said you had a grandmother."

"She died before I was born."

"Then how could your grandmother be in a painting bought in a gallery last week?"

"This is one I commissioned Fernandez to do for me."

"Commissioned? My God, what for?" Alicia half turned her head while still examining the picture. "But she looks just like an Aztec!"

"Yes, she was half Indian," Ramón said heavily. "Haven't you ever seen that in my own ugly face?"

"Don't be silly," she laughed.

"Besides, he was born there," Pedro said, enjoying himself.

"You are having a joke with us, Ramón. You never told me you were born in a *village*."

"You never asked where I was born."

"Por Dios! As if it mattered!"

"Gracias."

"What a horrible imagination he has, Pedro. He is always teasing me with stories that aren't true. You would think I was his baby daughter, not his wife."

"No no. Believe me this time, Alicia. That is my grandmother Lupita at the door. The young woman in the road is her sister Delila." Ramón rested his jowls on his tie and scanned the painting from under half-closed lids. "The old peasant in the shadow there, Señora Sanchez, she is the one who saw what happened a minute later in the road." He turned slightly. "Here comes our coffee."

Alicia cast a wary glance at the painting while she composed herself on the sofa in interesting lines of drapery. The maid handed round the cups.

"Well, my darling Ramón, I am almost convinced. Do tell us what happened next in this rustic little pastorale."

Pedro was also scrutinizing the painting with renewed curiosity. "Yes, simpler days, simpler joys!"

"Simpler passions too," said Ramón. "Ah what strength my grandmother had! What resolution! The truth is, Lupita is still a legend in Xicalan. The woman who always got her own way, Alicia. Everybody was afraid of her—partly because she was so silent, and again because she could explode into such passionate rage when the time for rage came. To the very death!"

He smiled. "I will tell you something funny. My father always said that of all his children, I was the most cursed with his mother's unpredictable temper. When I was a child, of course."

"Yes, I was about to disagree! There is nobody gentler than my husband, Pedro. Nor more understanding and patient. Nor wiser in the ways of a woman," she finished in a merry little tumble of laughter.

The wind may have strengthened from the mountains. The stench of the foul weeds filled the whole salon. How was it that neither Pedro nor Alicia noticed it, Ramón wondered.

"The painting then, maestro, is your memorial to a Goddess of Mayhem?"

"She has always worked on my imagination, Pedro. Perhaps because I never knew her. No importa. For a long time I've wished to memorialize, not Lupita, so much, but the moment you see on the canvas. Time is—stopped. That's what I ordered, and that's what I got from Fernandez, and for a fancy price, too. But do you follow me? Certainly the physical scene . . . the dusty street, the old houses, those hills and Tihuatepec like a god on the skyline—it all seizes me by the throat. Por que?" He looked old and sad. "Yes, it is a sad picture."

The five votive candles before the painting chose this moment to bow their flames in unison. Angular shadows moved in from the corners. The figures in the painting remained fixed.

"Tell me," he said in a different tone, "do you feel any suspense when you look at this?"

Pedro was polite. "I would ask, What are they waiting for?"

Alicia was less kind. "Yes, I feel suspense, Ramón, but only because you are telling us a story in your way with a beginning and a middle and now, I hope, with the end!"

"A thousand pardons." Ramón hoisted himself more erect. "I think you both have the key. Esta bien! Let us open Pandora's box. Observe closely. Lupita is proud by the door, but she is not facing her sister. Delila is facing her from the crossroad. There is no one else except old Señora Sanchez. The village is empty . . . no, everyone is asleep. To come quickly to the point, Delila is taunting Lupita, Lupita's husband is now Delila's lover. Here then is the moment of truth caught by the magic of Fernandez's art."

He paused to assay the effect on his listeners.

"That is the moment," he reiterated. "Lupita is hearing spoken for the first time—screamed, probably—what she maybe suspected all the time. The truth like death falling on her Indian head while the terrible sun is burning the very dust of the road.

"The next moment broke the spell. Without one word, Lupita went into the hut, came out with a knife, and plunged it into Delila's throat there on the road. She returned and stabbed Miguel in the same artery, my unfortunate grandfather Miguel who was taking his siesta. Then she built a big fire under their bed." Ramón turned up both his beringed hands. "When they dug away the roof tiles, there was Miguel pressed to her breast in what was left of the bed."

Ramón regarded them, friendly, smiling.

"As you can understand, my grandmother was a vengeful woman," he said apologetically.

Alicia exclaimed, not loudly, "Oh Ramón!"

"You don't believe me?" He sounded hurt. "I have an old newspaper clipping to prove it all. Would you like to read it?"

"But such a horrible thing . . . you poor dear!"

"No no. Distance and time, *belleza.* Distance and time."

With a start, Pedro discovered cigar ashes on his knee. Dusting them off, he recrossed his slender legs.

Several nights later Ramón came home after dark from the office where he had been delayed. The salon, lighted by fresh candles, was as cool and peaceful as ever. But there was no sign of his wife.

"Alicia?" Then he saw her head moving gracefully in the balcony garden. "There you are. I have surprising news. Do you know that Pedro has gone to Patagonia?"

"Our Pedro?" The foliage trembled.

"He will be there two years on a survey. Caramba!"

He heard the tinkle of the copper watering can. "Why that's impossible," said Alicia.

"That's what I thought. He said nothing to us. Martinez told me at lunch today."

"Dear me. Patagonia." He heard her laugh.

She came in off the balcony, pushing aside the trailing vines with an almost caressing gesture, since she did so adore leaves and flowers. Her gown this evening was a stunning black. And how it set off her lily-gold blondness.

But Ramón, standing by the coffee table, was looking at his picture. "You know, Pedro was so taken by this that I was almost obliged to make him a present of it."

"Never, my impulsive one. Never."

"Why not?"

She had clasped her hands around his neck, and she now leaned so far back that he was forced to brace his feet to keep from falling.

"Because it has a special meaning for you. What that is, I am not certain. But you must keep the picture for your very own."

She crinkled her eyes in a smile that was just open enough to show the virginal edge of her small perfect teeth. A full-toothed smile would have been vulgar.

With a pout she was murmuring something.

"Do you really think I could do a thing like that, Ramón?"

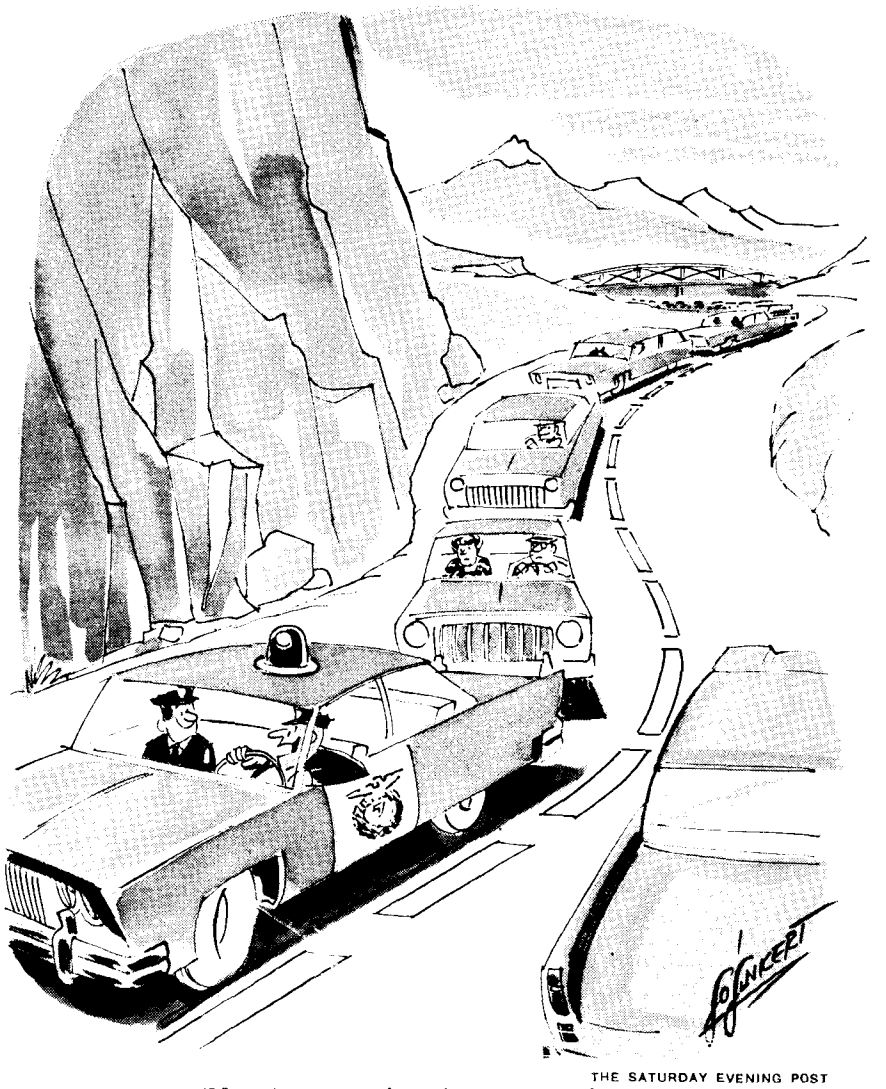
He steadied himself, although she was only a slight burden.

"Like what?"

"Why, stupid, to allow you to give that entrancing picture away to Pedro." She kissed him on the tip of his nose.

Ah, thought Ramón, how like a little butterfly alighting . . . and then escaping!

THE END



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Now let's see what they'll do at fifteen."

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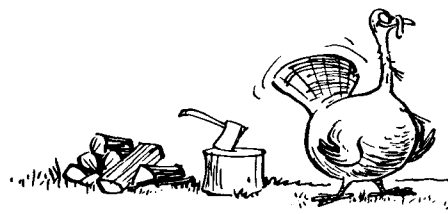
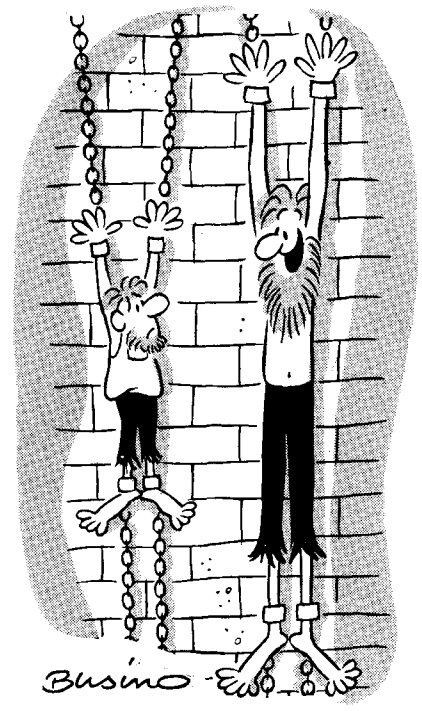
Post scripts



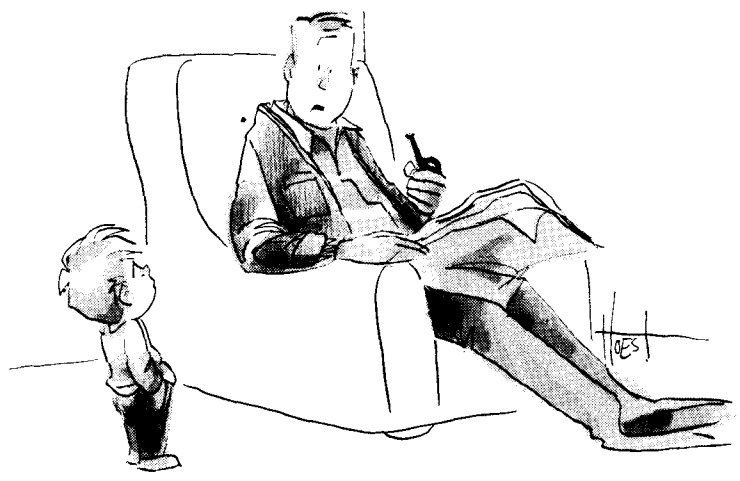
"It remains to be seen whether that's a rescue or not."



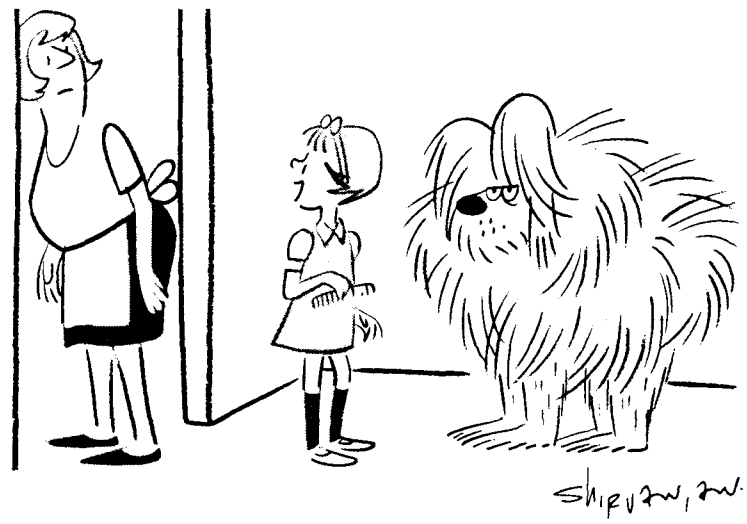
"You are? Gosh, I used to be a jockey too."

"There! You see, he's exhibiting the same kind of drive that took him to the top of Amalgamated."

"Rona, I have a confession to make—by day I'm a systems-and-procedures analyst."



"I never quite thought of it that way, son, but yes . . . you are a bachelor."



"I teased it."

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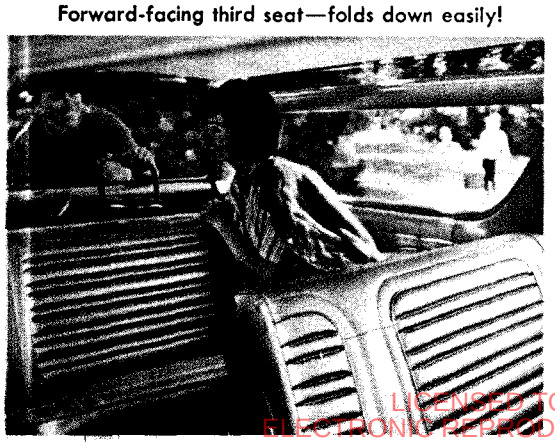

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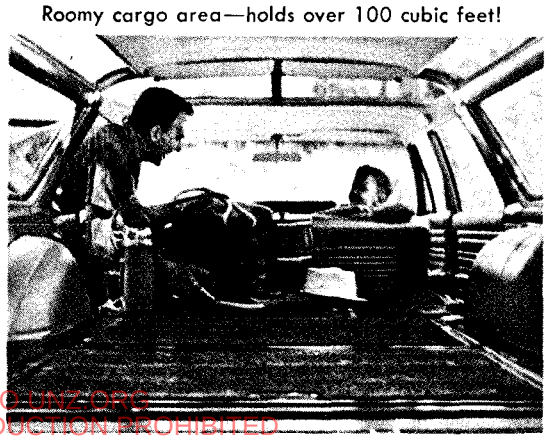

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By ANNE CHAMBERLIN

Illustrated by Bill Charmatz

RUSSIA'S TOTAL AIRLINE

Aeroflot flies all over, does every chore in the sky, and takes you where your ticket says. Even if you don't want to go there.

With all the other turbulence in recent weeks, some people may not have noticed the story in *Izvestia* saying that a man named V. F. Popov is in trouble with Soviet officials for throwing a vodka bottle at a YAK-12 airplane. It was dusting crops near where Mr. Popov was trying to have a picnic, and he objected to the noise and the smell.

To those who have done any traveling in Soviet skies, Mr. Popov's behavior will come as a great shock. *They* know that Mr. Popov is tangling with a force far beyond the scope of one vodka bottle. Absolutely everything that leaves the ground in the Soviet Union, except sputniks, bombers and missiles, is an arm of Aeroflot, whose real name is MGVF (Ministry of the Civil Air Fleet). And, as any of its initiates could tell Mr. Popov, to hurl a bottle at MGVF is to take aim at a whole way of life.

No other airline on earth performs so many missions. Besides dusting crops, Aeroflot has transported 35 million passengers to, from and all around the Soviet Union in 1964, including me—I sampled several flights during a visit to the Soviet this summer. Aeroflot carries heavy freight. It also carries fruits, vegetables, strawberries and flowers (on a flight to Leningrad, I saw the copilot himself climb aboard carrying a bunch). It checks forest fires, spots whales and delivers babies. Flight No. 76484 recently left Khabarovsk with 163 passengers and landed in Moscow with 165.

Americans caught a whiff of Aeroflot in 1959 when they saw the remarkable machine that brought Mr. Khrushchev straight from Moscow to Washington, a distance of 5,200 miles, in 12 hours and 20 minutes against headwinds. Able to carry 220 people, it is the biggest passenger plane in the world, and although the Russians call it the TU-114, in honor of A. N. Tupolev, who designed it, some of our air people refer to it simply as "the aluminum overcast." It is the plane the Russians would use if the agreement is signed allowing Aeroflot to add New York to its 300,000 mile network, which is already twice as long as any other airline in the world.

The "overcast" stands high off the ground like a big Martian grasshopper, with four immense 12,000-horsepower gas turbine engines, each with two black propellers rotating in opposite directions and each, according to an Aeroflot handout, "at least twice as powerful as any foreign-made motor of its type."

At night, when Khrushchev left Andrews Air Force Base to fly home, you could see little lamps with fringed lampshades giving off a warm pink light through the portholes, as though a scene from a Russian fairy tale had been wrapped in aluminum foil and was about to vanish in a puff of smoke.

Seen from the inside, it is like a flying double-decker railway train. The galley and cargo are down a carpeted flight of stairs amidships. "Upstairs" one walks through a sort of parlor-car section, then the "dining car," with big wooden tables where six people sit facing each other, then a "sleeper" section—four double bedrooms with small bedside tables. Beyond that, separated by an archway and curtain, is the "day coach" section, row after row of three-abreast seats on either side of the aisle. Beyond that (and by this time you've taken quite a walk), in the caboose, are the ladies' room and the men's room.

The crew runs the thing from what looks like a two-story Plexiglass greenhouse up front, surrounded by enough dials and buttons to baffle Dr. Strangelove. Federal Aviation Administrator Najeeb Halaby was allowed to drive a TU-114 when he was in Moscow last year, and he reported that it took two strong men to make it go up or down, or around corners.

While waiting for New York to open up (every time political events take a bad turn the subject is dropped), Aeroflot flies the "overcast" twice a week from Moscow to Havana and back, the longest and strangest nonstop passenger flight in the world. Flight 047 leaves Moscow in the evening, refuels in Murmansk, heads *north* until it clears the top of Norway, then turns south for an extraordinary journey over open water which can last as long as 18 hours. As the great plane ghosts past Florida, almost within sight of the sunbathers on the beach, the tired voices of its pilots can be heard by the Miami air traffic center, announcing their position in English, the international air language, and asking about the weather in "Gabana." (Russian pronunciation has no "H".) Aeroflot performs this

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The official position on airplane crashes is that they just can't happen

Russia's Total Airline

exploit because its government is determined to have an air link to Cuba and has no rights to fly over or land in any of the countries that line the route.

Americans are not invited on the trip to Havana. But Aeroflot encourages them to ride the "overcast" on its daily nonstop flights between Moscow and Khabarovsk, a city near the border of Manchuria, where you can catch a train that connects with the monthly sailings of the *M.S. Grigory Ordzhonikidze*, the Soviet pleasure cruise ship to Yokohama. This flight crosses seven time zones and if tackled on the ground would take 10 days on the Trans-Siberian Railroad.

If you take the flight from Vnukovo Airport in Moscow, as I did this summer, don't waste time wondering where they can possibly stow all the people and baggage sharing the bus which takes you across the field to the plane. By the time you reach the boarding ladder they will have added two more busloads, and the only question will be how such a throng was ever assembled in one air terminal.

Even with all engines firing and the whole contraption vibrating like some cosmic teakettle, and the wing flaps looking like block-long segments of a city sidewalk through the portholes, I couldn't help wondering how such a load could be hauled into the sky. (And it seemed to me that we rolled halfway to Sverdlovsk before they did.) But once the machine left the ground it took on a marvelous massive buoyancy, as though the sky above the limitless taiga were in fact, as the Russians have called it, an "air ocean."

The TU-114 is not the only intriguing machine Aeroflot has to offer. The airline stocks planes and people to match a wide variety of jobs and operating conditions. Since not all Soviet airports have paved runways, Aeroflot pilots can land as casually on a dirt strip as on two miles of uninterrupted cement. In fact, sometimes when a runway is being repaired the Aeroflot man just puts down on the grass next to it. And many a capitalist has paled in his seat to discover that the pilot handling the maneuver is a shapely blonde with pink lacquered nails. (One of Aeroflot's lady pilots, who shares the name Ulanova with the great dancer of the Bolshoi Theater, is referred to by the top brass as "our ballerina of the skies.")

For hauling domestic passengers around the Soviet Union's immeasurable distances, Aeroflot functions as a bus-line and railroad combined, and some of the planes literally resemble buses and trains. The Antonov AN-24 and AN-10A, which haul vacationers to resorts along the Soviet rim of the Black Sea, are mammoth oval containers suspended under high wings, which can land and take off on short runways. The larger model has four gas turbine engines and heavy Pullman furniture upholstered in a yellowish-brown velvet. Aeroflot makes the Golden Journey from Tashkent to Samarkand in a well-worn Ilyushin-14, similar to our Convair, with a collapsible baby's cradle attached to the front wall and a samovar for brewing tea in the rear.

The planes Aeroflot sends on international runs are as sleek as any of the Western status symbols they park next to at the terminal. The first of these that I saw

was the Ilyushin-18 turboprop that flies between Karachi and Tashkent. Inside, it had thick blue carpeting, indirect ceiling lighting, a first-class compartment where the stewardess wore white gloves and spoke English. It took on a bourgeois-looking load of passengers in American-style drip-dries with sun hats and tennis rackets—every one of whom, except me, turned out to be Russian.

This southern route into the Soviet Union was once a great favorite with those who enjoy terror in the air, because between Kabul and Tashkent one encounters the Hindu Kush, a range of snarling 20,000-foot crags, which Aeroflot took on with oxygen masks and a plane that went up only 15,000 feet. But the pressurized IL-18 they use now flies so high that instead of peering out in horror at mountain peaks higher than the plane, one can fritter away the passage disentangling cellophane-wrapped silverware from the starched white-linen napery on one's plastic lunch tray, scarcely aware that the Hindu Kush is still around.

Domestic flights inside the Soviet Union aren't always so serene. But Aeroflot management expects passengers not to get sick. The stewardess offers you sick sacks along with a candy drop as the plane is about to take off, and each passenger decides for himself which way he thinks things will go.

There is no room for weaklings in an Aeroflot menu, either. Toward the end of the overnight flight from Moscow to Khabarovsk we breakfasted on cold canned beef, cold canned peas, two sardines in oil, one slice of black bread, one white roll, apple juice, a cake with pink icing and coffee.

Aeroflot has a very firm policy on accidents: They are not permitted. As one corporate pep talk put it, "By means of widespread utilization of Socialist competition, organization of shifts and brigades of Communist labor, and regular political and technical studies, aviation workers must . . . fulfill and overfulfill the State Plan on all counts, but above all they must assure flight safety. . . ."

This works well, according to Aeroflot, which maintains that the Soviet press carries no stories of fatal airplane accidents in the Soviet Union because none occur. The TU-114 is even declared to be "accident-proof." There have been a few exceptions which got into print because they involved foreigners. An IL-18 developed an engine fire that caused a bad crash near Kiev. The victims included members of an African trade delegation. A TU-104 crashed near Irkutsk, killing, among others, the wife and children of the Albanian ambassador to Peking. It gives a foreign tourist a warm feeling to know that a crash that kills him will at least make the newspapers.

Almost as fixed as the policy on accidents is the policy on tickets. Once you buy a ticket, Aeroflot takes you where it says you're going—even if that is not really where you want to go. I met two Australian ladies who ran into this and it will be a long time before they forget it.

Two years ago they set out from Tashkent on a two-day excursion to Samarkand and Bukhara. Once the terrain of Genghis Khan and Tamerlane, the two cities now have matching Intourist hotels stocked with Socialist Grand Rapids furniture and matching Parks of Culture and Rest where bands play old Fred Astaire tunes. They are an hour apart by air, and are twin pillars of the Central Asian tourist circuit.

The two Australian ladies got as far as Samarkand when they discovered that the ticket clerk had mistakenly written Baku on their tickets where it should have said Bukhara. Baku is a large industrial city on the Caspian Sea 1,000 miles from Samarkand, and the ladies cheerfully assumed that a stroke of the pen would correct the error. They underestimated Aeroflot.

With implacable logic it was explained that it said Baku on their tickets and therefore to Baku they would go. And to Baku they went. When I met them two years later they were back in Samarkand for another try, and this time it said Bukhara on their tickets.

Brushes with Aeroflot bureaucracy can have an occult quality. One morning last May every foreigner booked to fly out of Tashkent missed his plane, no matter where he was going or how early he got to the airport. Huddled in the special waiting room where foreigners are isolated, we watched Russian passengers catching planes with no apparent trouble even while officials kept insisting we had missed ours. We finally got on evening flights, speculating that we had felt the backlash of some international event (A flare-up in Hungary? A CIA bombing of Havana?). But the only explanation I could get from Aeroflot in Moscow was that "things are difficult in Tashkent."

With its incredible number of daily flights to everywhere and its new-found eagerness to compete with the world's airlines, Aeroflot has taken up a lot of capitalist habits. It puts up neon signs, leaves promotion folders in four languages around hotel lobbies, and passes out Aeroflot lapel pins, luggage stickers and zippered kits with manicure sets inside—but it still takes the stand that a plane schedule is something only your hairdresser should know for sure. Aeroflot timetables exist. I found a complete domestic schedule in the isolation room in the Bukhara air terminal. It was in a bound volume, 123 mimeographed pages. The only portable timetable I ever saw around loose was in the hands of a Polish schoolteacher I met, who said she found it in Warsaw. It had a footnote saying, "Aeroflot reserves the right to change flight schedules, fares and excess-baggage rates without notice."

As a token concession, Aeroflot allows the program of its international flights to 37 countries plus a few domestic runs to be published in thick books full of code numbers that travel agents keep on their desks. Only it supplies slightly different data to each book. And he who books a seat on flight SU-058 from Karachi to Tashkent on a Tuesday will discover, as I did, that the Tuesday flight leaves on Monday. I also saw a cryptic teletype message about myself at the deserted Aeroflot counter reading: "Lady traveling alone. Check documents."

All Aeroflot schedules are in terms of what time it is in Moscow, and an Aeroflot passenger soon becomes an expert in the time zones that separate him from this mystical time center. A big clock in the passenger cabin is set on Moscow time and in case you can't see the clock, the stewardess announces what time it is in Moscow several times during the flight.

No one is more aware of Aeroflot's grip on things than the fellow who sets out in Moscow to look for the office of some *other* airline. Aeroflot ticket offices are out in the streets like bus stations. But all the foreign airlines, like SAS, Sabena, Air France and BEA, whose governments have signed the kind of bilateral agreement Aeroflot hopes to sign with us (their planes fly to Moscow and Aeroflot flies to their capitals) find themselves operating out of the only space made available to them—obscure hideaways concealed around Moscow in upstairs hotel rooms. Even if a prospective passenger stumbles on a foreign airline office while looking for the hotel barbershop or his room key, he finds the airline representative is not allowed to sell him a ticket. Aeroflot handles all ticket sales in the Soviet Union—and Soviet citizens must fly with Aeroflot if Aeroflot goes there. THE END

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'SO SIMPLE,

Mrs. Gwen Taylor's symptoms pointed to brain tumor, sleeping sickness and diabetes. Then, after nine terrifying days, a doctor suddenly discovered the obvious, astonishing solution.

It was about one on a Tuesday afternoon when my wife felt the first strange symptoms. She had fixed lunch and was sitting at the breakfast bar in the kitchen when she shook her head and said, "I can't focus." She put her newspaper down, stared at me, and laughed. "There are two of you," she said. She didn't sound frightened, only sleepy. A few minutes later she got down from the stool and went into the bedroom to lie down.

At that point I wasn't alarmed. Some hours earlier Gwen had telephoned a urologist, Doctor Abbott, and told him she was having some pain. He had diagnosed her ailment, over the telephone, as a minor infection of the urinary tract, and had prescribed two types of pills: One was a common sulfa type, to combat the infection, and the other was a pain-reliever. He told her to take two sulfa pills every four hours and one pain-reliever twice a day. He said the medication might make her drowsy, and as Gwen always reacts quickly to any drug, I wasn't surprised at her suddenly feeling sleepy.

At five o'clock I went into the bedroom and gently prodded her. She mumbled, "What time is it?" I opened the drapes to twilight. "Have I been here that long?" she asked unbelievingly. A trifle groggy, she walked across the room, swaying a little, but no more than anyone coming out of a deep sleep.

She took three more pills, ate half her meal, yawning continually, and then said, "This is idiotic. I've got to go back to bed. I'm falling asleep sitting up."

Night enveloped our house. I finished Gwen's usual chores of bathing and diapering Michael, two and a half, while the older ones, Mark, 14, and Wendy, 10, cleared the kitchen. I read until 9:30 or 10 o'clock, and then went back to the bedroom to give Gwen her medicine. It took longer to rouse her, and for the first few minutes she rambled on about mice. Then she very slowly came out of it.

She was dreamy, but had no fever. Actually, it was as if she had drained a fifth of bourbon. She balked when I suggested it might be time to undress and retire for the night, and she asked, "Are the children home from school?" I said, "Gwen, you ate dinner with them!"

Then she moved toward the kitchen, walking as if on the deck of a pitching ship. She tried to take a third dosage of pills, but couldn't swallow them. She yawned, returned to the bedroom, dropped her clothes, and was asleep again within five minutes.

At seven Wednesday morning, still in a slight stupor, she took the brown pain-relieving pill and a pair of the larger white sulfa pills, then asked for coffee. I got Michael's breakfast, and put Gwen's coffee on the table beside her.

A moment later she spilled some of it on the couch and down her robe. I saw that she wasn't coordinating the movement of the cup to her lips. She wanted food, and I sliced a melon for her. It took a few minutes to send the children off to school and yank Michael from his high chair. Then I saw Gwen, who had been sitting on the couch, roll over on the melon, the plate beneath her body. She was out again.

I had been concerned for some time, but now I was truly alarmed.

I called Doctor Abbott (I have not used the real names of any of the doctors involved). Startled at my report, he asked me to describe the pills she was taking. One brown and two whites. They sounded right, he said, "But take her off the brown pills, and if you can't awaken her, call me immediately." The brown pain-reliever was suspect because it contains a barbiturate, which has a sedative action. A short time later he telephoned again: "Take her off the other pills too."

Meanwhile, Gwen had awakened. She was angry at herself for being unable to cope with this spiderweb that had caught her. I helped her into the bathroom. The phone rang again, and I went to answer it. I heard her fall, and hurried back to find her on the floor. Seeing no signs of injury, I carried her back into the bedroom. Doctor Abbott had said he would be unavailable until mid-afternoon, so the long wait began.

The late afternoon passed slowly with no change in her condition. Every half hour I awakened her to test whether or not she had slipped into a coma. She hadn't. She was just in a deep, deep fog.

At seven o'clock Doctor Abbott apologetically arrived. He checked the pills, pronounced them all right, and examined Gwen. He was thoroughly puzzled, and frankly asked if she drank excessively or was on dope. She'd had two cocktails Monday night. "Could she have gotten some other pills out of the medicine cabinet?" No. We had nothing more potent than aspirin. He then hinted at far more serious trouble, and asked me to contact him in the morning.

Before I could get back to the bedroom, Gwen had climbed out of bed, and had fallen against the closet door. She was sitting up on the floor, laughing weakly that her legs wouldn't hold her up. I carried her back to bed, warning her to stay in it. A few minutes later, I heard a dull thud, and found her on her hands and knees, her forehead against the floor. Luckily, she had pitched onto the rug. This time, she seemed to realize that she was no longer capable of walking unassisted. I managed to stay awake during the night. She babbled in streaks. They were dreams of ordinary things. No one chasing her; no shrieks of terror. Just fragments of life as she had been living it. I wondered what demon was loose around us. I said a prayer and waited for dawn. By four A.M., that Thursday Gwen's babbling ceased. The room became quiet, save for her deep and steady breathing. She awakened naturally at about 6:30 A.M. She seemed quite lucid, but did not remember the doctor coming the night before. She was concerned about Michael. I brought him in, a ball of squirming sleeping bag. She laughed with him, and they wrestled. She was with us again.

Once out of bed she was able to walk unassisted, but the funny gait was still there. She took two of the sulfa pills, and started to help with breakfast. Moments later, she shook her head. "I've got to lie down again," she said. The same crazy pattern was setting in again.

When I phoned Doctor Abbott he suggested that we call another doctor into consultation; so we went to see Doctor Raleigh, an internist. After examining Gwen for almost an hour, he came out of his office, his face grave. I felt something horrible coming. I don't know whether I said, "Brain tumor," first, or he did. But he said immediately that it was a possibility. He also mentioned encephalitis—sleeping sickness. In the waiting room, Gwen had even fallen asleep on the examination table.

Whatever it was, I was certain that the pills had touched it off. Dr. Raleigh did not recognize the pain-reliever, however, at least under its brand name. And he advised hospitalization for some tests. At the hospital he was thorough and to the point. Although young and relatively inexperienced he seemed capable.

Before he began his battery of tests, I told him everything I knew. Very simply I said, it all dated back to the pills. "Probably a coincidence," he remarked.

At home I explained to Mark and Wendy that their mother might be in the hospital for a while, but I was certain she'd be well when she came home. Wendy was confused and frightened. Mark was stoic, but I knew he was wrenched inside.

At 5:30 P.M. I was back at the hospital. Doctor Raleigh said quietly, "She seems much better now." We discussed the pills again. Could they have done it? "Not very likely," he replied.

He'd checked the pain-reliever out with

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SO TREACHEROUS'

By THEODORE TAYLOR

the hospital pharmacy. It was indeed the right drug. Nor was this a typical sulfa reaction, so the sulfa pill was exonerated. He said he'd do skull X rays the next day and simply keep testing until he found an answer.

On Friday he was still mystified. The X rays had ruled out brain tumor, and he now hinted at diabetes. Each time I left the hospital I sagged a bit more. Each discarding of a possibility raised a more mystifying one.

Gwen and I agreed to a redosing with the pills to see if they produced a reaction. Saturday morning I took both bottles of pills to Doctor Raleigh's office, but he said he'd use the hospital stock of the sulfa pills. A little later, he administered the pills, and nothing happened. Gwen didn't even get drowsy.

I pointed out, however, that the doctor's experiment was faulty because he had not used pills from the original prescription. He told me that this drug is made in millions of units, that there was not a chance of contamination of that original bottleful, and that what he had given her from the hospital stock was exactly the same kind and dosage.

On Sunday, Doctor Raleigh said he was sure Gwen had diabetes. This was another blow. To help determine how much medication she'd need to control the diabetes, she was given an injection of insulin on Monday. But she went into shock. The dose was apparently more than she could tolerate. That night was the first time I had seen her unnerved, More than that, the ugly doubt about what was causing her staggering gait—what the doctors now termed ataxia—seemed to be getting to her.

Wednesday morning Gwen called early. She was bright and gay. A diabetic-control pill was working well, and she could come home. Gwen is usually restless unless occupied, and within a short time was separating laundry, checking the refrigerator for needed groceries; she was eager to pick up where she had left off the previous week. At noon she took two of the sulfa pills from the original prescription.

After lunch Gwen decided to inspect the children's rooms. She puttered around a few minutes and then said, "I think I'm overdoing it." She went into my office and edged down on the daybed. "You OK?" I asked.

"I feel a little funny, that's all." She was thirsty too.

I brought a glass of water, and then sat beside her. In late afternoon Gwen went to sleep for about an hour. She seemed exhausted. The hospital experience had been rough, physically and mentally. Then she retired for the night and slept through the whole of Wendy's Halloween party, with horns blowing and voices shrilling not 20 feet from her bedroom.

The party ended at nine, and at 9:30 I aroused Gwen. The first thing she said was, "Who's in that corner?" I took a deep breath. It had returned. She was having hallucinations. She talked about a "shower in the round." I listened in growing horror, and then called Doctor Raleigh. It was his night off; an associate answered. He sounded incredulous. After some questions, he said, "Watch her closely, and I'll talk to Doctor Raleigh in the morning."

I phoned Doctor Raleigh at eight A.M. Thursday—nine days had now passed—and from the hollowness of his voice I knew he was completely baffled. He suggested that Gwen might be suffering from an emotional problem. Her illness seemed to occur only at home.

I told Doctor Raleigh that I would awaken Gwen at 11:30, and wanted him there if she began having hallucinations again. He agreed. Promptly at 11:30, I awakened her. Slowly, she opened her eyes, but they wandered, and were not in focus. She mumbled, "Where are the bloodhounds?" I ran to the phone and asked Doctor Raleigh to come immediately. When I met him at the steps, he was shaking his head. "I don't understand," he said. "She was fine in the hospital."

He examined her carefully, and then asked her to stand up. I helped her to her feet, and she stood there, again a zombie, swaying drunkenly. He said, "Close your eyes." She did, and began to fall to one side. After the examination, we talked for a moment in the dining room, and then he asked. "Let me see those pills." He extracted a white tablet from the sulfa-pill bottle. He frowned. "I don't think this is right. I don't know what it is, but I don't think it's the right pill." Then, as he left with the medicine bottles, he murmured, "This could be one for the medical journals." I felt like hitting him.

Thirty minutes later the phone jangled. Doctor Raleigh said happily, "I think we've found the problem. Those aren't sulfa pills at all." They were a nonbarbiturate sleeping drug. She had been taking the wrong medicine. "Get as much black coffee into her as you can," he said, "and get her out in the fresh air. If she goes into a deep sleep, call me, and I'll give her a shot of Benzedrine."

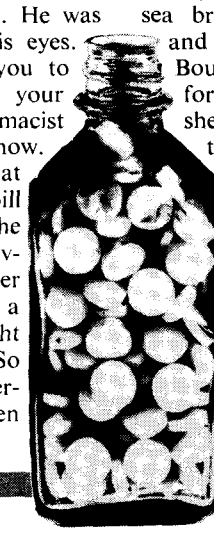
Right bottle! Right label! Wrong pill! So simple, so treacherous. But now we knew. The nine-day ordeal was over. I carried Gwen to a deck chair on the patio and reentered the house to brew coffee. The pharmacist arrived. His face was as white as his coat. He was shaking and tears were in his eyes. He said, "Sue me! I want you to sue me! I could have killed your wife." He was a good pharmacist before. He'll be a superior one now.

The normal dosage of what we now knew was a sleeping pill is one tablet before bedtime. She had been taking two almost every four hours. Had the other pill, the pain-reliever, contained a stronger barbiturate, Gwen might have been dead within hours. So many simple mistakes and erroneous assumptions had been made. (1) The pharmacist had reached for the wrong bottle; (2) I had not been worried by Gwen's first drowsiness because it had been predicted; (3) Doctor Abbott had looked at the original "sulfa" pills—they were almost identical in appearance to the pills that he had prescribed—and pronounced them OK; (4) Doctor Raleigh had been trapped by his belief that pills in a properly labeled bottle were genuine; (5) I hadn't stuck to my conviction that the pills were faulty and pressed for an investigation.

Mix-ups of this kind have happened before, and, unless manufacturers stamp each pill with a code number corresponding to the bottle label, they can happen again. Recently, some 40 lots of incorrectly labeled drugs were distributed all over the country; Food and Drug Administration agents spent weeks tracking them down. Earlier this year a number of hospital-size bottles of aspirin were found to contain penicillin tablets. FDA Commissioner George P. Larrick has warned that too many of these cases are occurring.

But on the morning our own mystery was solved we tried to forget about pills. Mark trooped in with his books. I told him his mother would be all right. We went out to the patio. She was still slumbering in the deck chair. An autumn sea breeze was rattling the oleander, and snatching crimson petals from the Bougainvillaea. I woke her and began forcing black coffee down. Soon, she was edging out of it, but she thought she was back in the hospital. She had a crazy, wonderful grin on her face, and rambled on drunkenly. It had all become very funny.

Wendy bounced home from school. "How's Mommy?" she asked. Michael was sitting on Gwen's stomach, and she was playing with him. "I think she'll be just fine," I said. THE END



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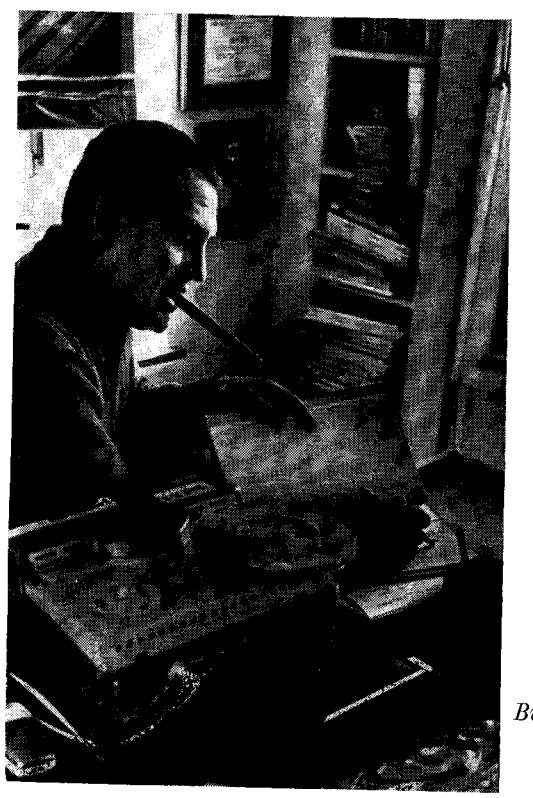
THE LARGE, LOUD MOUTH OF ALAN KING

FOR TWISTING THE TAILS OF THE SACRED COWS, THIS IRREPRESSIBLE COMIC IS PAID $300,000 A YEAR.

By Marvin Kitman

Playing country gentleman, Alan King idles away a sunny Saturday at his Long Island home with wife Jeannette.



Biting a $1.50 cigar, King writes routine.

Alan King, the longest-running angry middle-aged young man in comedy, is a chunky, cigar-smoking, bully-boyish-looking man with a profile *The New York Times* has compared to Marlon Brando's. At 36, the comic's black hair is beginning to thin, but he still has the same big mouth. Some people even say King has the biggest mouth in show business. Discussing the multimillion-dollar health-food business on *The Tonight Show* recently, King suddenly asked Carlton Fredericks, the diet expert, "Do you really eat that food?"

"Yes," Fredericks answered proudly. "Because of my diet I don't look my age—sixty-three."

King stared at Fredericks. "You look sixty-three," he finally said. "As a matter of fact, you look like hell."

Now in his 23rd year as a performer, the irrepressible King similarly has taken the wind out of many of the nation's most respectable corporations and respected professions. He opens his big mouth some 150 times a year in nightclubs and banquet halls, but his most useful appearances take place on network television. "Without Alan's pioneering work," says Garry Moore, the man most responsible for unleashing Alan King on our dearest institutions, "a show like *That Was the Week That Was* wouldn't be possible today."

Apart from earning $12,500 a night for guest spots on *The Ed Sullivan Show*, the comic has many little ways of earning what he considers a decent living: $300,000 last year. He has just published his second book, a collection of essays called *Help, I'm a Prisoner in a Chinese Bakery*. He has had offers to appear in three Broadway plays this season. He is in the TV-production business with comedy writer Nat Hiken. And he has just signed a contract with Universal Pictures for 29 episodes of a TV-comedy series to be known as *The Alan King Show*.

King is always in demand as a guest on TV, because he has the art of twisting sacred cows' tails down to a veterinary science. King's anger is usually directed not at individuals but at what he likes to call The System. "When I rap doctors," he explains, "I never attack disease, only the system of doctors. Like the way their offices treat patients. I remember the time I was sick and called up a specialist. 'What would you like to speak to Doctor about?' asks Doctor's nurse. 'I want to get two tickets to a ball game. What would I call a doctor for? I'm sick.' 'Oh, you want an appointment,' she says. 'How about a week from Wednesday?' 'Fine. I'll have the hearse drop me off.'"

King lately has been uncovering an unexpected irony in his systematic attacks. No matter how tattered a corporate or professional image is after King digs his teeth into it, his victims seem to love it.

The American Medical Association, which King has needled without mercy, invited its tormentor to give the medical profession more of the same treatment this summer at its annual convention. At an A.T. & T. convention he made even

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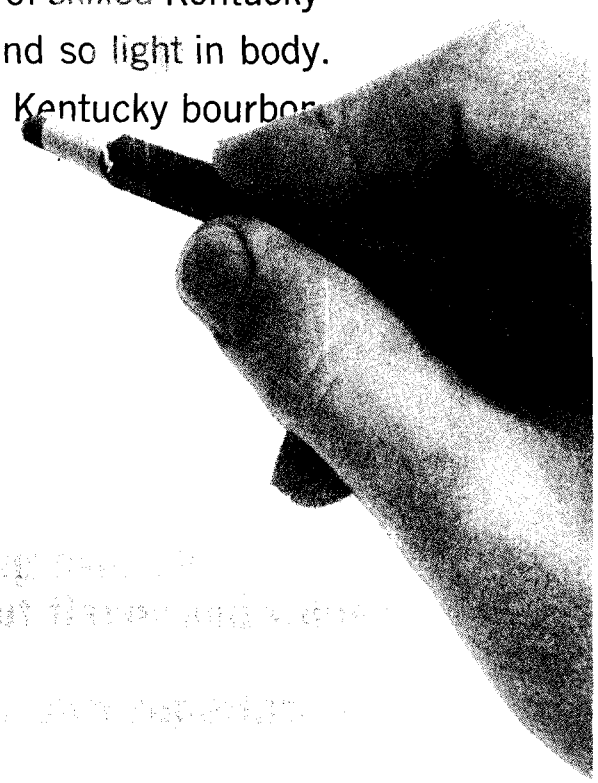

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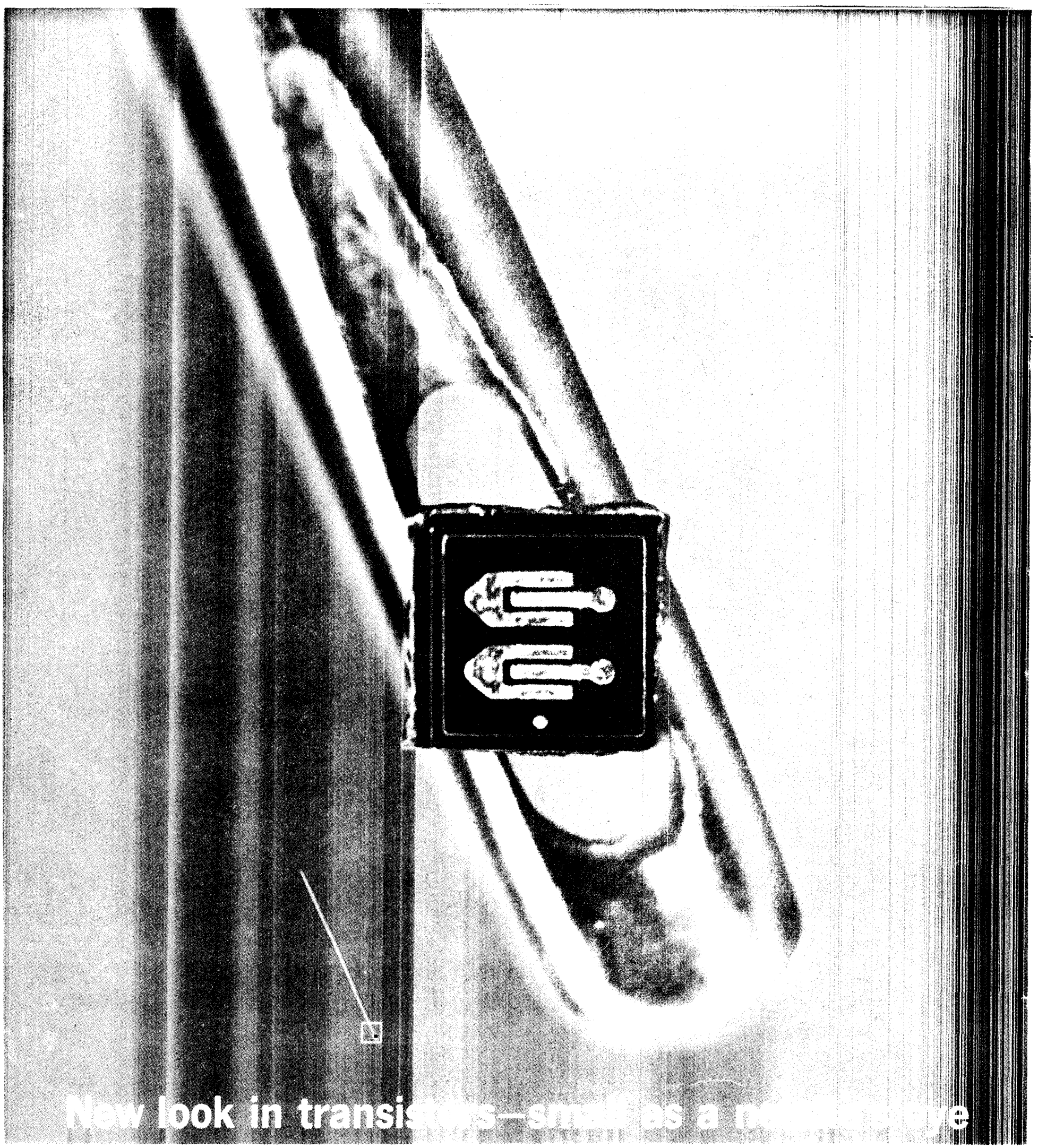

New look in transistors—smaller than a raindrop

There are two transistors on this tiny square of metal. They have been magnified 200 times so that you can see them. Life-size, at left, they are invisible to the naked eye.

Yet these electronic midgets, which can switch on or off in 10 billionths of a second, are important components in one of the Bell Telephone System's new electronic switching systems. They are examples of what engineers call "micro-miniaturization."

These highly advanced devices were developed and produced by the same Bell System team that developed and produced the world's first transistors—Bell Telephone Laboratories and Western Electric.

As Bell Laboratories engineers design communications products of the future, Western Electric engineers develop processes and machines that also break new technological ground. And the necessity is not merely to make a new product but to do it at low cost, and to ever-increasing standards of reliability.

Such teamwork in turning new ideas into everyday realities helps your Bell telephone company bring you continually new and more useful communications services.

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Manufacturing & Supply Unit of the Bell System

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the company's public-relations man laugh by blasting the telephone system. "We cringed a bit when he advised everybody to stuff stamps down coin slots to pay for phone calls," said the publicity man, "but A.T. & T. considers him a wonderfully effective humorist."

Alan King's urge to puncture pomposity goes back to his upbringing. As soon as he opens his mouth, he seems to prove the adage that you can take the boy out of Brooklyn, but you can't take the Brooklyn out of the boy. King is the old neighborhood fresh kid, an adult now, but still spiritually surveying the world from the street corner in the tenement-crowded Williamsburg section of Brooklyn, where he was born and raised. His delivery is conversational, creating the illusion that he is amusing a circle of friends in front of the local candy store. "I'm not like those other angry young men who get excited about the unimportant things, like admitting Red China to the U.N.," he explains. "What the little people are worried about is that the Chinese laundry shouldn't put too much starch in the shirts."

King even continues to think of himself as a member of the working class. "I'm a blue-collar worker," he says proudly, "functioning like a truck driver in the entertainment world."

This blue-collar worker inhabits a $250,000 castle in Kings Point, a coincidentally named peninsula jutting into beautiful Long Island Sound. He lives in the former residence of Oscar Hammerstein II—with his wife, Jeannette, and their two children, Robert Lewis, 12, and Andrew Martin, 9.

The boys' middle names honor two of King's show-business heroes, comic Joe E. Lewis and singer Tony Martin. King is forever grateful to Lewis for saving his career. "I was bombing in Atlantic City. The owner didn't like my work. There were only three people in the club the night Lewis caught the show and spread the word. I lasted twenty-six weeks."

But Tony Martin is the man who gave the Williamsburg boy what he reverently calls "class."

"The three years I toured with Tony, he taught me how to dress, drink and spend money. When I went shopping with him it cost me $500 a block. He would go into every store and order two of everything, one for each of us."

Martin also taught King how to gamble, which oddly turned out to be a moral lesson. "In 1954 I was playing Las Vegas and the crap tables," the comic told a reporter. "When it dawned on me that I had thrown away more money in one night than my father earned in his lifetime, I never gambled again."

King bought his 22-room Tudor-style mansion two years ago as a surprise for his wife. The Kings were childhood sweethearts, and in their 17 years of married life Mrs. King has had more than her share of surprises. "I needed somebody to help me with the housework back at the other house," she recalls. "Alan imported an English butler who had been born in Buckingham Palace. I was standing knee-deep in diapers and screaming kids that first morning, and this butler walks into the bathroom, with his striped trousers, carrying a wooden thermometer stick for measuring water temperature.

"'Pardon me,' he said, 'I must draw Mr. King's bath.' My son, Bobby, liked him though. He charged the other kids on the block a nickel just to hear the butler talk."

Ex-slum kid King's favorite hobby today is interior decorating. His gallery-sized rooms are filled with rarities, many of museum caliber. "I got forty-two collections," King says of his Renaissance paintings, 18th-century English and Spanish furniture, odd teacups and saucers, wine decanters, rare books and walking canes. The comic's basement is literally right out of the English countryside. He imported an English pub, piece by piece.

It is one of the five bars in the house. King also has nine bathrooms (at least one looks like a Versailles ballroom), an elevator, 12 telephones, both a swimming pool and a private beach, and a freezer in which he keeps 3,000 cigars.

King doesn't dress like the average blue-collar worker either. Nominated as one of the 10 best-dressed men in the nation last year, he doesn't remember how many suits he has in his collection—"maybe forty or fifty. I got every kind of hat there ever was," King says, throwing open his hat closet, showing a collection which truly includes everything from a pith helmet to a velvet number he wears when exercising his two jumping horses, Missy and Thunder. He buys $250 suits in London and $32.50 shirts in New York. The sight of King in full array is enough to make anyone dewy-eyed at the opportunities for advancement in America.

"Any day, girls."

Every neighborhood in Brooklyn during the depression years had an Irwin Kniberg, as King was known under his real name. He was the fat kid—at 13 he weighed 214 pounds—with the sweet voice singing for pennies in alleyways between tenements. Before 10 King was taking drum lessons and traveling the subway-car circuit, singing and telling one-liners to passengers while his gang passed a collection box.

Recognizing her son's talent in the utterly mistaken way that only a mother could, Mrs. Kniberg decided Irwin should be a lawyer when he grew up. "As far as my mother was concerned," the comic explains now, "the only people who worked at night were watchmen and burglars."

Mrs. Kniberg ruled the household with an iron hand, which terrified both her son and her husband. "She used to beat up Alan all the time," explains King's father, a frail man who had trouble finding work as a pocketbook-maker during the depression. "Whenever I'd have a beef with the old lady," King says, "I'd decide to run away. First I would wait on the stoop for my pop to come home. 'What's your hurry?' he would ask. 'Eat first, and we'll run away together.'"

At 13 the comic turned professional, forming a band which played at weddings and bar mitzvahs. A year later King finally ran away from home—without his father—to accept a job as second comic in a burlesque house in Montreal. Eight weeks later King was deported by Canadian immigration authorities who discovered he wasn't as old as he looked.

Despite his early head start in show business, it took King a long time to find his own style. "I wanted to be a comedian," he says, "so I put together a routine by stealing. But I only stole from the best." Stealing from Danny Thomas gave him his true direction. "He taught me to relax. I saw that people loved Thomas, even though he didn't do nothing but talk about his kids." King dropped impersonations, singing and dancing, and settled down to hollering about his rotten kids, nagging wife and the problems of suburban living.

King feels he still hasn't achieved his goal as a performer. "The epitome of show business to me is to put on a tuxedo like Frank Fay, the monologist, and not perspire." King still has to change dinner jackets three times a night, discarding each one after only three wearings.

He even sweats at the office, although the atmosphere is an unlikely one for this. The comic's private study is done in a style he calls "traditional": gray-flannel-lined walls, 19th-century English coach lamps, and small gold-framed pictures of King shaking hands with English royalty.

There is a minimum of protocol in King's office. When Nat Hiken walked into his study without knocking and invited the boss to eat lunch the other day, King complained, "You're a laborer, Nat. You eat three meals a day." The comic lives on black coffee, his system for controlling his boyhood weight problem. "I gain four pounds," says the 180-pound comedian, "I can't fit into my suits." King is so committed to the neat, tight-fitting look, a friend recalls, that for years he preferred not to sit down in his office lest his pants wrinkle.

Once his coffee is served, King settles down to serious hollering. Nothing loosens King's choler more readily than the reading of the morning mail, which is a ritual for him almost like holding court. "Here's a guy bought a twenty-five-dollar watch a couple of years ago," King read from one morning's case load, "and now just to clean it they charged him twenty-seven dollars and fifty cents." The comic burst out of his swivel chair, his sense of injustice aroused. "Everybody's trying to grab you in this world," he said at the top of his voice. He paced across his study's red-carpet floor, swinging what he called his "thinking cane."

"The world's full of little dictators," he continued, "trying to knock our brains out with their little orders. You walk into an empty elevator, the operator says, 'Please step to the rear of the car. Face front.' WHY? I want to stand just like this. I want to see just once the elevator doesn't go up with me facing backward."

King churns out his anti-sacred-cow monologues at the rate of about two a month. A sketch idea usually springs from a personal experience. "I couldn't think of how to do a routine rapping the legal profession for years," he explains, "until I fell off the stage at the Americana Hotel and broke my leg. I was lying there in the pit in the darkness. Nobody heard me fall except an attorney. He was in the next banquet hall. 'Don't get up, kid,' he said with his foot on my neck. 'You got a negligence case here.'"

When King is at home, his household, by and large, is a peaceful one, because the comic has a system for running it. "I can do and say anything I want on TV, and Jeannette can say and do anything she wants in our personal life." Garry Moore, a frequent social guest at the King mansion, explains, "I don't mean to imply that Alan's henpecked. It's just that somebody has to kick Alan's tail every so often, and Jeannette can do it."

In his act, King has given his wife much to be angry about. It took her 45 minutes to put on lipstick, King said, "because of her big mouth." She was named manager of her son's Little League team, because she was "the only mother who looked like Casey Stengel." In real life, Mrs. King bears no resemblance to Casey Stengel. She is a slim, dark-haired, attractive woman with a normal-sized mouth. At first, she admits, she died a little every time King needled her in public. Nowadays the only way he can get under her skin is by poking fun at her new nose. "You get fresh," he says, "I'll take out our wedding pictures." ("What he doesn't know," she whispered during a recent visit, "is that I've burned them all.")

King doesn't think he is any easier to live with than to put up with as a critic. "Jeannette doesn't deserve diamonds," he says of his long-suffering wife. "She deserves medals." THE END

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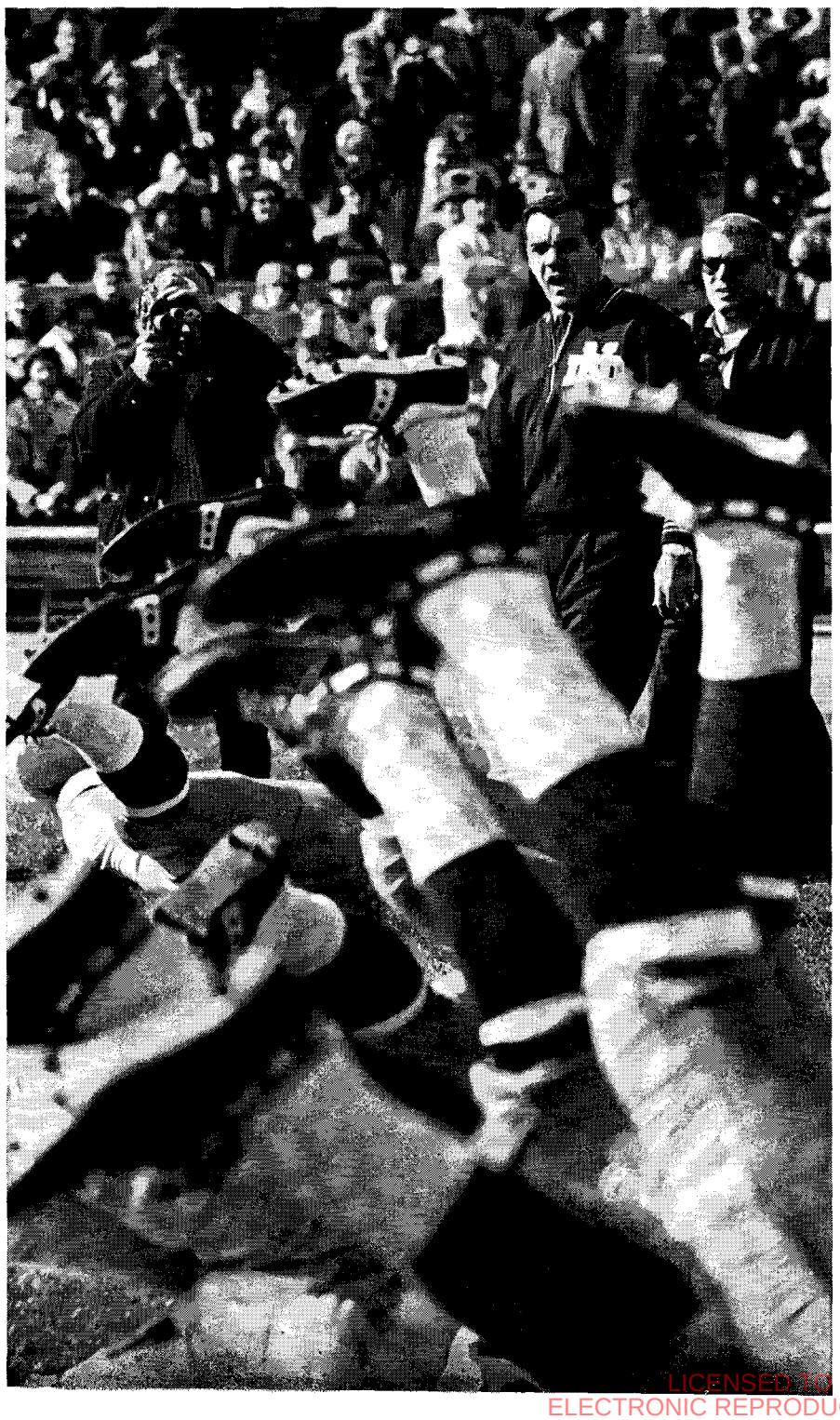
By William Barry Furlong

Ara's new era

After a galling decade of doldrums and defeats Notre Dame's Fighting Irish have their Irish up again—thanks to a new coach whose name is Parseghian but whose ghost is Knute Rockne.



Parseghian, center, watches his players warm up before defeating Navy by 40-0.

This year's football season wasn't many weeks old when people on the Notre Dame campus began comparing Ara Parseghian with the legendary Knute Rockne. In some ways the comparison is probably premature, but in others it is apt: Like Rockne, the 41-year-old Parseghian has, in his first year as head coach, led the Irish to national prominence. And like the man who was famous for the emotional impact of his locker-room orations, Notre Dame's new leader believes that successful coaching is as much an exercise in applied psychology as it is a matter of diagraming pass patterns and touchdown plays.

On a Saturday afternoon last October, he gave a demonstration. Notre Dame was about to play Purdue in the second game of the season. They had won their opener, against Wisconsin, but this was a team that had won only two games the year before, and Parseghian was taking no chances on a letdown. The squad completed its pregame warm-ups and clattered back into the locker room while the bands took over the playing field for 15 minutes of music and marching. The players sprawled around the room in groups—linebackers here, halfbacks there. Assistant coaches talked with defensive players in one area, with offensive players in another. Parseghian paced up and down amid his uniformed forces, reviewing strategy, giving last-minute reminders about Purdue's formations. Then, suddenly, he turned and pointed to a halfback named Nick Eddy who sat hunched under outsized shoulder pads, his cheeks smudged with black warpaint. "Do you remember what you were doing at this time in 1951?" Parseghian snapped out. The squad looked up in surprise. Before Eddy could answer, Parseghian went on, "You were seven years old in 1951, Nick"—he paused dramatically—"*and that was the last time Notre Dame beat Purdue here in Notre Dame stadium.*" Fired up, the Notre Dame players hustled out on the field and crushed a surprised Purdue, 34–15.

The following week it was Air Force Academy; then U.C.L.A., Stanford, Navy and Pittsburgh. For the first time in 11 years Notre Dame had won its first seven games in a row, had boomed into first place in the national rankings, and there was talk of its breaking a 39-year precedent and going to a bowl game on New Year's Day. Parseghian would be the last to say that the Purdue game was won because of a single locker-room remark; he knows there's more to coaching a team than pep talks, punting and passing. There's a thing called pride.

Before the season opened, Parseghian said, "This can be a successful team only if it is a proud team." At the entrance to the Notre Dame locker room he placed a sign in red letters a foot high: PRIDE. He set up a system of awards—weekly recognition for the best linemen and best backs on the defensive and offensive units, gold stars to be worn on the helmets of defensive halfbacks for every pass they intercept.

"He taught us pride, all right," says Jim Carroll, captain of the team, "and he showed us confidence."

It is this concern with psychology and how to use it to win football games that makes Parseghian's work so reminiscent of Rockne's. "There are great ranges to be explored here," he says, "ranges above and beyond what we realize. Emotional peaks—the ability to do things you just wouldn't realize you could do."

Before this season began, it was universally believed that Parseghian could do very little.

He rejected this view. His first move was to take a fresh look at the players he had inherited, and when spring training came, he began juggling his manpower all over the field.

His most spectacular hunch was to pick a little-known senior named John Huarte as his first-string quarterback. Huarte had played only five minutes as a sophomore and 45 minutes as a junior, and had never won a varsity letter. Parseghian saw something in the way the young man could sling the football with a unique sidearm motion. He also saw something in the way a defensive end and sometime halfback named Jack Snow could gather in long passes. He turned him into a split end—and thereby created the most talked-about passing combination of the year. Huarte completed 81 passes out of 149 attempts in his first seven games, gaining 1,485 yards and scoring 13 touchdowns. Snow caught 43 of those passes, gaining 776 yards and scoring seven touchdowns. Between them, they have broken just about every Notre Dame offensive record in sight.

Parseghian also made some shrewd new alignments on defense. He took a halfback the size of a woolly mammoth, 240-pound Paul Costa, and made him a defensive end. The result: Until he was injured, Costa shored up the corner of a defensive line that gives ground as though it were backed up to the rim of a live volcano. He took two quarterbacks who wanted Huarte's job and made defensive halfbacks out of them; then he added another halfback who "gets a jump on the ball like a center fielder" to form a defensive secondary that intercepted 15 passes in its first six games.

Once he had the right men doing the right jobs, Parseghian added plenty of hard work and discipline. Any player who didn't like it, whether he was a star or a substitute, ran the risk of being bounced off the squad.

If discipline earned him respect, and if personnel alignment cured tired blood, Parseghian also knew, as he says, that "the game is not won by a pep talk on Saturday. It's won by preparation of your club from Monday until game time." His technique is to start pouring information into his players at the beginning of every week. His scouting reports include everything from the number of times an opposing halfback has been hitting a certain hole in the line to the way the playing turf is chopped up by marching-band formations at half time. On Tuesday and Wednesday he works the team at an increasingly vigorous physical pace. "Then, toward the end of the week, we taper off physically to build up psychologically," Parseghian says.

At one time Parseghian was not above setting the psychological stage with a little dramatic sleight of hand. Back in 1954, when he was head coach at Miami of Ohio, he was preparing his team to

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Photographed by Jim Drake

Parseghian believes in electronic aids, like closed-circuit TV, to help him win games.

play at Indiana, a member of the Big Ten and, as such, an awesome foe. The final pregame workout was to take place on Indiana's field on Friday afternoon. For this occasion Parseghian dressed his squad in a special set of practice uniforms that were as torn and patched as a Confederate battle flag. While Indiana players looked on, Miami went through a desultory workout, looking like a ragtag bunch that didn't belong in the same stadium with the mighty Hoosiers. The next day Miami turned up in fresh game uniforms and upset an overconfident Indiana team, 6–0.

Today Parseghian is somewhat more subtle. He believes that the morale of a team is set by everything from slogans ("Progress is our most important product," or "The difference between mediocrity and greatness is a little extra effort!") to the environment of the team ("How clean is your locker room? Your training room?") to what he describes as the "meaningness of the game." A few years ago at Northwestern, Parseghian succeeded in giving special meaning to a game between his team and powerful Ohio State. Ohio State had crushed Northwestern, 47–6, the year before and Parseghian felt Woody Hayes, the Ohio coach, had "rubbed our noses in the dirt. I think the score was around 40–6 or 47–6 and he was still playing his first-string ball club. Then, in the last two or three minutes, he put in three or four ball clubs. The next day the papers said he was very tolerant with us and that he'd played fifty-some boys. That irritated me."

Parseghian made sure that it also irritated his players—"Dirt! Dirt! That's how Ohio State treats you!" he repeated all week. That weekend an aroused Northwestern whipped a far superior Ohio State team, 21–0, handing them their only defeat of the season.

Parseghian frequently scans scientific journals for hints on the psychological impact of sports. "Here's one," he says, picking up a black-leather notebook. "'Psychological factors in athletic injuries, conflict over aggression, and its role in athletic injuries,'" he read. Then, going down the table of contents, savoring each chapter heading like a gourmet at a banquet: "'The demand to be aggressive,' 'Injury as an escape,' 'Counterphobia as a solution,' 'Submission to injury,' 'Prediction of potential dangers.' Is the kid really hurt, or is he psychologically hurt? And is this combat or aggression that he's going to take part in?" He leaned forward and tried to decipher some of his own handwriting. "I made this note here: 'How can we maintain the high level of aggression for conflict at a specific time?' Like Saturday afternoon at 1:30 or 2:30. This man has nine or ten thoughts. I won't go into all of them but I will say this: I think the 'father complex' is very important."

Parseghian's relations with his players are not exactly fatherly, but a sort of combination of father, brother, and tackling dummy—for he is congenitally incapable of staying out of the rough-and-tumble of practice. "I can't coach from a tower," he says. "I must be in the middle. I must be on the line. I must be in the action. I must feel a *part* of it." He'll lead calisthenics, he'll run pass patterns to give the defensive backs the happy catharsis of racking up the coach, he'll choose up sides for a touch-football game with his linemen.

"You can't be around him without getting all wound up yourself," says Bill Rohr, athletic director at Ohio University and long one of Parseghian's closest friends. "Before a game," says his wife Kathleen, "tension builds up almost to a point of suffering. He has to choke back the tears." After a game he may go 32 hours before he can relax enough to sleep. "I'll take a tranquilizer, and it'll put me to sleep for a couple, three hours, then I get up and take another one," Parseghian says. "Seems like I'm always in a rush." Saving moments is a minor obsession. He wears clip-on ties, shoes without laces, and trousers with elastic waistbands—all to save time. Once he underwent metabolic tests to see if he could—or should—function at a slower pace. "The doctor told me, 'Ara, this is just you. This seems to be the pace you work at. Don't try to change it.'"

"I can see him begin to get worked up, just watching a fight on television," says his wife. "When he used to play with the kids I was always afraid he'd go right through the picture window. Now that the kids are getting older—Karan is fourteen, Kristan is twelve, and Mike is nine—Ara has to rely more on trickery." Similarly, his work around the house tends to be furiously physical. He doesn't just mow the lawn; he attacks it, almost as if it were growing *against* him.

Ara Parseghian (pronounced Par-SEEG-yen) has never been one to let anything stand in the way of his goals in life, not even his parents. His Armenian father and French mother named their son after an ancient Armenian king and hoped he would grow up to excel in the arts—music, painting, the dance. By the time Ara was in high school, however, it was football that interested him most. Such was his intensity about the game that his school newspaper even went so far as to predict, "Some day he'll be the coach at Notre Dame."

Parseghian went on to become a Little All-America at Miami of Ohio, then joined the Cleveland Browns. He played one full season with the Browns, suffered a hip injury in the second year and retired, returning to Miami in 1950 as freshman coach under Woody Hayes. The next year Hayes moved to Ohio State as head coach, and Ara succeeded him at Miami. After five years at Miami, Parseghian went to Northwestern as head coach

But his almost glandular restlessness made him yield to an impulse, leave security behind at Northwestern (where he had a five-year contract), and seek out the cruel pressures of Notre Dame. "I have this tendency," he explains moodily, "to leave good things and go on to other things that are attractive because they're tough." But why Notre Dame? He wasn't a graduate of the school, wasn't a Roman Catholic (neither was Rockne, though he became a convert), and wasn't in need of a job. "The basic thing," he says, "is that I said to myself, 'If I don't have the courage to take this job, then am I worthy of the one that I have?'"

His decision to accept the challenge marked the end of a dismal era at Notre Dame. The former football power had begun to arouse more excitement by hiring coaches than by winning games—and

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was doing it more frequently. In 1963, the Fighting Irish won only two football games but had three coaches—Joe Kuharich, Hugh Devore and Parseghian.

Actually, problems had been building at the school since February, 1954, when Frank Leahy resigned as head coach because of poor health. His successor was 25-year-old Terry Brennan, who started out by winning 17 out of 20 games in his first two years. Then, in 1956, Notre Dame suffered its most humiliating season in history, losing eight out of ten games. Antagonism between Brennan and Leahy broke out into the open. Leahy publicly criticized Notre Dame's "spirit," and some of Leahy's friends suggested that the "youth and inexperience" on Notre Dame's coaching staff might be balanced by adding Leahy as an "adviser." Snapped an angry Brennan: "Not while I'm coach."

In the next two years, Brennan's teams managed winning records—7–3 and 6–4—but there were still those who pointed out that Notre Dame was not winning "big." Finally, after the 1958 season, Brennan was dropped as coach.

The man who succeeded him, Joe Kuharich, came from eight years of coaching and scouting in the National Football League. He represented a shift to the hard-nosed, no-nonsense "pro football" concept of coaching. "If more colleges would hire men who have coached professional football," said Kuharich, "they would greatly improve their game."

'He taught us pride,' say losers who turned winners.

Unfortunately, he couldn't prove it at Notre Dame. In five years under his leadership, Notre Dame won only 17 games while losing 23, or almost twice as many as Rockne lost in his entire 13-year career. In March, 1963, Kuharich resigned to return to pro football, the only losing coach in Notre Dame's history.

To replace Kuharich, Notre Dame selected Hugh Devore, 53, as "interim coach" until another man could be found. The players loved Hughie—and lost for him: seven games out of nine. "People talked of him in terms of love and affection," says one Notre Dame man, "not in terms of destiny."

Destiny arrived with Parseghian. In his previous job, he had raised Northwestern from a situation more desperate, if possible, than that of Notre Dame. When Parseghian arrived at Northwestern from Miami of Ohio—where he had a 39–6–1 record—N.U. had won only one Big Ten game in three years. Teams were dropping off the school's schedule because the crowds were dwindling; football players were dropping out of school; and the editors of the *Daily Northwestern* were demanding that N.U. drop out of the Big Ten. Parseghian's greatest problem was personnel. One year he barely had enough able-bodied players—23 in all—for a full-scale scrimmage.

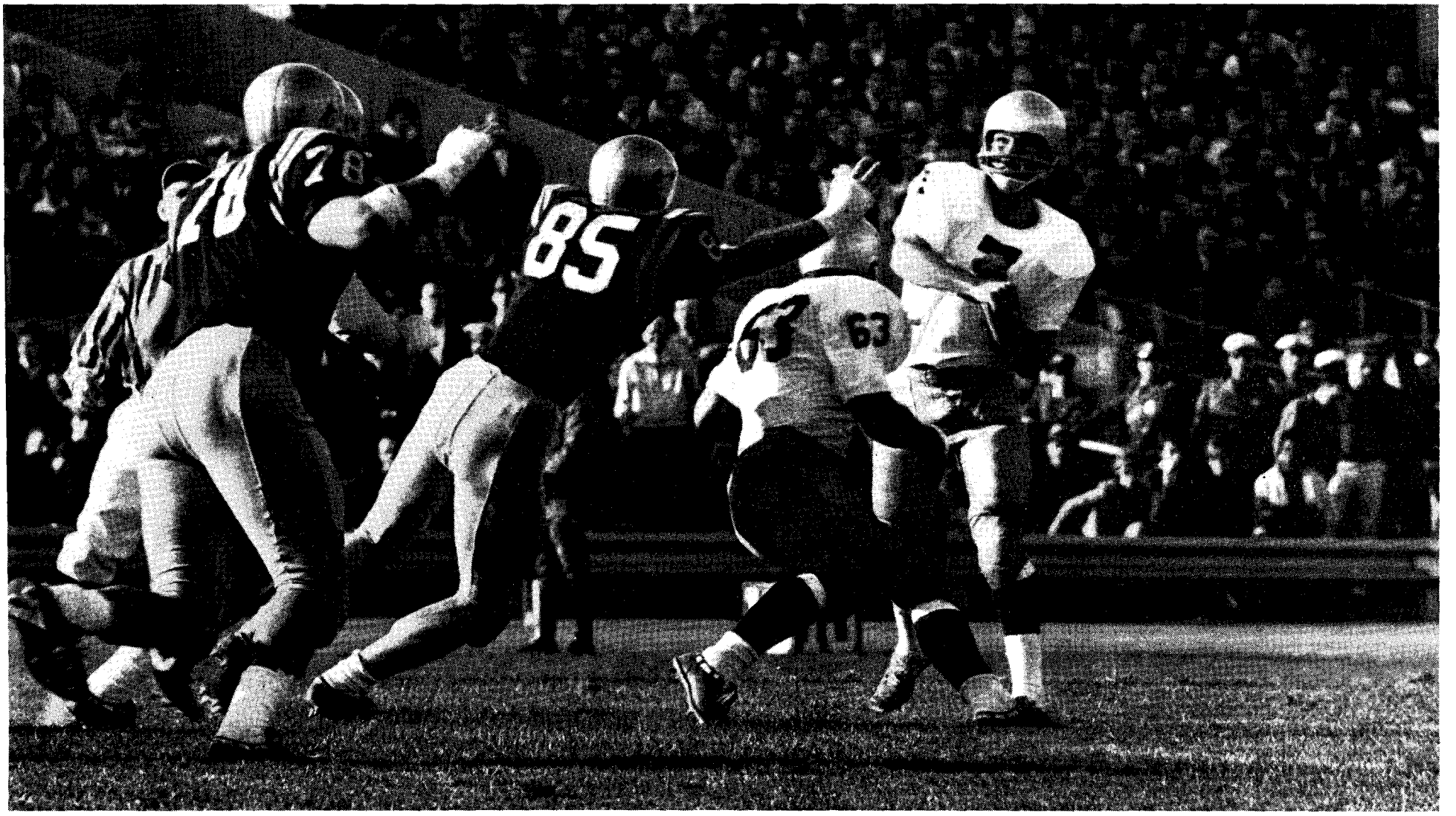
Despite this, under Parseghian, Northwestern matched the best record it had in 20 years and generally established Parseghian as a master of upsets. ("There are strategic upsets and psychological upsets," he says. "Ours were psychological upsets.") Among his more notable victories in this period: four wins in four starts against Notre Dame.

When Parseghian arrived on the Notre Dame campus, his effect was electric. The players could feel it. "I wish I had had three years under Ara Parseghian," says Tony Carey, a defensive back. "When he talks to me, I get tears in my eyes." Old coaches felt it, too. "They aren't afraid to dare," says Frank Leahy. "It really is a pleasure to see them play." The students felt it. One of them wrote in the Notre Dame *Scholastic* that he regarded Parseghian's arrival "in much the same way as . . . VJ day after World War II." The fans could feel it. One of them, 78-year-old Mrs. Ella Maddox made an all-night 490-mile bus trip from her home in Jamestown, N.Y., to South Bend to watch Notre Dame play U.C.L.A.

In the excitement of Parseghian's triumph, everyone has forgotten the dark mutterings that the University's increasing academic stature was somehow hurting football—that there had been some sort of plot to sacrifice football simply to make Notre Dame a great university. This school of thought argues that when Brennan was picked to replace Leahy he represented a new kind of Notre Dame coach—young, intellectually brilliant, with a degree in philosophy, a sort of fledgling Renaissance man who, Theodore Hesburgh, president of the school, then said, "typifies what Notre Dame is trying to do." School authorities deny that any plot to de-emphasize football ever existed. They say that Brennan had as many athletic scholarships to bestow as Leahy. "I don't think we've changed our underlying philosophy one iota in the fifteen years I've been associated with it," says the Rev. Edmund P. Joyce, No. 2 man at Notre Dame and head of its athletic program.

Nonetheless, Father Joyce admits that the school's annual quota of football recruits was once smaller than competitive schools, and is so no longer. Notre Dame's quota is between 33 and 36 players, while the Big Ten schools enforce a limit of 30. School authorities are also aware that Parseghian is a recruiter with the skills of a Pied Piper, and can be relied on to use those skills to the utmost.

Parseghian has also experimented with such modern conveniences as closed-circuit TV, so he could get a panoramic view of the game from a monitor near the bench. He decided to use the system at games this year, and is hoping to install a tape-TV system so that certain key plays can be rerun for the team at half time.



Parseghian's most remarkable salvage job was to convert Quarterback Huarte (here passing against Navy) from bit player to potential All-America.

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To Parseghian, electronic aids are simply one more way of being better prepared. One of his favorite slogans is: "Luck is what happens when opportunity meets preparation."

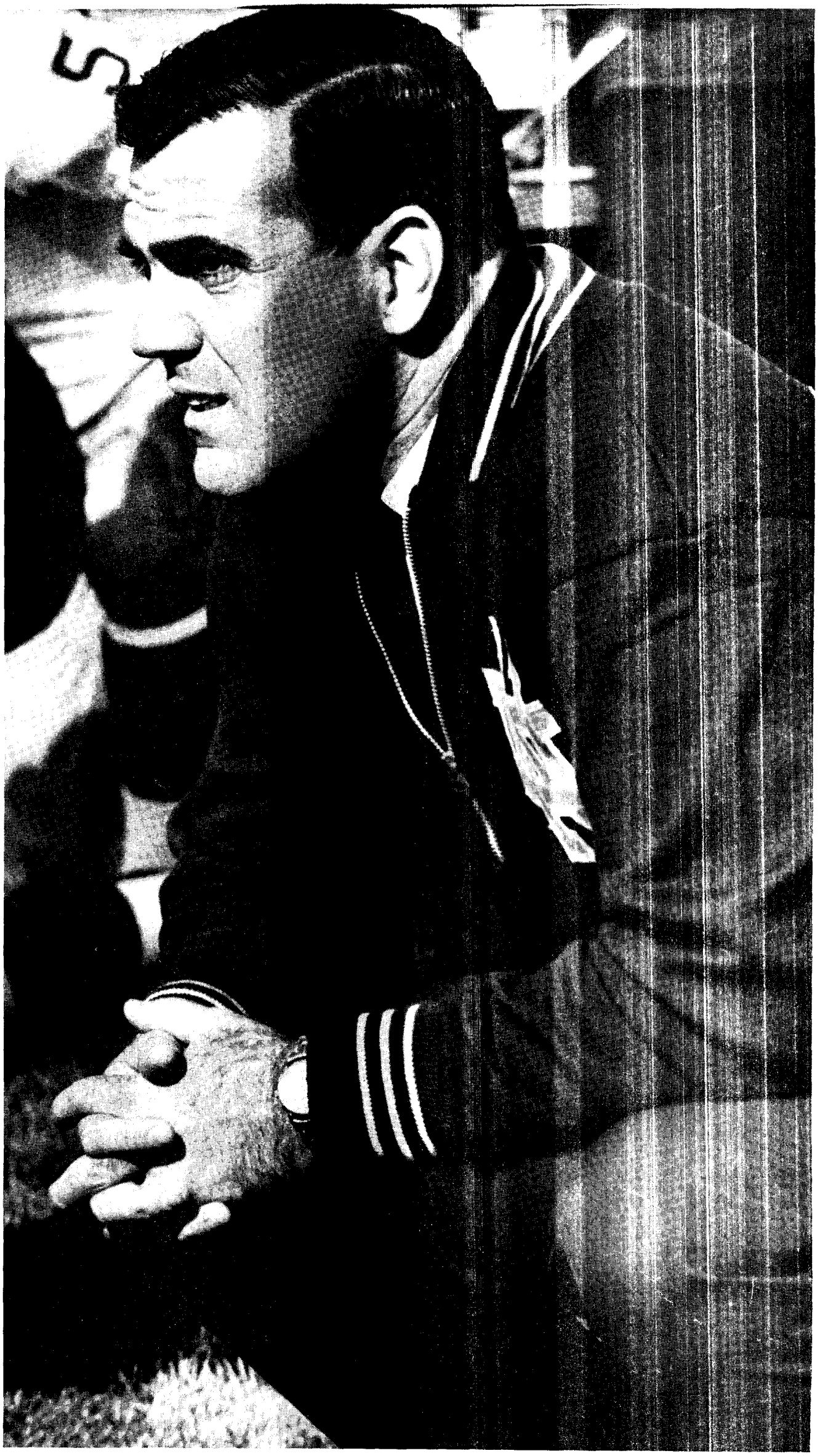
He demonstrated this when he brought Northwestern to South Bend to play the Fighting Irish in 1961. Annoyed at being leashed to a certain spot on the sidelines by the telephone connection to his assistants in the press box, Parseghian decided to augment the telephone with a walkie-talkie radio so he could roam the sidelines free of wires. In the last quarter Notre Dame was leading Northwestern, 10–6, when suddenly the power in Notre Dame stadium failed. The scoreboard flickered out and both teams' telephone communications between the sidelines and the press box went dead.

But Parseghian's battery-powered walkie-talkie was still on the air. For seven minutes Parseghian marched his team down the field while Notre Dame, its telephones dead, groped for an effective defense. With time running out, Northwestern scored the winning touchdown on a special play suggested by press-box scouts via radio.

Now that Parseghian isn't just an annual visitor at Notre Dame he has built a four-bedroom, two-story colonial home near the campus in South Bend. He gets home for lunch, but otherwise his work schedule fills 16 hours a day.

This whole-souled commitment to a goal annoys some people as much as it inspires others. At Northwestern some players chafed under his discipline and others were exhausted by his frenetic approach to football. Ara himself knows that the human organism can not be kept at a high emotional pitch indefinitely. He has seen his players simply fail to respond. "At half time of the Michigan State game last year," says one Northwestern player, "one of the assistant coaches came in and said that Duffy Daugherty had just called Ara a dirty Armenian rug-peddler. The attitude on the team was, 'So what?'" Northwestern lost to Michigan State, 15–7—and went on to lose two of its next three games and whatever hopes it had for the Big Ten title. It was almost as if the Northwestern players no longer were capable of responding to Ara's frenetic urgency with any fresh effort.

Nobody knows how long Parseghian's almost mystical hold on the Notre Dame players can endure, but they are accustomed to a discipline, a spirit, and a singleness of purpose that are rarely found in other schools. With these qualities, Parseghian has had to overcome one of the team's more conspicuous problems: The offense has all the depth of a starlet's smile. Injuries to one or two key men—to Huarte or Snow—could force Parseghian to abandon his wide-open passing attack for a more ground-hugging offense. Thus the bubble of hope and happiness might break suddenly and all the psychological stimulus in the world won't help. "Psychology doesn't mean a thing unless you have the personnel," admits Parseghian. "But, by the same token, personnel doesn't mean a thing unless you get each man to do the best job he can." That is what Ara Parseghian has accomplished this season—that plus arousing the hope that Notre Dame may, at last, have found a new Rockne. THE END



The man who has been called "an Armenian Knute Rockne" watches his team roll to seven straight wins.

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Rebuilding the G. O. P.

It is natural and understandable that battles rage within the ranks of the defeated party after every election. One faction bitterly cries, "I told you so," while the other pleads for an optimistic reading of the voting results. Everyone pores over the unchangeable statistics and finds conflicting explanations for why the voters voted as they did. Usually most of the acrimony is exchanged in private, and a façade of party unity is maintained. But for the Republican Party this November, there was no unity to maintain.

Having nominated a candidate whom many Republicans opposed from the start, the G.O.P. in defeat has flown apart like an exploding nebula, its fragments shrieking off into the void. So stunning was the defeat that the quarreling has continued for weeks. Gov. Nelson Rockefeller, for example, announced that it would be "natural" to expect that G.O.P. "moderates" would again "control the national party organization." Richard Nixon promptly retorted that Rockefeller was a "party divider" and a "spoilsport," which Rockefeller in turn described as a "peevish" statement.

In the midst of these recriminations, the leaders of the G.O.P. should keep two important facts in mind. The first is that the American people do not want Goldwater. Before the G.O.P. convention, Nixon declared that "it would be a tragedy if Senator Goldwater's views . . . were not challenged and repudiated." In spite of himself, Mr. Nixon's wish has been granted—and then some, for the repudiation has been bipartisan. Polls last summer indicated that the majority of the G.O.P. rank and file did not want Goldwater—the last preconvention Gallup Poll showed only 34 percent of Republicans for the Arizona senator—and President Johnson's historic landslide victory bears those polls out. Republicans in amazing numbers split their tickets against Goldwater. Almost uniformly, those G.O.P. candidates for state and local office who survived the landslide were moderates. Of the 47 Republicans in the House of Representatives who lost their seats to Democrats, most were Goldwater supporters. In these statistics lies the answer to the daydream of Goldwaterism.

It would be absurd if the repudiated faction should continue to control the party. The Goldwaterite national party chairman, Dean Burch, and the executive director, John Grenier, no longer have any right to remain in dominant party positions.

The second clear fact to emerge from the post-election struggle is that the more moderate faction of the party must lead the eventual reunion. How is the unification to be accomplished? At most we can provide only guidelines. For one thing, it seems apparent that, lacking a ready alternative to the Goldwater leadership, the party must turn to Dwight Eisenhower. Understandably, Mr. Eisenhower does not relish being turned to. Most of his efforts for the party this past half year were frustrating and went largely unappreciated. And by virtue of age and previous service, he has a right to tranquillity. Yet Mr. Eisenhower does have a lingering responsibility to act as the figure around whom all factions can coalesce. He must use all his imperishable charm to weld them into a working whole. In this task, he must turn not simply to the National Committee but to the party's congressional leaders, who hold many of the reins of party power until the next convention.

But mere unity will not suffice. The new coalition must honestly reflect the party's essential character. Assuredly, the Goldwater people must have a voice in the coalition, but their voice must be relatively small; they may speak but not command. Authority now belongs, as it has all along, to authentic members of that celebrated "mainstream"—both to the victorious, such as Governor Romney of Michigan and John Lindsay of New York, and to the meritorious vanquished, such as Robert Taft Jr. and Charles Percy.

Once formed, the new coalition must redefine modern Republicanism. It must not only repudiate racism but spell out its role in guaranteeing to all Americans a meaningful exercise of their fundamental rights. It must not only endorse social justice and prosperity but devise constructive ways to achieve them. In so doing, there is no need for the G.O.P. to become the "me-too" party. Edmund Burke's philosophy of an intelligent conservatism—one that directs, rather than obstructs, the winds of change—is still valid and can still win a large following, if wise and articulate Republicans assert it anew.

Concern is in order, but not despair. Lyndon Johnson will not be a perfect President, nor will the Democrats flawlessly implement their mandate, nor need the G.O.P. wait four years for another chance. The elections of 1966—congressional, state and local—may find great numbers of voters dissatisfied with the actualities of President Johnson's "Great Society." But if Republicans hope for a renaissance in 1966, then the time for reorganization and rededication is now.

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